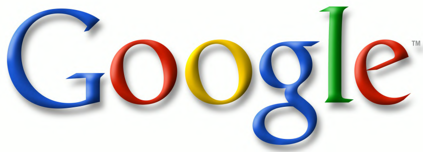

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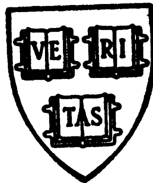

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THE ROMANCE OF
KING LUDWIG II. OF BAVARIA

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JUST PUBLISHED.

WAGNER, BAYREUTH,

AND THE

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By FRANCES GERARD,

Author of "The Romance of King Ludwig II. of Bavaria," etc.

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LUDWIG II., KING OF BAVARIA, ON HIS ACCESSION, 1864.

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The Romance of King Ludwig II. of Bavaria

His Relations with Wagner and his Bavarian Fairy Palaces

By FRANCES GERARD

Author of "Celebrated Irish Beauties," "Picturesque Dublin," etc.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE HEREDITY OF THE KING.

BEFORE introducing to my readers the tragic story of the unhappy Ludwig II. of Bavaria I think it may not be amiss to say a few words about his country and his ancestors. I do not for a moment suppose that students of contemporary history are not already conversant with both subjects; still, there may be some who have not given much attention to Bavaria, or if they have done so in youth, have forgotten what they once knew and may be glad to have their slumbering recollections refreshed. This, I frankly own, was my own position when chance, in the form of a pleasant article in the *Lady's Realm* of March, 1898, touched certain chords of memory, and led me to go into the subject more closely. The study, instead of being a task, has proved an absorbing and delightful occupation.

I do not suppose there is any country more full of romance than is Bavaria. It floats, so to speak, in a haze of myths and *Sagen;* its tall mountain peaks, its exquisite undulating valleys, its caves and fortresses, are ready-made haunts for mimes and gnomes, fairies and goblins. Traditions from past

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ages, mixed up with the ancient myths and the songs of the Minnesängers, have descended from generation to generation. The influence of the Crusades, that wonderfully romantic period of the world's history, is traceable all through the Heldensagen. The adventures of the Bavarian knights gave rise to endless legends of the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries. The Kudrun and the Niebelungenlied at this date are more perfect and richer in imagination than earlier efforts of the same kind, and are remarkable for poetic rendering of martial incidents and love episodes.

The courts of Thuringia and Bavaria* stood highest amongst the patrons of the Minnesängers and Troubadours, who, in the Middle Ages, went from place to place reciting the great deeds of the knights. The

* To the lovers of old-world lore there is no more delightful reading than the chronicles of Bavaria, which teem with romantic episodes of love and chivalry which would furnish endless material for the pen of a Bavarian Walter Scott, or Maurus Jókai. There is the story of the charming Princess Katherine of the princely house of Rohan, who married the son of John Duke of Zweibrücken and Count Palatinate of Wittelsbach. The young bride had all the qualities necessary for the women of her day. She was beautiful, pious, gentle, a good housekeeper and tapestry worker, but she wanted something more to fill her life; and far away from her own kith and kin who dwelt in sunny Aquitaine, she pined for the company of her twin sister Henriette, from whom she had never been separated for an hour until her wedding day. The love of the sisters for one another, and the touching little poems they wrote during the period of their separation, give them a pitiful interest, and one is glad to know that just before Katherine died Henriette came to bear her company in the lonely old castle of the Zweibrückens. Then sorrowing Henriette returned to France, where she lived till her death, eighteen years later, always bearing in her mind, we are told, the memory of her dear Katherine. Her last wishes were that her heart should be taken out (which was then, it must be said, a fashionable form

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Courts of the Welfs and Babenbergers were schools for chivalry and knightly deeds in love as well as in war, while they maintained a special reputation for romance and poetry. Welf (VI.) was known for his protection of players. At the Court of Henry the Proud the pastor or chaplain, one Conrad, composed in 1130, by desire of the Duchess, a poem of lengthy dimensions in which he sang in Latin, French, and German the great deeds of Charles the Great against the Spaniards. This poem belongs to the Niebelungenlied, and is called the Rolandslied. These ballads, which were sung by the Minnesängers to the fair demoiselles to beguile them when their lovers were away at the wars, are not remarkable for chronological order, historical events belonging to different periods being jumbled together in strange confusion. These errors are accounted for by the want of written testimony, the traditions passing

of grief) and sent to Zweibrücken to be buried in Katherine's coffin, which lay in the Wittelsbach family vault in St. Alexander's Church at Zweibrücken, which accordingly was done, the heart being enclosed in an inner case of iron covered by a beauteous gold reliquary.

Long years after the lawless troops of Louis XIV., under the command of Colonel St. Juste, entered Zweibrücken. They blew up the tower of the old parish church of the Wittelsbachs, and the beautiful Gothic roof fell in fragments. The soldiers of "the most Catholic King" ransacked the church, plundered the gold and silver chalices, sacred vessels, and reliquaries, broke open the family vault, and ransacked the resting-place of the dead.

When peace had been made, workmen were sent to repair the parish church, and found a ghastly sight. The coffins were burst open and the contents scattered in every direction, with limbs torn away from, the skeleton bodies. The task of identification was well-nigh impossible but Katherine of Zweibrücken was known by the iron case which had contained Henriette's heart and which still lay in its place. The beautiful reliquary was gone, so too the poor faithful heart.

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from one generation to another. They all, however, possess the same wonderful charm; a ring of manliness mixed with tenderness, romance, and chivalry going hand in hand with the supernatural and the horrible.*

They were a noble line, these Welfs, strong, brave, full of purpose, and withal romantic and lovable.

They dwelt in their Bavarian castles on the mountain tops and kept up a rough sort of state; but they died out, and the Wittelsbachs reigned in their place.

No princely house possesses a longer line of ancestors than does the House of Wittelsbach, which, like our own Queen, had its Welf or Guelph heredity. The name of Wittelsbach fills the pages of old-world history.

They were a fine race of strong men and brave warriors, but they came to grief, as these old lines are apt to do. There was Otto of Wittelsbach who in 1180 was invested with the dignity of Count Palatine, but who came upon evil times and had to consent to the slicing of his territory by Austria. His descendants kept the title of Counts Palatine till the death of Ruprecht III. in 1410, when the kingdom of Bavaria was divided between his four sons, who each created a new line:

* Bartsch, who has gone into the subject and speaks with authority, gives the date 1140 for the *first* rude attempt at collecting these ballads or poems. This was followed thirty years later by a better effort; and again, towards the end of the century, another advance took place. On this occasion the distinction was drawn between the *Niebelungenlied* and the Niebelungnenoth or Klage, these last being in a different key from the Niebelungenlied proper. Two hundred years later Bishop Pilgrim von Passau collected all that was to be found of the Lied, and had it translated into Latin.—*Reitzler Geschichte von Bayern.*

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1. The *Kurline*, or the line of Heidelberg.
2. The Oberpfalz or Upper Palatinate.
3. The Zweibrücken-Simmern.
4. The Mosbach.

The chronicles of Bavaria are full of the great deeds of the Counts Palatine, who drove off the repeated attacks made by Austria upon their dominions. The close proximity of Austria to Bavaria had ever been a perpetual source of danger. The Wittelsbachs, however, not only managed to defend their country, but sometimes to make reprisals, as when the Elector Charles Albert overran Austria and was crowned Emperor. He must have had a curious nature, for on the day of his coronation he wrote to Count Torring that he was more miserable than Job. He did not hold his high dignity long. The valiant Maria Theresa drove him out and took his electorate from him. He got it back, however, and the Wittelsbachs reigned over Bavaria until the death of Duke Maximilian III., when the reigning line became extinct, and the duchy passed to Karl Theodore of the Wittelsbach-Simmern line, who reunited the Rhine Palatinate with the Duchy of Bavaria. At his death, without children, the Duchy and Palatinate once more changed hands, passing to Max Joseph, Duke of Pfalz-Zweibrücken. Max Joseph, if not a clever, was a very far-seeing, prudent ruler. All through the troubled years of the Napoleonic Wars he managed to play his cards successfully.

At the end of the century the spirit of revolution, which was rampant in France, had spread to other countries, the beautiful palace of the Renaissance

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which Duke Karl had built for himself in Karlsberg was surrounded by the Jacobins, the royal standard was torn down, and Max Joseph had to withdraw to Mannheim. Soon the clamour of the revolutionists was extinguished by the clash of arms, for the demon of war was abroad and drove all before it. The battles of Hohenlinden, Jena, Austerlitz, etc., decided Napoleon's ascendency in Europe, and, while it ruined the House of Hapsburg and the Hohenzollern dynasty, was of considerable benefit to the Bavarian Palatinate.

The designs of the Emperor of Austria upon Bavaria were well known to Max Joseph, who had in vain tried to keep neutral; but the force of circumstances in the end obliged him to choose between utter annihilation and submission, and in 1801 Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Baden became allies of France, and later fought under Napoleon's banner.

In 1805 Napoleon took the field against Austria and Russia; the smaller German states trembled. Max Joseph, who was more prudent than patriotic, placed himself and his army at the Emperor's service; he had his reward, for although Bavaria endured much insolence from the French, she benefited considerably in accession of territory. Each time a transitory peace was concluded Napoleon cut large portions away from Austria and Prussia and distributed them between Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Baden. In this way Max Joseph received from Austria the Tyrol, while Salzburg was exchanged for the Innviertel, Prussia had to surrender Augsburg, and after the battle of Austerlitz Austria yielded up Nürenberg.

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In 1806 Napoleon, who for the purpose of strengthening his own position cultivated the amusement of king-making, raised his friend and ally Max Joseph to the sovereignty. In the beginning of the year 1806 a proclamation announced that the Elector had been raised to the dignity of King of Bavaria. This was shortly followed by further favours from the royal patron. Napoleon was returning from Pressburg, where he had concluded peace, and graciously announced his desire to visit Munich. The honour was received with apparent gratitude; in all the churches there were services of thanksgiving, the joy-bells rang, the cannon thundered; the crowds cried, "Long live our gracious King Maximilian and our gracious Queen Caroline!" and "Vive Napoleon!" great feastings and festivities took place at the Residenz and at Nymphenberg; there was a stir and commotion everywhere.

It is unnecessary to allude to the subsequent course of events, or to how the scene changed and the curtain at last fell upon this extraordinary harlequinade which had for the moment paralyzed Europe.

The sound of war's alarms being over in 1815, Max Joseph set about the internal reforms of his kingdom. The first of the four Bavarian kings, he seems in all ways to have had the interest of his subjects at heart, and having the good fortune to possess in Monteglas a wise and prudent minister, he was able to execute political and religious reforms which were of the greatest service to Bavaria.

Ludwig I. came to the throne in 1825. He was at this time well calculated to keep the affections of

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a people who were by nature ready to love their rulers, his singular personality presenting a strange mixture of Henry IV. and Haroun al Raschid. Like the last-named, he was always willing to lay down his royalty and act as a private gentleman. Such a habit of mind may, however, survive intact while supported by the vigour and elasticity of youth, but as age creeps on it transmutes violations of established forms into confirmed eccentricities, which appear ridiculous to those persons who have not the power of seeing the true character under the motley garb of oddity.

A curious trait in this singular King's character was his indifference to the prestige of the army, which was allowed to sink into a secondary position; this was the more extraordinary, as in his youth he had been a keen soldier. Heigel, who cannot be said to undervalue the good qualities of Ludwig I., attributes this grave error of his to the dislike he took to his military duties during his hard years of bondage in Napoleon's service. Everything he could do to keep down the expenses of the military budget he did with an obstinacy and a harshness that were averse to his character, and to only one of his sons, Prince Luitpold, did he give a military education. It was well known that military proficiency, which had been the glory of Bavaria, was in Ludwig I.'s reign considered as almost a misfortune, young men and even boys wearing spectacles in order that on the day for the drawing of the conscription-tickets they might escape by the device of feigning short sight. All contemporary writers agree that in consequence of this strange indifference on the part of King Ludwig the military

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reputation of Bavaria was much weakened, this depletion lasting from 1840 to 1866.

But if he neglected the army in this lamentable manner, it must be said that he never lost sight of the necessity of looking closely into matters of State, especially in the finance department, where his activity was wonderful. As in his own household he examined every account, and drew his yearly balance with the carefulness of a tradesman, so he exacted great regularity in financial audits and allowed no extravagance. "He was a man of inexhaustible energy, never sparing himself." In his sixtieth year he was at work at early dawn. "My lamp is the first alight," he would say. "When I look from my window in the early dawn, the Max Joseph Platz is all in darkness, and by the time the clerks come to the Treasury Office I have got through half the work."

Soon after he had succeeded to the throne, and when in the first glow of his newly acquired power, he promised to make Munich a great city—"such an honour to Germany that no one who has not seen Munich can pretend to know Germany." How well he kept this promise is matter of history.

To King Ludwig I. is due the broad streets which distinguish Munich above other capitals. In the days when he was Crown Prince he coveted the large plains or meadows which lay towards the north-east side of the city, later on he bought these and developed his plan of making broad streets.* Where the grass had grown there soon began to rise splendid

* The Ludwig Strasse, one of the finest streets for width and length, was commenced in 1816, when Ludwig was Crown Prince.

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buildings—one of these, the Church of St. Louis, ornamented with rich frescoes by Cornelius, also the splendid Library in the Byzantine-Florentine style of architecture. A characteristic trait of the King's was the building in this same quarter an asylum for the blind. The Seminary for the Clergy and the Max Joseph Institute are extensions of the colossal University.

On the west side of the town stands the Glyptothek, over which the old inhabitants of Munich were wont to shrug their shoulders. They don't do this now, for they are proud of their art collections. Near the Glyptothek is the Propyläen. The marble was found in the Bavarian Unter-berge, and transformed by Klenze into Doric pillars. Close to this fine building stands the Benedictine Convent, with its splendid basilica; this last being erected by the King. As for the number of statues that ornament the city of Munich, they are too numerous to count. Truly it may be said that Ludwig kept his promise to the inhabitants of Munich—he has given them a great city.

This versatile being could pass from grave to gay with the most extraordinary rapidity; all manner of entertainments delighted him, provided he was in the mood. At Court balls he displayed much courtesy to his guests,* always with the right word to say, now improvising some complimentary verses to some *précieuse*, or extolling some dawning beauty. The artist balls were, however, more to his taste, for there the spirit of fun and frolic reigned, and reminded him

* Kobell's "Four Kings of Germany."

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of his youth. These were given with great splendour in the Odéon Hall, which was ornamented with frescoes by Kaulbach. The Carnival was another source of delight to the monarch, who was for the moment as eager for fun as any *gamin.* The next day he would be equally pleased to go through the ceremonies of Ash Wednesday. Again the splendid procession of the Knights of St. George afforded him intense enjoyment. The concerts at the Conservatoire were never allowed to pass without some of the Royal Family, very often the King himself, being present.

On these occasions the Court party, whose seats were in a half-circle near the orchestra, were the point of attraction to the whole audience. In the pauses of the music the Queen spoke to the ladies in her neighbourhood, while the King made the tour of the room. He nodded in a friendly manner to any artists with whom he was acquainted; if he fell in with a learned professor he would stop and greet him with a quotation from some classic, while when he chanced upon a group of acquaintances, he narrated some racy anecdote which set everyone laughing.

One of the King's eccentricities took the form of rambling at all hours alone and on foot, *à la* Haroun al Raschid, through the city even late at night. "It is impossible," writes a visitor to Munich in 1847, "not to be conscious of his approach even at a considerable distance, as you see a long line of pedestrians suddenly arrested in their progress to and fro, and standing with their hats off ready to greet him as he passes. A stranger, not knowing the rank of the remarkable personage approaching, is consider-

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ably puzzled. He sees advancing a tall, well-proportioned personage, who is evidently utterly indifferent to what is going on around, who walks not in a straight line, but zig-zag, with a confidence as though should he go against the wall it would crumble at his approach. His costume is that of a fox-hunting country gentleman of the fine old sort. Absorbed in thought, he bows mechanically yet courteously, even affectionately, to the spectators. That he saw far more than was supposed was made plain by an incident that was much talked of at the time it happened. One evening the King was passing through the Ludwig Strasse amidst a serried line of his loving subjects, all hat in hand. One of them, either a stranger or a malcontent, stood erect and covered in the midst of the loyal Bavarians. Probably he reckoned on the King's preoccupation to escape notice; he reckoned without his host. The King's keen eye detected the rudeness, and without stopping in his course, or apparently even glancing at the offender, he simply raised his stick, and as he passed knocked the man's hat off. This story was often told by the burghers of Munich, who highly approved the King's action."*

Ludwig's likeness to Henry IV. was shown by his decided bravery and disregard of personal danger, and likewise in a less praiseworthy direction. His affections were too easily given. In 1810 he had married the Princess Theresa of Sachsen-Hildburghausen, the daughter of one of the then numerous

* *Fraser's Magazine.*

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German princelings. The Princess was no beauty, but she was possessed of a charming personality. Unfortunately, she had not the power of retaining the wandering affections of her royal husband. Under these trying circumstances she behaved in an exemplary manner. Döllinger has paid her a high tribute. "She was a model," he says, "for all wives and mothers." In the first capacity Queen Theresa displayed extraordinary patience with her erratic husband, who, although he wrote reams of poetry in the praise of domestic happiness, was undoubtedly no respecter of the marriage bond. His biographer, Heigel,* who tries to gloss over the King's notorious defalcations in this respect, acknowledges that his Majesty could not resist the magnetic influence of a lovely woman, especially if, joined to the supreme gift of beauty, she was endowed with wit and accomplishments.

Another writer,† who grew up, as it were, under the shadow of Court life, tells us that Ludwig's wandering fancy for this and that fair lady, whose charms induced him to form a wonderful "beauty gallery" in the Residenz, never interfered with his devotion to his wife. He was wont to describe her as "an ideal woman," and often drew a comparison between her gentleness and the unfair judgment of the world upon his love adventures. In other words, the Queen had to accept the situation. "She was always serene and happy," says our writer. So was Maria of Austria and many a less exalted person. A woman has to

* Father to Carl Heigel, Court dramatist in the reign of Ludwig II.

† Kobell.

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bury her sorrows and mortifications as best she can; but it is hardly a justification of the King, even though, as Swift to Stella, he wrote her reams of verses which his partisan quotes *ad libitum*—"To my Wife on the day of our Silver Wedding," and again, "On her Fiftieth Birthday." Ludwig's poetry was not of an exalted character. We have some specimens of it in the verses he was for ever sending to his dear "Lolotte," the syren who was the immediate cause of his losing his crown.

All readers of contemporary history are familiar with the Lola Montez incident: it resembles in its curious details the tale told by Washington Irving of the old Spanish King who fell under the spell of a beautiful dancing girl whose witcheries lost him his kingdom. Lola, too, was a dancer of not very great reputation in her art—in fact, in London she had been hissed off the stage for her incapacity. After divers disreputable adventures she made her appearance in Munich, sent, it was said, as a political agent to draw the King (who was known for his weakness for pretty faces) to favour the democratic party. Although she had failed as a dancer and had been hissed off the stage, both in London and Paris, her employers maintained her in the profession through the agency of an organized *claque*. She made a furore at Munich. An eye-witness of her first appearance at the Opera House, on the memorable night of October 10th, 1846, describes the event in the following manner:—

"Lola Montez stood in the middle of the stage, not dressed in the ordinary ballet dancer's dress of

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LOLA MONTEZ. [*Page* 24.

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tricolour fleshings, but in a Spanish costume with silk and lace trimmings. Here and there sparkled diamond ornaments. Her wonderful eyes outshone the sparkle of the jewels she wore, as she turned their full battery upon the King, who sat in the royal box. The pit clapped loudly, but there were some hisses—this last on account of different reports, said my next neighbour; for Lola Montez was supposed to be an emissary from the English Freemasons—a coquette into the bargain, who, according to report, had been the heroine of several discreditable adventures. Lola had now begun to dance the national dances of Spain, which displayed her lovely figure in all the different poses and attitudes to the utmost advantage. She passed rapidly through every variation, from the most enticing, bewitching, passionate, to the most coquettish and humorous. There was no sound heard while she danced, but no sooner had she ceased than the spell was broken and the audience went mad with delight; she had to repeat her performance again and again. Four days later, on the 14th," continues the same writer, "Lola Montez appeared for the second and last time at the Munich Opera House. She danced (after the comedy 'The Woman-Hater of Venice') the *Cachucha*, and between the acts of 'Schwankes Muller u. Miller' the *Fandango* with the male dancer Opfermann. The pit was on this occasion filled with gendarmes, who were there to overpower by their applause any effort at the hissing of the previous night. But there was no occasion for this precaution, as she was received with nothing but applause. The King, as was the custom

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with foreign artists, had given her an audience before the curtain rose, and it was reported in Munich next day that her beauty and her lively conversation had charmed the very easily charmed monarch. She told him curious stories of Spain, a country which he intended to visit and for this purpose was already studying the language. Soon it was known that this *spirituelle* Bayadere was reading to her royal patron Calderon's dramas and 'Don Quixote' in the native tongue. From this moment began the fight between the Liberals and the Ultramontanes. Some writers maintain that the King's abdication was due to Lola's influence in political matters, and to her insistence that her royal patron should raise her to the rank of a Countess. She induced Ludwig to demand from his ministers that a patent of nobility should be conferred upon her."* This they refused, and in a memorandum which accompanied the refusal they offered the advice that the lady should be sent forthwith out of the country. This memorandum became famous. It was seen by a sister of Abel the Minister, and by her it was communicated in great confidence to a female friend. As may be imagined, it was a *secret de polichinelle*. All Munich talked of nothing else.† When the King heard that the memorandum had been communicated, he was furious; he dismissed Abel for what he called his treachery. Abel's colleagues, including Dr. Döllinger, resigned, a new Ministry was appointed, and the King conferred the title of Countess of Lansberg upon Lola Montez.

* Louise Kobell's "Four Kings of Bavaria."

† "Döllinger's Recollections."

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The rest of the miserable story is well known: how the King closed the University because the students had quarrelled with the favourite.

The inhabitants of Munich, who detested "Lolotte," rose *en masse* and demanded that this *intrigante* who had disturbed the peace of the town by going through the street at the head of bands of young collegians, and running up bills for all manner of jewels and dress to be paid for by the king—that this woman who was making a fool of *der alte* Ludwig should be summarily dismissed. And the will of the people was obeyed. Lolotte was sent out of Munich that same night.

Maximilian, third King of Bavaria, was in every sense of the word a noble-minded man; a follower of the teaching of the Roman Emperor Marcus Aurelius, he undertook the task of ruling his people on the perhaps ideal grounds of Christian philosophy. His efforts were directed towards cultivating interior and exterior repose, for which reason he never gave way to his passions nor encouraged outward show.

That there was a certain amount of romance, or rather what is expressed by the German term *Schwärmerei*, in Maximilian's character, is made evident by his love of solitude, his passion for mountain scenery, his adventurous ascents, and his picturesque manner of hunting. His fancy was to dress when he went in pursuit of the chamois all in green even to green stockings. He wore a green Tyrolese hat with a cock's feather, a leather belt with a short woodman's knife. All the suite, of foresters, etc., were attired in green; the beaters and the guides

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were in leather jerkins and hose. The hunting party slept in the shooting lodges, and in the grey dawn climbed up the precipitous heights to the haunts of the wild deer.

The Queen was wont to accompany her royal husband a portion of the way, and await his return at Hohenschwangau; here Maximilian had built a Swiss house, an exact copy of the one at Fischbach in Schlesien, where the Queen's childhood had been spent. The royal pair were devotedly attached to each other. The Queen was a most amiable and attractive woman, and had the good sense to desire to appear always at her best before her husband. On his return from these shooting expeditions she would receive him surrounded by her Court ladies, and make the evening meal pleasant, banishing now and again the stiffness of Court etiquette, even so far as to allow strong drinks. She was called by the Court "Angelo di Dio."

The King's romantic love of a wild and solitary residence far away from the madding crowd was accentuated by the delicacy of his health, which, as he advanced in life, became a source of great anxiety. He was always better in the mountain districts, and he therefore gave way to his natural instinct and set about restoring, or rather rebuilding, the Castle of Hohenschwangau, whose pinnacles and towers command a view over two lakes. Between these lakes stretches a wide plain, while farther off rise the giant peaks of the Bavarian Alps.* Out of these marsh

* The Bavarian mountains are not more than three or four thousand feet high, but the ridges in the south towards the Tyrol form part of the Alps, and are some of them nine thousand feet high.

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lands the splendid park of Hohenschwangau was made.

The King's love for mountain scenery (pure air being a positive necessity for one in his exhausted condition of health) was never made a pretext for avoiding any duty necessitated by his position. He was always at his post when his presence was needed; he bestowed much thought and spent freely in beautifying and enlarging Munich. The Winter Garden, which lies between the Residenz Schloss and the Court Theatre, was from his design, and is most artistically arranged. Tropical plants and foreign singing birds impart a delightful sense of summer when outside all is wrapped in the ice and frost of winter. Here Maximilian entertained chosen guests. The adornment of the palace likewise owes much to his taste, nor was the city forgotten. The handsomest street in beautiful Munich is the Maximilian Strasse, which the Müncheners owe to the King. At the same time it must be confessed, although this would not be admitted by his friends and admirers, that the adopting of a new style of architecture was a grave mistake. The National Museum, which is in the Maximilian Strasse, is an imposing monument to Maximilian's desire to preserve for the benefit of the people all the treasures of art and science which have been bequeathed to or acquired for the nation.

In 1863 the illness which for many years had been foreseen by his medical advisers, began to take a more definite form, and, by their advice, in the autumn of that year, he went to Italy to try the effect of a warmer climate. Unfortunately this was a time of

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much political disturbance; dangers were threatening Germany on all sides, and the people clamoured for the return of the King. Maximilian was too conscientious to resist the call of duty: he returned to his post, and worked unremittingly until the day came when he had to lay down the reins of government for ever.*

* The King's last public appearance in Munich was in 1863, when a costume ball was given at the palace for the Carnival. The period which was chosen by the King was that of the Elector Max Josef III. The dresses were magnificent, and the ball was an historical record.

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THE ROMANCE OF

KING LUDWIG II. OF BAVARIA

CHAPTER I.

THE BOYHOOD OF THE KING.

ON August 25th, 1845, the bells of Munich rang out a joyous peal; a general air of satisfaction was visible upon the countenances of the loyal citizens, for the bell-ringing testified to the fact that the Crown Princess (Marie of Prussia) had given birth to a Prince at the Castle of Nymphenberg. The royal christening was a national event; Queen Theresa held the royal infant in her arms at the font, where he received the name of Ludwig after his grandfather, then the reigning King.

The baby prince was, as a matter of course, the darling of his parents, and it is needless to say the usual deteriorating process of pernicious flattery surrounded the very cradle of the child. His *gouvernante*, who was evidently a very injudicious person, was perpetually impressing upon the little Prince that "he was *the first*," and as he grew older and stronger, she would not allow his brother, Otto, or any of his

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boy companions, to win a game from him; his French nurse also, who had taught him to speak her language fluently, inculcated the doctrine of *l'état c'est moi* and *tel est notre bon plaisir*, which she carried so far as to consider it an honour to be occasionally used as a footstool by her royal charge, and kicked about on the floor at his pleasure.*

This training, which was very unlike that which Frederick the Great and his sisters received in their childhood, was not a salutary education for a future king. But we are told that it proceeded from the intense affection he excited in the hearts of those about him. He was, moreover, a lovely boy, his beauty set off by the cerulean blue† in which he was dressed, while Prince Otto wore nothing but red.

When he was only a small boy, Ludwig showed the tendency to indulge in waking dreams which later became a fatal habit. He had been suffering from delicacy of his eyes, and had to be kept in a dark room with nothing to amuse him. One day he was found by Professor von Döllinger, nearly lost to sight in the depths of an enormous sofa. Döllinger pitied the solitary child: he said, "Your highness should have something read to you; that would serve to pass these tedious hours." "Oh, they are not tedious to me," said the Prince. "I think of lots of things, and I am quite happy."

This dreamy turn of mind was accentuated by the romantic surroundings of the Castle of Hohenschwangau, where the young Prince spent most of his early

* "Four Kings of Bavaria," by Louise von Kobell.

† Blue was all through his life Ludwig's favourite colour.

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youth. As already mentioned, the health of Maximilian necessitated strong mountain air; his weak body and exhausted mind finding renewed strength in the refreshing breezes which sweep over the Bavarian Alps. A more lovely situation than Hohenschwangau cannot be imagined. Beyle, the French writer, describes his sensations on first seeing this chain of mountains:

"Suddenly the Alps burst upon my view. Moment of happiness. Men of the type of William III. have no such moments in life. *Ces Alpes étaient pour moi l'Italie.*"

For the young Prince "*ces Alpes*" seemed to have had the same magnetic attraction. He loved Hohenschwangau for its solitude, for its steep mountain sides, for its two lovely lakes, the Schwansee and the Alpensee, whose waters are now tranquil as a sheet of glass, again wildly agitated, rolling and tossing in all the magnificence of an Alpine storm. Nature, however, which has bestowed upon Hohenschwangau such a lovely surrounding, has not given it qualities which make it, as one may say, meat for all men. A healthy, well-regulated, and well-balanced mind can breathe the air of this delightful but somewhat melancholy solitude without danger of imbibing an unwholesome taint. It cannot be said that it was his love of mountain scenery that drew Ludwig II. in the later years of his life with such irresistible force away from his family and his subjects into the solitude of the Bavarian Alps. It was his misfortune that, wherever he was, in a crowded city or in a desert, he was always alone. And this tendency increased after

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he indulged in the habit of those long excursions at night which were a feature of his later years. These could not be set down to a love of nature, but to a diseased and exaggerated eccentricity.

*The Golden Chronicle of Hohenschwangau** is a learned work. I do not pretend to have read it, but I can give my readers a short summary of the history of the castle, which is full of interest for those who love such stories of the past. I may add that this digression has relevance, for Hohenschwangau played a part in Ludwig's education.

The first feudal owners of Schwangau† were the Welfs, those of the Suabian race. We need not trouble ourselves about these original possessors, although their histories are interesting, albeit a trifle long-winded. In 1221 we come upon the track of a romantic individual, one of the five historical Schwangauers, Hiltebold, who belonged to the delightful body of Minnesängers. From his verses we learn that he was a crusader and had fought in Syria, and from the old records that his character stood high in Schwangau as an honest and upright man, a sort of "Knight of the Round Table" pattern, ready to redress wrongs and defend wandering maidens. The old *Manessesche Chronicle* gives a portrait of him which represents him in full armour with closed visor. He is evidently about to dance, for he leads in each hand a noble maiden, while a musician playing on the fiddle goes before. The swan upon his helmet,

* From ancient chronicles of Bavaria, in the libraries of Frankfürt Weimar

† *Schwan*, swan; *Gau*, district or province. Hence Hohenschwangau, or district of the "Knights of the Swan."

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the swans on the coat of mail, and above all, the shield with the white swan upon the red ground, leaves no doubt as to its being Hiltebold of Schwangau, although the iron visor conceals his face. His verse is smooth; it has a true ring, not without a reminiscence of Walter von Vogelweide, and as it is said that the two poets were friends, Walter probably was often a visitor at the Castle of Schwangau.

The race of Schwangau died out, as the old race is apt to do. It is a common story this, and repeats itself with extraordinary fidelity; and so by-and-by we come to the two last Schwangauers, Henry and George, who had to submit to the inevitable and sell, with the consent of the Emperor, the old Castle* and all rights and titles to the hereditaments and appurtenances thereof to Hans Paumgarten, citizen of Augsburg, for thirty-one thousand gulden. Neither did the new-comers retain the purchase long. Hans Paumgarten was wealthy, and his sons belonged to the Reichstand; nevertheless, the expenses of keeping up their exalted position proved their ruin. In less than fifty years we read of David von Paumgarten, Baron of Hohenschwangau and Erbach, Lord of Kurenberg u. Körzingen, State Marshal of the town of Augsburg, Privy Councillor, etc., etc., having to fly the country for debt. We next find him engaged in treasonable transactions, for which, in 1567, he was beheaded at Gotha. His brother lived for some years in Augsburg in straitened circumstances, and so exit the Paumgartens.

* Hohenschwangau could hardly be called a castle; it was built of wood, and contained only a few rooms. Johann Paumgarten built his castle where the Tower of Schwanstein stood.

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The next purchaser of Hohenschwangau was Alberic, Duke of Bavaria. During his occupancy the castle underwent many vicissitudes. The war of succession raged fiercely, and Hohenschwangau became a sort of shuttlecock won by one party and then recovered by the other. The old walls fell into ruins, the new building made in white stone by the Paumgartens crumbled away. In the beginning of last century the venerable ruin was the property of Prince Ottingen Wallenstein; from him it passed to the Topographer Adolf Sommer, who went the way of all humanity. The ruin was about to be set up to public auction when, just at this point of its history, its opportunity arrived. It so chanced that in the summer of 1829 the then Crown Prince of Bavaria, Maximilian, was making a walking tour over the mountains; he was accompanied by his brother Otto, afterwards King of Greece, and some friends. The Castle attracted the Crown Prince strangely, and from that time he never lost sight of the wish to become possessor of this home of his Welf ancestors. But many years were to elapse before his desire was gratified. It was not until 1842 that the negotiations came to an end and the work of building a new castle upon Paumgarten's stone foundations was begun, while the restoration of the old pictures and the painting of new wall-pieces were given to the best artists in Munich.*

Here during the long summer days the boy Prince indulged in the most fantastic imaginations engendered by the paintings which were on the walls.

* Heigel.

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Knights in armour spoke to him, Rhine maidens drew him into their arms; he saw his ancestors, the old Wittelsbach heroes, seated upon their war horses, their swords drawn, fighting their way into Rome or resting under the palms by the banks of the Nile. In fact, there was no end to the dreamer's fancies, and the wonder is that no steps were taken either by his teachers or parents to draw him out of this dangerous habit. The only effort made to distract him from dreaming of knights, swans, and beautiful ladies was an unwise raillery at his romantic attachments to dead princesses. Every ill-timed laugh was like a stab to the heart of the boy, whose whole being quivered at the slightest touch of ridicule. This sensitiveness was therefore developed by the ill-judged remedy.

Once when Ludwig had visited the beautiful churchyard at Berchtesgaden, he returned there in moonlight and fell to dreaming over the graves and crosses. A mountain was made of this after all harmless night ramble, for which he was punished severely; this was one reason for the dislike he always showed to Berchtesgaden. On the other hand, any attention filled him with gratitude, and he always had a kindly recollection for a place where things had gone well with him.

In his early youth Ludwig was not good-looking. One who knew him well in his boyhood describes him as having a white complexion which at times had a grey, almost ashen, tinge, this curious colouring contrasting strangely with the large black eyes, which nearly filled up his whole face. His cheeks were

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hollow, and only his finely cut features gave any promise of the beauty which in later times distinguished the King. Prince Otto, on the other hand, made a perfectly enchanting picture of the Cupid order. Neither of the Princes enjoyed the free, unfettered life accorded to English royal children; they were hedged in with all manner of petty rules, observances, and etiquettes. Some of the sons of the higher nobility were occasionally invited to join in their amusements, but there was no healthy liberty allowed them, no games in the open air, cricket, ball, or leap-frog.* Those delights of boyhood, which were enjoyed by the lowest *gamin* in the streets, were denied to the King's children. While Otto made the best of the situation, Ludwig formed no intimacies. His mother, whom in his childhood he adored, was a stranger to his inner thoughts, nor was she fitted by nature for the task of setting in harmony the delicate chords and strings of such a nature as her son's. Her methods may possibly have added to the internal discord.

The musical education of the Crown Prince was entrusted to Wanner, a sound musician and a popular character in Munich. Wanner maintained to his dying day that the Prince had no ear for music. The only foreign language Ludwig spoke was French, which he had acquired from his French nurse. This was a serious mistake in his education, for as a

* The reward for good conduct was generally a walk undertaken in company of all the family in the Park of Hohenschwangau, or tea in the Paris Cottage. Both amusements were not to the taste of Ludwig, who generally "sulked," while Prince Otto made himself agreeable.

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PRINCE LUDWIG AND PRINCE OTTO. [*Page* 38.

THE TWO PRINCES PARTAKING REFRESHMENT
WITH THEIR MOTHER. [*Page* 38.

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rule royalties are excellent linguists. Ludwig I. spoke five living languages, his favourite being Italian. His grandson read in 1884 a translation of Dante's *Divina Commedie.*

As in the case of most heirs to a throne, the anecdotes of the Crown Prince's early youth are numerous. The interest attached to such narratives, being mostly personal, is supposed to throw light upon the later life and to be an indication of importance. In this sense we interpret the well-known proverb "The child is father to the man."

Those who watched the heir to the Bavarian throne during his childhood and boyhood relate many traits of him, mostly to his disadvantage. From those accounts we gather that from the time he became Crown Prince he displayed an overbearing tendency which was not *previously* remarkable. On one occasion Prince Otto had made himself an enormous snowball, and cried out with pride to his brother, "Look, Ludwig, I have got a snowball twice as big as your head!" At these words the Crown Prince fell into a fury and tore the ball from the child, who burst into a torrent of tears. The Princes' tutor came upon the scene and asked what had happened. Otto sobbed out his story. "Oh, your highness," said the tutor, "I cannot allow this. Prince Otto has a right to his own snowball; you mustn't take it from him." Ludwig turned upon his tutor, his eyes darting glances of indignation. "Do you mean to tell me," he said, "that I, the Crown Prince, have no right to this snowball?"

The next story has graver issues. It happened in

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1857, when Ludwig was no longer a child. He was twelve years old. The Court in this year was passing the summer at Berchtesgaden. The two Princes spent their days aimlessly wandering about the park (this aimless method being the one pursued in their education). A Court official accidentally passing through a distant part of the grounds came upon an extraordinary sight. Young Otto lay upon the grass bound hand and foot; his mouth was gagged. About his throat a pocket-handkerchief was tied, the ends of which Prince Ludwig was twisting tightly round a piece of stick. The official hurried to the assistance of Otto, who was in a fainting condition; but his efforts were stoutly resisted by Ludwig, who called out in a rage: "This is no business of yours; this is my vassal, and he has dared to resist my will. He must be executed!" The man had to use force to rescue "the vassal" from the cruel grasp of his brother. As may be imagined, this adventure made a stir at the Court. The King was greatly alarmed, as well he might be, and in his anger ordered the Prince to be severely punished.

After all, viewed dispassionately, the incident, although when judged from later events it has a certain significance, should have met with different treatment. The Court official, whose name never transpired, may have exaggerated the dangerous condition of Prince Otto to increase the value of his own service, or he may have been actuated by a dislike to the Crown Prince. The curious part of the episode was the method of the execution. We have heard of English boys playing at being robbers, and, after

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Jack Sheppard's wonderful adventures, at executions; but the means adopted were those of the country. The bowstring was unknown in Bavaria.

One of the many *brochures* which appeared at the time when Ludwig's unhappy end was in everyone's mouth, mentions a statement made many years before by King Otto of Greece (the uncle of the King), which was in the light of a gloomy prophecy. "As the exiled King of Greece (Otto of Bavaria) was about to make a will, he divided his large fortune amongst all his relatives; the only one omitted was the Crown Prince Ludwig. Freiherr von Wangenheim gently reminded him of the omission. The ex-King shook his head. 'That unfortunate boy,' he replied, 'is destined to ascend the throne, and will have ample means at his command to gratify the fantastic fancies in which he already indulges.'"

The reason of this somewhat unfair decision was not far to seek. King Otto was naturally sore at his enforced abdication; he could give no justice to Greece, and his nephew's fantastic admiration for Greek art and his perpetual allusions to the nobility of the Greek character had irritated the King, who was still smarting at the treatment he had received.

Another anecdote is related of the young Prince which shows that his character was naturally sincere. On the birthdays of Ludwig I. it was the custom for his grandson to declaim before the Court a piece of poetry in honour of his august grandfather. On one occasion the piece chosen by the courtier-like tutor was one of Ludwig I.'s poems. The Prince refused to learn it. "For when there are so many beautiful

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poems of Schiller, Goethe, or Uhland, why should I learn one of grandpapa's," he said. "Grandpapa is a King, but he is not a poet." The courtier tutor was shocked, and his choice was ratified by the parents! And what was perhaps worse, the Prince was not allowed to read either Goethe's or Schiller's works. Not until he was seventeen or eighteen was he given a selection from these great authors.

From their earliest years Maximilian tried to enforce upon his sons a narrow system of economy, the weekly allowance of the young Princes being about two shillings of our money. A story was told that Prince Otto, hearing that sound teeth were saleable, went to a dentist and offered to have his extracted for a consideration.

At eighteen the Crown Prince received his allowance in coins fresh from the Mint, but the amount was what would now be called a pittance. The first use made by the youth of his new wealth was to go to the Court jeweller and order for his mother a locket which he had heard her admire. The jeweller inquired should he send the account (as was usual) to the castle? "No," replied the Crown Prince, with an air of ineffable pride, "I have now my own allowance. Here is my purse, take what you want."*

* Another story was circulated at this time. The Prince's table during his boyhood was conducted in a most frugal, not to say stingy manner. Heigel tells a tale of his getting food from his old nurse Lisa; on his gaining his majority (eighteen years of age) he was provided with an establishment of his own. On the first day the usual dinner was provided—meat and cheese—which caused the Prince to say to his attendants, "Now that I am my own master, I shall have chicken and pudding *every day*—every day, do you hear?"

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This incident is much to my liking; the handsome boy, with his proud Wittelsbach nature so long kept down under the heel of his tutors, asserting himself like a young Rothschild. That is how the episode presents itself to me, and I hope to my readers. Opinions differ, and I find that Pastor Friedrich Lampert takes a different view. "He showed then," he writes, "for the first time the ignorance of the relative value and worth of money which later was one of the great features of his character."

One of the great blots in the scheme of the Prince's education was the neglect of teaching him control over his temper and his nerves. Bodily exercise is good for strengthening both; but these are not sufficient, mental tonics are more needed, besides, the Crown Prince had a dislike to everything in the shape of muscular exercises. His nerves were therefore necessarily weak; he could not endure the sight of bodily infirmity. When the Bavarian soldiers returned from the victorious campaign of 1871 he was quite incapable of visiting the crippled or wounded soldiers, and this from no lack of feeling, but from physical weakness. Under any unexpected danger or trouble, he lost not only all courage, but all composure.

His antipathy to ugliness in man or woman exceeded even his dislike to physical infirmity. As a child he would turn his face to the wall if a servant entered the room whose countenance did not please him. This antipathy in later life made him often unjust.*

* At the chapter of the Knights of St. George, over which the King after his accession presided as Grand Master, one of the Knights Companions appeared in the character of Herald; he was a plain man

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The King, wishing to cure his son of his nervous dislike to want of good looks in those about him, ordered that two or three singularly disagreeable-looking servants should be the Prince's attendants. Ludwig trembled when he met these unpleasant individuals, shut his eyes, and, if he could, ran away and hid behind the curtains. This antipathy would now be grappled with differently. Spiritual affinities, spiritual brother and sister souls, are a doctrine received and acted upon, and we avoid those who are not and never can be by reason of their spiritual inability our "necessary counterpart that makes complete the whole." This doctrine, which is beginning now to be acted upon in education with very salutary results, was totally absent from the scheme of bringing up in the fifties, when no heed was taken of the effect produced upon delicate or peculiar organizations through contact with an ungenial teacher who had no sympathy with the unexpressed longings and aspirations of a young, untried, perhaps passionate nature.

Ludwig suffered keenly from this very cause. We are told he grew dumb and stupid when his master was not *sympathique*. At last it became apparent to his mother that until this bar was removed the Prince's education would never progress. The antipathetic tutors were dismissed, so, too, were the ugly attendants, and it was settled that both tutors and

and the coat of mail and the tabard hung upon him as badly as would the mitre upon an ass. At the next festival the unfortunate "Herald" was deprived of his dignity "by order of the King." This act of injustice was not, however, carried into execution, nor was the excellent but ungraceful herald deprived of his tabard. He was, however, cautioned to keep out of the King's way on the next festive occasion.

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servants should be on probation. This produced an excellent effect, the Prince's nervousness rapidly disappeared, and his studies became a pleasure.

As he grew older his education was a source of anxiety to Maximilian, who, on this point, had his own theories. After much thought given to the subject the King settled upon a plan, about the worst he could have conceived. The Prince should have a sound scholarly education such as was given in the public schools or gymnasiums; that would rid him of the cobwebs of romance—a foundation of grammar, the classics, and a good dash of his own favourite Plato, while the works of the ancients, Virgil, Homer, and the maxims of Aurelius were studied.

"It may be asked," says Heigel, "of anyone except perhaps a schoolmaster or an historian, of what use the gods of Homer or the theories of Plato could be in this generation, or what has the abstract essential and eternal truth in common with the worldly prudence which nowadays is a necessary quality, especially for a future king to possess."*

He adds that later Maximilian tried to give his son a more up-to-date training by appointing Justus von Liebig to instruct him in chemistry. The King was fully aware that Liebig considered that the principal aim and end of all knowledge was to fit a man for his career in life. "We have lost sight of this fundamental truth," writes Liebig, "and we live in an ideal world which has no connection with our real every-day existence."

It was unfortunate for the Crown Prince that Liebig

* Carl Heigel, "Biography of Louis II. of Bavaria."

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was his instructor for only a short time. His teaching might have strengthened a character whose danger lay in its weakness. The traces would, however, have always remained of the unhealthy manner in which he had been brought up, which had fostered that love for the dreamland in which he may be said to have lived. In the midst of a crowd the young Prince was always alone, and only one or two were ever allowed entrance into the secret chambers of his heart.*

One of his favourite preceptors, to whom all through his life he was sincerely attached, was the famous Dr. Döllinger. This learned clergyman acquired considerable influence over his pupil, whose ardour for every branch of study (except political economy and mathematics) was almost disconcerting to his teacher. Neither had he any precise aim in his ambition. But Döllinger always maintained that at this period of his life the Prince had, if not actually the genius, decided gifts for making a great military commander. From other sources it would appear that this military quality was evinced more in talk of grand legions and fields of glittering gold, bayonets, fluttering banners, and charging squadrons; military music, and especially military marches in which there was much blowing of trumpets and clashing of cymbals, made

* Shortly before his last illness some dawning seems to have come to Maximilian that in his son's training he had not taken the right way, and late in the day he made an effort to win the young man's confidence It was too late, and it was only in the last hours of the King's life that he looked for the first time into the heart of the real Ludwig. It must have gone hard with the dying monarch to leave the son he had just got to know to fight the battle of life alone.

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him thrill. Still, he either would not or could not put these visions into shape; his sole military experience was when he reviewed the troops in the Field of Mars or elsewhere, and his chief military service was the putting on of his blue and gold uniform, in which he looked every inch a kingly commander, but a commander who had never led his troops to battle.

Young men of all ranks, and especially those who are born in the purple, are exposed to various forms of temptation which go by the term "sowing their wild oats." With a romantic temperament joined to a passionate nature, it might have seemed a foregone conclusion that Ludwig's youth would have presented a huge crop of love adventures before he got disillusioned. All contemporary writers agree in the opinion that he remained in the region of romance. There was, they say, no harm in him. Nevertheless, these romantic tendencies were the "danger signal" which might (had he been spared mental developments) have tinged his whole life.

The person of the Crown Prince, as he grew towards man's estate, began to develop those features which made him so attractive in the eyes of his subjects. "His face lost the ashy pallor, an embryo moustache grew upon his upper lip, his figure was slight and graceful, there was an air of sunshine about him that, joined to the expression of his wonderful eyes, was eminently captivating. He had not the quicksilver quality of his brother Otto, his manner was reserved, almost shy."*

* "König Ludwig II. von Bayern." Carl von Heigel.

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Ludwig I., writing to King Otto of Greece (his second son), describes his grandsons as follows: "The elder Ludwig,* is the cleverest—but none of my grandsons are wanting in intelligence—his brother Leopold the best-hearted, the younger, Ludwig,† the handsomest (he is wonderfully beautiful); Otto is the most amiable. None of them are at all like to one another, but they have all good hearts, and that is better than all."

In 1860-64 the political horizon was stormy; every country had its own anxieties, whether as principal in the disputes going on or as ally. Bavaria had its share, and the anxieties accruing from all the turmoil of other kingdoms pressed heavily upon the weakened frame of Maximilian. It was about this time that with a sense of his failing health he began to associate the Crown Prince more with the duties of the State. He made him his deputy in receiving foreign ambassadors, and on his state progresses the Prince accompanied him. In the later developments of the political crisis he took his son into his confidence. A youth of eighteen, especially a youth brought up as Ludwig had been, is not turned out a politician in a few weeks or months, nor does it appear that the Prince developed any sort of talent for foreign affairs; he agreed submissively to what wiser heads thought best.

In 1861 the revolution in Italy and the successes of Garibaldi burst upon astonished Europe; but

* Son to Prince Luitpold.

† The Crown Prince.

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neither the triumph of the revolutionary party nor the *vivas* of twenty million of Italians could induce Maximilian to consider Victor Emmanuel the legitimate king of Italy, and two years later, when he was ordered by his physicians to try the milder temperature of the South, he made the journey through France to Marseilles and from thence by ship, so as to pass through the Pope's dominions and thus avoid the shorter and most direct way through the new king's territory.

The effect of the milder skies of Italy upon the sick King was to restore his feeble health. He was slowly gaining strength when a fresh disturbance occurred in European politics. This time it was Denmark that was in question. The King Frederick IV. was dead without direct heirs, and according to the Treaty of London, he was succeeded by a Prince of the house of Holstein-Glucksberg, Christian IX. From this arose the Schleswig-Holstein complication. These states by the Act of Constitution were to be incorporated with Denmark; but this wholesale appropriation was opposed by the Duke of Augustenberg, who declared himself the rightful heir to the appropriated duchies. This spark was enough to kindle almost a second Seven Years' War. As it drew into the quarrel the other states,* which were all more or less alarmed at what might happen, the people of Munich despatched one of the Town Councillors in all haste to Rome to entreat the return of the King

* Belonging to the Bund or Federation who were bound to support one another.

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to consider what was best to do in this crisis. Maximilian obeyed the call of the people, although he was well aware that by so doing in his precarious condition he endangered his life. And so it proved.

The King dragged through the long winter. He was weary, and when in March, 1864, his brother-in-law, Duke Albrecht of Austria,* came to Munich, ostensibly to see the sick man, the King was near the end. Despite his weakness he had long conversations with his visitor, who brought him round to Austria's view of the question. The next day he was worse. That evening the doctors said the fatal words "No hope." The news spread quickly through the city and filled everyone with pity and grief. In their anxiety for their beloved King no one could bear to stay at home. A long procession of old and young made their way to the Palace. All through the long night they waited outside, kneeling as if they were in church, hundreds of them silently praying. At six o'clock in the morning the King was told he must get ready for the Great Assize—the Sacraments were given to him, and then at this last moment he desired to be alone with the Crown Prince. No one ever heard what passed at this interview between the father and son. It is said that to the dying all is made clear, past and to come, but this trial was spared to Maximilian. His last farewell was full of trusting hope in the future of those he loved. He blessed them all, his wife and children, and then with his hands clasped in those

* Married to the King's sister the Archduchess Hildegarde.

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of his loving wife he closed his eyes to this world.*

When shortly before mid-day on March 10th the death bell rang out, a deep gloom fell upon the whole city.

There was universal mourning all through the country. Everyone felt that not alone a good king had passed away, but that the future of Bavaria was now placed in somewhat inadequate hands. A ruler of only eighteen years of age was not a very sure guide to depend upon at a time when the state of Europe was causing grave anxiety. All these doubts and fears were forgotten when the young King in his deep mourning, and surrounded by the princes of the blood and the nobles of the land, appeared before his subjects as chief mourner at his father's grave. His extreme youth, his wonderful beauty, and the deep-seated expression of grief upon his face

* There is little doubt that Maximilian would have made a better scholar than he did a king. He would at all events have been happier in the shadow of a great university than he was in a royal palace. The responsibility of his position, the welfare of the country, his desire to raise the intellectual standard—all these causes preyed upon a naturally delicate nature, and those who knew him well were aware how ill-fitted he was to cope with the burden laid upon him. A certain shadow of melancholy was always noticeable in the King: it was a presentiment that belongs to highly strung natures, a knowledge that his life would not last long enough to do all he wanted to do for science. A fever he had contracted in Hungary had left him a martyr to headaches, and this suffering and the nervousness caused by it gave him a sort of reserve which he never thoroughly threw off unless in the most perfect intimacy. In one of the many books written after his death this somewhat significant passage occurs: "If Maximilian had continued to carry much longer the burden of his heavy crown, what *might have happened?*" There were rumours "*that he had shown certain symptoms of mental disturbance.*"

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made instant capture of the good German burghers and their families. The hearts of all present went out in pity and affection to their new sovereign. This favourable impression was strengthened by an incident that occurred when the late King's body was carried from the mortuary chapel of the Church of St. Kajetan, where the widowed Queen with her ladies had spent the night in prayer. There was some question of etiquette as to where Prince Otto should stand, and the confusion attracted the attention of the young King, who called out, "My brother kneels by me!"

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CHAPTER II.

THE KING IS DEAD: LONG LIVE THE KING!

THE German nation has always been credited with steadiness of character. It is not given to those sudden caprices which make the transfer of old affection so easy with the French and Italians. The capture by the Crown Prince of the hearts of his subjects was, therefore, the more remarkable. They had seen him grow from a royal baby into a young prince without feeling any enthusiasm for him more than for any other royalty, but now, when he came before them in his grief and his beauty, he became at once a popular idol.

This sudden burst of affection was doubtless due to the novelty of the situation. It was altogether a new setting. The women fell in love with his dark, unfathomable eyes—tender, loving eyes they could be—and yet there was little stir of passion in his nature. His air of unspeakable sadness moved even the harder masculine mind to pity, and rough hands were seen brushing away a suspicious moisture that came suddenly to the eyes when looking at the grief-stricken Prince. It would have been better had Ludwig given way in boyish fashion to his natural

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sorrow; if he had possessed one friend to whom in this his first grief he could have told all the different thoughts that were surging through his brain it would have eased the burden that was pressing upon his young heart.

No one knew what was passing in the mind of the new King during those days that he spent in darkened rooms or watching by his father's coffin. The rush of conflicting thoughts must have been bewildering; the childish sorrow for "Papa," the sense of overpowering loneliness warring with the knowledge that he was now the first in the kingdom, that he was absolute master of himself; he would no longer obey, he would command, for he was the King.

When we come to think of it, this must be an overwhelming thought. The young are very susceptible to this sense of responsibility, it oppresses them. It is on record how our late Queen almost fainted when, as she stood at the window of St. James' Palace, she heard the heralds proclaim her as Queen to the immense crowd that stood in the courtyard below. In the same way Ludwig trembled and turned pale the first time a page called him "Your Majesty." Both events were epochs in the lives of Victoria and Ludwig. There is a ring of true sorrow in the young King's address to the Ministers and Councillors of State after he had taken the oath to the Constitution, March 12th:

"Almighty God has seen fit to take from me my dear, my beloved father. I cannot express what is in my heart. A great and heavy task is placed upon me. I pray to God that He may give me light and

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strength to be faithful to the oath I have just taken to rule over this kingdom according to the Constitution established fifty years ago. The aim of my endeavours shall be to preserve the glory and well-being of my faithful people."

This was a favourable beginning, as it was thought, singularly free from self-consciousness. Nevertheless, it is worthy of notice that the personal pronoun is made very prominent. There is no mention of the Queen or allusion to Prince Otto.

The address was delivered from the throne, and was replied to by the first Minister, Schrenck, who was retained, as well as Von Pfordten, no change being made in the government.

Ludwig entered upon his new duties with all the zeal of a very new broom. He began his day by visiting the Queen Mother, as the widowed Sophie was now called, in her apartments; then he betook himself to business with his secretary Von Pfistermeister, who had rather a lively time; for the "new broom" went into every hole and corner and would come back several times in the day to know had any more papers come from the Ministers which required his signature, this zeal being no doubt due to the novelty of signing his name to important documents.

Later on, when he had grown more accustomed to his new dignity, he gave audiences to deputations, foreign ambassadors, and the edge of his wit was so fine that many of his sayings went round society.

In August the King of Prussia paid the young King a visit. Ludwig received his distinguished visitor at Hohenschwangau. This meeting delighted

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the people, as it gave promise of a continuance of the friendly relations between the two countries; and this was further confirmed when the Prussian Prime Minister, Bismarck, stopped on his way to Gastein at Munich to confer with the Bavarian Minister.

Ludwig was never quite at his ease in the presence of his Uncle William of Prussia, and this without prejudice to the admiration and respect he entertained for the man who, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, was a thorough soldier and martinet. The great disparity of years made it difficult for them to view matters of taste or of policy from the same platform, and as Ludwig was too well mannered to enter into a dispute with his mother's brother, the conversation when they were alone generally drifted into monosyllables on the part of the young host. It was likewise unfortunate (but this sort of ill-luck seems to have pursued Ludwig) that Bismarck was not of the party. The influence of his gigantic personality would have left lasting traces upon the impressionable mind of the young King.

Herr Edward Maulner, a well-known Austrian writer, describes the young King as he saw him shortly after his accession, 1864: "A little more than eighteen years of age, he presented a most striking appearance; he was, indeed, the most idealistic youth whom I have ever seen. His figure, tall, slight, and graceful, had perfect symmetry of form; his luxuriant hair, slightly curled, together with the light flush of beard upon his cheek, gave his head a resemblance to those magnificent works of ancient art in which we find the first manifestations of the Hellenic idea of

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LUDWIG II. REVIEWING THE TROOPS, 1865. [*Page* 57.

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manly strength. Even had he been a beggar, he could not have failed to attract my attention, and nobody old or young, man or woman, rich or poor, could resist the fascination of his presence. His voice had a pleasant, sympathetic tone, the questions that he put were clear and definite, his subjects were well chosen and full of spirit withal; his mode of expression was easy and natural. The charm which his appearance created has never been lessened to me: on the contrary, it has been heightened, and the picture of the youthful monarch is still impressed in indelible colours on my memory."

The King's habit of slightly rolling his eyes was supposed to indicate sublimity of thought and elevation of character. This eccentricity, say those who knew him, was in reality caused by his habit of throwing back his head as he walked; and this tendency to carry his head "high" grew upon him in a literal as well as a figurative sense from year to year.

The first year of Ludwig's reign reads as a fairy tale. The young King, like Prince Charming, went about here, there, everywhere, winning golden opinions by his youth and beauty.

In the month of September a salute of twenty-one guns announced that the young King was about to hold a review upon the Field of Mars. A picture of this, the first appearance of Ludwig as a military commander, and painted from life, is here reproduced. The artist has done his work well. The central figure is the slight boyish King, seated upon his white charger, surrounded by a brilliant staff of princes, generals, and officers. Ludwig sits his horse with

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the most perfect ease, and carries his head with extraordinary dignity for so young a man, his fine eyes looking straight before him. And yet, as an eye-witness of the scene remarks, "No one, save an enthusiastic girl, would for a moment maintain that this handsome young rider had the martial air of a soldier—for one thing, his hair wanted cutting." Some people applied to him the lines, "You were made for dreaming and sleeping, good priest. . . ."

The last of the fêtes (for the year 1864) took place in the Theresianwiese (or Theresa Park). No conqueror fresh from battle, with the laurel wreath upon his head, could have received such an ovation as did the young King from his agricultural and peaceful subjects. Such a greeting would have touched even an "old hand," but to one inexperienced in such demonstrations it must have "shaken the very heart's foundations." Ludwig was gratified and moved at the impression he had made; nevertheless, it is very doubtful if he looked upon it otherwise than as a purely æsthetic addition to a charming *mise en scène.* This was the outcome of his education, which by force of contrast had ground into his mind the narrow idea that art was the only proper setting for all human action.

On the evening of the same day the King appeared, for the first time since his accession, at the theatre. The house was crowded with a brilliant audience, full from floor to ceiling. His entrance was greeted with waving of pocket-handkerchiefs and vociferous cheering. The opera was *Oberon,* the choice of the King, who was attracted by the romantic story so exquisitely set to music by Weber.

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Nor was this first and perhaps happiest year of his reign wanting in other and more tender influences.

In the summer came the Emperor and Empress of Austria to visit Munich, where the Empress's father, Duke Maximilian lived. The King well remembered Cousin Elizabeth, who had married in 1854 when he was only a boy, but a boy with a depth of romance in his heart, a boy who feared to show his childish admiration for one of the most beautiful of princesses for fear of the ridicule which was such gall and wormwood to his proud nature. Now things were changed. He could unchallenged pay every attention to the beautiful Empress. "Beauty for a princess is a political virtue," and it undoubtedly has great influence; but when has beauty *not* personal influence? Another beautiful woman of the century was Eugénie, Empress of the French. But what a difference between the two Queens, "as much as between a true and a false diamond." The crowd allows itself to be dazzled, not so the connoisseur.

Cousins are not always, especially in later life, too much attached to one another. The late Empress Elizabeth, however, and her daughter Gisela—as also the Princess Theresa, daughter to the present Regent of Bavaria—were always united by the closest bonds of affection with Ludwig. When on this occasion his august visitors went to Kissengen, the King accompanied them, and there met the Emperor Nicholas of Russia, who had lately passed through Munich, and his daughter. Ludwig had never visited this portion of his dominions, and here, as everywhere, he was received with a tumult of delight. This pretty little

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watering-place, which is now somewhat gone by, or rather is driven into a corner by a multitude of garish rivals, was then in the height of its fashion as a specific for gout, and here in this autumn of 1864 there was a truly royal gathering—two Emperors, one Empress, and one King, besides many smaller royalties, make a choice *menu*. Ludwig, who was only just beginning to taste the pleasures of his station and age, enjoyed himself so much that he could not tear himself away, and instead of a few days he lingered on for weeks. The attraction, it was said, was the liveliness and *esprit* of the Czar's young daughter, the Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrowna. That he should have followed her to Schwalbach, where she went for the *nachkūr*, seems to have been a marked attention which should have led to consequences. Schwalbach, with its leafy groves and tender air of shepherdess innocence, was just the spot for whispering lovers made. The young King, however, either from his natural disposition or from the education he had received, was a timid lover and was never able to seize an opportunity, however favourable it might be, for making an advance. This sort of wooing was not to the taste of the Princess, nor can one blame her. Women as a rule like a *coup de main* that carries the fortress and ensures the surrender "at discretion."

Years have flown lightly over Marie Alexandrowna's head, but one wonders does she ever give a thought to those Schwalbach days and the handsome royal lover who walked by her side in the leafy groves of the hot little watering-place.

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The affair having come to nothing, the King returned homewards, stopping at Biebrich to pay a visit to Duke Adolphus of Nassau.

The jewel of Duke Adolphus' eye was his park, with its winter garden and greenhouses (these last were sold in 1866 to the Palmgarten at Frankfurt for 60,000 gulden). The winter garden at Munich could not compare with this petted child of Duke Adolphus' fancy. The tropical splendour of the Palm House indeed made the winter garden in the Residenz Schloss seem a poor thing; it seized upon the fancy of Ludwig, who resolved one day to possess one as nearly resembling that of Duke Adolphus' as possible. The winter garden, which in later years led out of the King's apartments, was the outcome of his visit to Biebrich.

One more trait before we conclude this first year of the King's reign, which gives us an insight into his character, although undeveloped and crude; but as the boy is father to the man, so is the initial year of a new start in life often a safe indication of what will follow.

It must be agreed that Ludwig passed this ordeal with clean hands. In some instances he scored a success, as in the incident I am about to relate. Schiller was his favourite author. This in itself was an indication of the bent of his mind. Soon after he had ascended the throne a young player came to Munich—Emil Rohde—an actor of great merit. His impersonation of Schiller's heroes, Don Carlos, Ferdinand, Max Piccolomini, had given the King much pleasure, and during the winter he was

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often sent for to recite Schiller's plays. When Rohde forgot his lines Ludwig prompted him from memory. In October, 1865, *Wilhelm Tell* was given with Rohde in the title *rôle*. This performance produced a deep impression upon the mind of the King, who almost immediately made a short excursion to Switzerland under an assumed name.

"It is," says Goethe, "a pardonable freak for men of importance to occasionally conceal their outward superiority in order to allow their interior and mental gifts full play. It is on this account that the *incognito* of princes and the adventures that arise from it are highly diverting. It is a sort of clothed divinity that appears amongst us that rejects all the good that could be got from its high estate, and is ready to accept what is disagreeable in its new position or to avoid such if necessary."

An article which appeared in a Swiss newspaper of October 24th, 1865, shows us the young Prince in a most engaging light. Schwytz, where he had betaken himself, one of the old cantons, possesses a venerable town hall, where hang forty-three portraits of the brave Swiss peasants. It was here the incident occurred.

"Yesterday," says the paper, "as the night was drawing in, a tourist, with a friend, asked to see the town hall. He looked with intense interest at the portraits of the peasants, made many inquiries about the country and the people, and showed a great preference for the portrait which represents Tell and the story of the apple. The same tourist was met in the course of the evening in a bookseller's shop. He

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was asking for books that could give him information about Switzerland, and especially concerning the heroic deeds and the places of classic interest attaching to different sites. Everything he said showed the keen interest he took in the subject. The appearance of the young man was striking; he was tall, slight, very young, and had a distinguished, at the same time 'good fellow' air, and the condition of his companion also was different from that of ordinary tourists. To-day we hear it was King Ludwig of Bavaria, who has inherited his grandfather's love and appreciation of Art and the classic works of antiquity.

"He came Monday *incognito* from Lucerne, and put up at the inn kept by Rossi; he visited all the points of interest—the Tellplatz and the chapel, and intends to visit Kussnach to-day. The country of Wilhelm Tell sends its young royal friend a warm greeting."

The King, who was much pleased with the delicacy of this notice, replied from Hohenschwangau:

"MR. EDITOR,—My heart rejoiced when I read the warm greeting sent to me from the land of Wilhelm Tell, for which, since I was a child, I have had a singular attraction. Give my cordial greeting to my friends in the old Cantons. The recollection of my visit to your splendid Swiss mountains will always be dear to me, as well as the memory of the free and honest people, whom may God bless.

"Your well-wisher,

"LUDWIG.

"HOHENSCHWANGAU, *November 2nd*, 1865."

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CHAPTER III.

THE KING'S MUSICIAN.

It was in the days* when Charles Dickens was writing in his study at Furnival's Inn his "immortal *Pickwick*" that a great Art prophet arose in the musical world. Like all teachers of a new doctrine, he was looked upon with distrust, for his gospel was, in fact, an upsetting of what had been taught as fundamental truth. The name of this prophet was Richard Wagner.

It is hard to understand why the "music of the future," as it was called, should have raised such antagonism. The few who can remember its first introduction can bear testimony to the bitterness and acrimony with which the strife between the new and the old school was carried on. Friends, whose intimacy dated for years, fell apart, and even in family intercourse it made such divisions that the subject was often interdicted by the elders. The Wagnerians, as they were called, adopted an air of superiority which was undoubtedly offensive; so, too, was their high-falutin' style of talking over the heads of others, using the hitherto unknown terms *leit motiv*, and loudly

* 1836.

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proclaiming that every sacrifice both of money and time should be cheerfully offered at the shrine of the "Music of the Future."

But if the opposition offered by English and French musicians is hard to understand, how utterly inexplicable is the hounding down of Wagner's music by his own countrymen. It can indeed be only explained by the dislike he aroused *personally* and *politically*.

But if he had enemies, he likewise possessed warm and generous friends.

Foremost amongst these was Ludwig II., who although only a youth, was quick to recognise genius in Wagner. That a nature such as his should find joy in helping a great genius to conquer the contemptible difficulties which lay in his path was what might be looked for. That his subjects should not have recognised that he was adding to the future glory of Bavaria was an extraordinary stupidity. That the people of Munich should have driven forth from amidst them the genius they were entertaining unawares was more than stupidity; it is an eternal blot upon their musical *reputation*.

The fascination exercised by the "music of the future," as it was called, over the minds of men and women cannot be wondered at. So long as there are chords in the human heart they will answer to the touch of a master like Richard Wagner, who can transport his listeners into an ideal world peopled with knights and minstrels, gods and goddesses, mimes and *Walküre*. To a fantastic dreamer, or rather dweller in this magic kingdom, as we know Ludwig to have

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been, it was like entering on a new life to see his long-cherished imaginations presented before him on the stage, for let no one imagine that it was *the music* that attracted the King to Wagner's operas. There is no evidence to support the idea that he ever regained *that ear for music*, the loss of which his first master, Wanner, so pathetically deplored. Leopold von Ranke makes a remark that goes to the kernel of this rather hard nut. "Ludwig," he says, "is essentially a man of the future even more than the music he affects, for I hear that it is the word 'future' that has attracted him to the Wagnerian music."*

Lohengrin was a Bavarian, the son of Parsifal, and therefore we can understand why Ludwig identified himself so much with the Knight of the Swan. Was it any wonder that when outsiders, like all of us, felt so keen an interest in those Knights of the Grail, that one of their descendants—for surely some of the Wittelsbachs were of the Grail likewise—should have felt as Ludwig did? Had he lived a few centuries earlier, his *phantasien* and his *schwärmerei* would not have been called madness. He would have made a splendid knight—I don't vouch for his fighting propensities, but as to the look of him and in regard to sense that wasn't so much needed as nowadays.

Ludwig's first acquaintance with the music of the

* The King's love of Wagner's music was due to the influence of his cousin the late Empress of Austria, who was an ardent disciple of the new creed. One day Ludwig, then a boy, saw on the piano in her room a pamphlet by Richard Wagner; he took it away and became a convert.

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future was in 1860, when he was fifteen.* He was then in Paris with his tutor, who took him to the Grand Opera when *Lohengrin* was given for the first time. Wagner says in one of his letters to his friend Eliza Wille, "At the time, when I had just completed my *Tristan*, I was wearied out trying to get my works produced somewhere in Germany (Baden), and finding that I could not succeed, turned in despair to Paris, and there had to take engagements which exhausted me, as they were quite against my feelings. In this year the young Crown Prince of Bavaria, Ludwig, fifteen years of age, was present at the performance of *Lohengrin*, which struck him so much that since then he has given himself up to the study of my musical works and *my writings*. They have been, he says, an education, and he often tells me that I have been his only guide and teacher. He has followed my course of life, my tendencies and sympathies—my difficulties with the Parisians, my escape from Germany, and his only desire is to have the power to be of service to me. He was really devoured by anxiety to win over to my side his own people. It was his one idea to get them to have the same sympathy for me as he has. This year, in the beginning of March—I know the very day—he wrote to tell me he had failed in his efforts to make my crooked path straight. All this was so dreadfully

* *Lohengrin* had been performed in Munich in 1859 at the Hof Theatre; it had met a bad reception, and there had been such a tumult that the curtain was lowered and the piece withdrawn. A lady who was present on the occasion described the scene as one of tumult and general execration.

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unworthy that I felt utterly hopeless and depressed. Then quite unexpectedly the King of Bavaria died and my compassionate guardian angel succeeded unexpectedly to the throne.

"Four weeks later his first care was to send for me; at the very moment when I was drinking the bitter cup of neglect and mortification to the dregs, his messenger was seeking for me in Penzing. He was to bring the dear King something from me, a pen or a pencil. You know how he at last found me."

Some side-lights are thrown upon this curious story of unexpected good fortune by Frau Wille, whose husband, François Wille, had offered Wagner hospitality when the composer had left Penzing for Mariafeldt, near Zurich. Wagner was steeped in misery; marriage complications, money difficulties, disappointed hopes and ambitions all warred in his heart and made him wretched.*

"I see him now, sitting on a stool near the window," says Frau Wille, "listening impatiently to my prophecies of a splendid future that was certainly to come one day. Wagner said, 'How can you talk to me of a brilliant future when my manuscripts are locked up in a press? Who will give to the world those works of art which only I can produce in the way they should be produced? All the world knows that it is the creator alone who can give birth to his creations!' His excitement increased, he walked up and down the room. Suddenly he paused before me and said, 'I am differently organized from others;

* "Fünfzehn Briefe von Frau Wille."

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I have excitable nerves. I must have about me light and luxury and beauty, and what I crave is mine by right; the world owes it to me. I cannot live upon the miserable pay of an organist, as did Bach. Is it an unreasonable demand that I, who have prepared so much enjoyment for millions of people, should have the small luxuries that I need?'"

What we desire with all our strength is generally accorded to us, and so Frau Wille's prophecy came true; but not before the proud heart had been further wrung. Every day brought a fresh crop of unpleasant letters. At last he could no longer bear the daily mortifications. He would leave the good Willes and go to Stuttgart, or Carlsruhe, or Hanover, to try and procure a hearing for his works.

"One evening," continues Frau Wille, "Wagner found me alone, and spoke a few agitated words: 'My dear friend, you do not know the whole of my trials, nor the depth of the misery that lies before me.' These words frightened me, but as I looked at his pale, earnest face I suddenly felt filled with a strange feeling of confidence. 'No,' I said, 'a depth of misery does not lie before you; something will happen—what, I know not, but I am convinced that everything will be different from what you think—only have patience. Good fortune is on the way.'*

"The next morning Wagner left Mariafeldt. With

* Wagner writing to Frau Wille in 1870 reminds her of her prophecy. He begins the letter by telling her of the happiness of his second marriage, and then goes on, "You prophesied it to me; don't you remember how you sped me from your hospitable roof six years ago? I was wretched, but you looked at me and augured—you surel recollect?"

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sorrow in our hearts we looked after the steamer that bore away a man who carried within him a burden of misery."

Two days later the secretary of the King of Bavaria, Herr von Pfistermeister, arrived in Mariafeldt. The visit did not surprise the Willes, for they had been acquainted in Munich. When they were taking their coffee in the open air, Pfistermeister told the master of the house confidentially that he had been sent by the King on a commission which concerned Wagner, that he had been to Penzing, and had come on to Mariafeldt to try and hear of him. That night the secretary left for Stuttgart.

This surprising realisation of Frau Wille's words is truly wonderful, and must give courage to all those whose fortunes seem to them to be at the lowest ebb of the tide. That the young King should have been the *Deus ex machina* was truly remarkable; for so young a man it was an extraordinary proof of artistic discernment, which may be called almost an inspiration.

"The King," says Mr. Chamberlain, "was the first who knew exactly who Wagner was, and what he needed. Of Liszt," he continues, "the only other man who could be considered at this time to possess an understanding of Wagner's aims, this could *not* be asserted. Liszt was so great an artist that a single word sufficed to reveal to him Wagner's importance in art, but nowhere do we find him paying attention to his great friend's art doctrines; doubtless he had little sympathy with them. Wagner himself bears witness to this: 'My thoughts Liszt does not under-

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stand.' Liszt's faithful affection deserved all the more acknowledgment; but were we to confine the meaning of the word *Friend* to one who understood him as his own soul, then King Ludwig is certainly Wagner's first and almost his only friend."

The King had never seen Wagner until they met in Munich in May, 1864. With such expectations in the minds of both, it was surprising that a sense of disappointment was not the result, but both were equally pleased. Wagner writes to his friend of the "splendid youth of the King," and of his extraordinary knowledge of his (Wagner's) writings. "He knows everything about me, and understands me as my second self."*

And again, writing about this time to his friend Roeckel, the editor of the *Frankfurter Reform*, Wagner tells the wonderful story:

"I needed rest and concentration, but what hope had I of procuring either? Ruin stared me in the face, when a saviour appears as if from Heaven—a young man who knows and understands me as no one else has done. It is almost an inspiration. He is grateful to Providence, which, by calling him at so early an age to the throne, has given him the means of befriending me. To realise my Ideal will be his one aim and object. There, my star has risen at last!—but on the other hand, there is Bavaria—and there is Munich. You can imagine how I feel."†

* Letter to Frau Wille.

† These words were prophetic, and show that Wagner had no forgotten the reception *Lohengrin* had met at the hands of the Müncheners five years before.

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To other friends he continually breaks out into joy and thankfulness for the good fortune which had suddenly come to him.

"No poetic effusion, were it a whole dictionary of poetry, could find a suitable expression to convey the beauty of the event which took place in my life at the command of a lofty-minded King. It was a Prince who called to me amidst the chaos, 'Come hither, complete your work; I will it.' What the King is to me goes far beyond my own existence; that which he has helped on in me, and with me, represents a future which spreads in wide circles around us, which stretches far beyond what is ordinarily understood by social and political life; a high intellectual culture, a step towards the highest destiny of which a nation is capable—that is expressed in the wonderful friendship I speak of."

Wagner was quite sincere in writing these words. It may, however, be doubted whether the word "friendship" is here properly applied. Friendship in the ordinary acceptation of the word means equality, and what equality could exist between a youth of nineteen and a man over fifty? The idea was ridiculous. The sentiment on Ludwig's side must have been one of veneration—some people called it a sentimental fancy. Later on it was ascribed to the influence of a strong over a weak mind.*

* In June, 1886, when the Regency inquiry into the King's mental condition took place, one of the members asked the medical expert how far the influence of the composer might have been injurious. The physician answered, "Over an individuality like the King's, in which eccentricity was a leading tendency, every personality not only sympathetic but in any way of dominating character, would acquire an undue influence."

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Meantime the young King was quite happy, he had caught his "Great Man," and a rare thing in life had met no disappointment. The reality came up to his dream. He established his friend in a villa close to the Castle of Berg, the royal carriage fetching the musician to his admiring King.

"We talk together for hours," writes Wagner to his friend Roeckel. Nevertheless the man of over fifty grew tired as was only natural; it is always so the exuberance of youth being only fit for the young. One can detect lassitude in the following words written a month later.

"One must always be on a height with this young King," and again writing to Frau Wille he says, "You can form no idea of the enthusiastic attachment this young King has for me. He tells me he can hardly believe his happiness in having me near him. The letters he writes me are perfectly amazing. His 'receptivity' is equal to his productivity; it is truly a miracle." And then Wagner gives the key to the whole situation. "And I stood in need of such a prince! If I had not found him everything was at an end for me—everything."

In the August following Wagner's arrival, the Court removed from Starnberg to Hohenschwangau, and there a romantic and to Ludwig a delightful representation of the second act of *Lohengrin* was given. The Count Thurn and Taxis* sang the music of

* The Prince of Tour and Taxis was much attracted to the stage, and like all amateurs wished to try his strength on the real stage. He disregarded the opposition of his father, resigned his position as aide-de-camp to the King, and went on the stage, having first, to be quite thorough,

the knight in a beautiful coat of mail, and crossed the lake in a boat drawn by a white (mechanical) swan, "the Morgen Weckung" being played by the Augsburg trumpeters.

"This wonderful King exceeds all expectation," writes Wagner to Frau Wille, "and his favour has come at the right time. All my friends had lost faith in me, there only remained *you* who still believed in me." The moment had in truth arrived when Wagner could see the turn in the road that had so long been to him as the imaginary pools in the desert are to the thirsty traveller. He was now in sight of light, luxury, and beauty, and having got hold of these good gifts, he was not inclined to let them go. He had not, however, taken into account that such friendships are looked upon with jealous distrust. The courtiers began to open their eyes, and what they saw alarmed them. Reports flew about thick and fast, and many were found to believe them. Heigel, who tries hard to conceal his dislike to Wagner, says, "No one could do more honour than did the King to the musician. If it had been useful, he would have opened his royal veins; as it was, he opened *his purse.*"

To say the least, these attacks were "mean." The public of to-day is more able to judge how the case really stood. Here we have the spectacle of a man of genius thirsting for the means to offer to the world,

married an opera singer, Mdlle. Kreuzer. His stage name was Fels. Needless to say the Count made no success, and Louis received him again at Court, where he had the title Count von Fels (of the Rock). He died of consumption, leaving a wife and two children.

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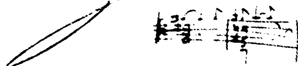

Chamberlain, Richard Wagner. 10

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as he said, a thousand delights; when the means were presented willingly, thrust upon him with a generous hand, would it not have been ingratitude as well as folly not to have accepted what the gods provided? Could blame attach to the maestro for his gratitude towards his rescuer? There is something very touching in the lines in which he expresses this feeling:

> "What without thee, my friend? I question Fate.
> What when I lacked thee was my poor estate?
> No star shone forth that clouds did not obscure,
> No lingering hope but proved a mocking lure.
> Forlorn I wandered through the callous world,
> To gamble on for profit or for loss;
> What swelled the poet's breast was rudely hurled
> Among the vulgar herd as worthless dross."*

Great exception has been taken by many writers to the flatteries which consciously or unconsciously, in and out of season, in verse and in prose, were showered by Wagner upon his royal patron, and which it is said increased if it did not create the King's mad desire to be considered great. Thus in the dedication to the *Walküre* there are lines which are undoubtedly open to this charge. Whatever may have been his inward conviction, one cannot help thinking that the application of Voltaire's lines to Ludwig II. was rather too much:

> "Un poëte, un soldat, le seul roi
> De ce siècle, où les rois sont si peu de choses."

Perhaps when Wagner called his patron "the only

* From the beautiful poem, entitled "My King and my Friend."

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king of our century," he meant he was the only king who understood *him*, and one must make allowance for his feelings of gratitude and admire him for possessing a rare quality. Wagner always declared that the King had the abilities which make a great artist, that he evinced this by his *intelligent* protection of art, which differed intrinsically from the ordinary patronage of monarchs, and that his love of music was deep-rooted and not, as was said, a mere sentimental fancy. He writes to a friend his amazement at the comprehension displayed by "*the heavenly young King*." "The manner in which he understood it all filled me with such rapture that I felt constrained to fall upon my knees and adore him."

But here again Wagner was evidently misled by his *vanité d'auteur*. To all the rest of the world it was pretty evident that although Ludwig had a passion for the Wagnerian music, it was not so much for itself as for the ingredient of mysticism which it presented and which touched a thousand vibrations in his romantic soul. The music with him was secondary to the poetic basis of the piece and to the decoration and representation. No one who has made a study of such a character as Ludwig's can dispassionately deny this, and a convincing proof is given by the well-known fact that he never went to a concert or cared in the least for *instrumental* music. Who would pretend that here was a lover of music, nor that a lover could deserve the name who only admired his mistress when she was presented in her theatrical dress.

Louise von Kobell, wife to Von Eisenhart, the

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King's Private Secretary, who had ample opportunities for studying the King's tastes and character, says, "His passionate love of the Wagnerian operas was altogether for the subject and the scenic decoration. At the same time he enjoyed listening to singing, and would often send for some of the opera singers from the Court theatre to give a private representation."

That Wagner should have commended the King's protection of art as being of an "intelligent kind" one can understand, for not only was it generous and judicious, but it was of infinite use to the perfect production of the great master's works that all the best artists in Germany should be invited to Munich.

Heigel,* who has rather a Machiavelian manner of "suggesting," says, "In what heartfelt words does he (Wagner) announce to his friend Peter Cornelius the glad tidings that he is engaged at the Grand Opera."

"DEAR PETER,

"I am commissioned by his Majesty King Ludwig of Bavaria to invite you to come as soon as you can to Munich, there to live for your art, for the King wishes to help you, and so, dear friend, do I. For the future, beginning from the day of your arrival, a yearly salary of a thousand gulden shall be yours from the private purse of his Majesty.

"I am heartily your friend,

"RICHARD WAGNER.

"BRIENNERSTRASSE, 18."

* "Ludwig II. of Bayern."

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Soon other friends of Wagner's were summoned to join him at Munich. First Hans von Bülow, as conductor of the Wagnerian operas, and Ludwig Schnorr von Carolsfeld, the first creator of *Tristan*, in which part he has never been excelled. Liszt came later and Semper the architect was amongst the first arrivals. To him was entrusted the plans which Wagner and his royal patron had discussed during the summer at Starnberg and Hohenschwangau.

A new school of music was to be founded in Munich for the "practical education of students in the highest musical sense." The scheme was of a most extensive character and aimed at developing the music of the future. It was impossible to carry it out in all its details, but in the place of the old conservatoire the new school on the lines of Wagner's report was opened in 1867, the direction being placed in the first instance in Von Bülow's hands.

The following letter, which has relation to the new school of music, shows the warm co-operation of the King to the musician's plans. Some of the expressions, such as Holy Saint, are significant of the state of Ludwig's mind.

"*January 5th*, 1865.

"MY DEARLY LOVED FRIEND,

"I have just heard from Pfistermeister that you are quite recovered. The news has filled me with joy. Your recovery after so long a separation will give me back those quiet hours which I once enjoyed. How I long for the moment when I shall see again the face which is to me the dearest on earth.

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"Semper is busy drawing the plans for our Temple of Music; there we shall train actors for the drama; and soon shall Brunhilde find a rescuer in the hero who fears nothing. Everything is working for the one end. Soon—very soon—all my hopes, my desires, my dreams, shall be realised. Heaven is about to come on earth. O Holy Saint, I invoke you. We may look forward to *Tristan* in the month of May. The day is not far distant when in the theatre we have planned we shall see your great works represented in perfection. As you say in your last dear letter, we shall conquer, and then we shall not have lived for nothing.

"Thanks and salutations,

"Yours faithfully till death,

"L."

It may be that from the novelty of the situation Wagner had indulged his taste for luxury too far. On the other hand, he had decidedly raised the standard of art in the King's mind. This, however, did not make his influence more acceptable, the clamour against him growing louder and louder. Noblemen, citizens, Court, Press, burghers, all joined the standard of mediocrity against genius. Those who from the first had been filled with jealous fears of the powerful influence of Wagner, saw now their opportunity to circulate every imaginable calumny against "the man of genius" who had come amongst them and whom Munich should have delighted to honour. Exaggerated accounts were given of the luxury in which he lived in the villa given him by the King in the

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Briennerstrasse, and where Wagner had undoubtedly realised his dream of light, luxury, and beauty. The *Allgemeine Zeitung*, in an article describing the interior of the villa, said, "An Oriental Grand Seigneur need not hesitate to take up his abode there." Another paper declared the young King was under a spell, a third talked of the inroads upon the royal exchequer. Those who railed at the extravagant calls made by Wagner on the King's purse, overstated, as such persons always do, the amount. Three hundred and twenty pounds a year was not such a very magnificent salary. To this was added a Court appointment, apartments in the palace, and a seat at the royal table.

The daily journals raised the cry of political intrigue, and some, more hardy than others, boldly declared the King's new adviser to be *a Prussian agent*.

Wagner's latest biographer uses very strong language in denouncing the lies that were circulated as to this supposed political influence. "Newspaper lies," says Mr. Chamberlain,* "may be treated with contempt, for they are forgotten, but historical lies bear a charmed life." On several occasions Wagner alludes in his correspondence to the influence he was supposed to have. He does not deny the influence, but that he ever made use of it except in the service of art; he says, writing to Frau Wille after the death of Lassalle, "The poor unfortunate man was with me fourteen days before his death; he wanted my

* Chamberlain's defence of Wagner as to political influence is very convincing.

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intervention with the King in the matter of his love affair,* for I pass for an all-powerful advocate and I am besieged with applications of all kinds—my latest a female poisoner."

There are so many contradictory statements as to whether the composer made use of his power politically that it is hard to sift the true from the false. In the summer of 1866, when war was imminent, Wille was despatched to Lucerne to induce Wagner (who was residing there) to use his influence with the King that Bavaria should remain neutral, and to further invite him to be intermediary between Austria and Prussia. Wagner refused on the ground that in *political* matters he had no influence, and that the King, when he (Wagner) introduced the subject, looked up at the ceiling and whistled.†

* With Hélène von Donniges, the daughter of the envoy to Switzerland. Lassalle was shot in a duel by the man to whom she was engaged. Wagner adds, "It was my first acquaintance with Lassalle; he did not please me, he struck me as the type of the man of the future—of the German Jew." Wagner hated Jews, as he showed in his work, *Music and Judaism*, in which he does not spare either Mendelssohn or Meyerbeer.

† Heigel suggests ("Ludwig II. von Bayern," p. 113) that the cause of this refusal was due to a fit of ill-humour against Bismarck. Wagner's love for Germany was too conspicuous a part of his character to allow of his giving way to such a feeling. Writing to Wittner, a friendly editor (after his banishment from Munich), Wagner says: "The time of trial for the King has arrived; he will endure it. When you see him become stronger, exclaim with me, 'Hail to Germany!'" This is sufficient to show in which direction Wagner's influence was exerted.

The following statement, which has appeared in a recent publication, is remarkable as a side-light upon the point as to whether Wagner influenced the King in political matters: "May, 1872, a St. Petersburg report informs Bismarck that a correspondence is kept up with Munich, and indeed with the royal residence itself, *through Richard Wagner*, who is living in Switzerland. This correspondence referred to the connection

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These denials, however satisfactory as to clearing Wagner from the imputation, mattered nothing in regard to the ultimate turn of events. Wagner's enemies cared very little whether the *casus belli* were true or false. The old saying, "Any stick is good enough to beat a dog with," was their guiding principle. The whisperings, which had at first been confined to a small circle, gradually spread and, presently, grew into clamour.

Wagner had long been filled with evil apprehensions of what was coming. When he had been only a few months in Munich, he wrote to a friend: "From the time of my first call to Munich, full of promise as it was, I never doubted the fact that the true principles of art which I sought to plant would never take root in the new soil provided for them." And again a little later his tone is more depressed. "Why is it that where I only sought quiet to pursue undisturbed my work, a heavy responsibility is thrown upon me, in which the salvation of a human being, endowed with heavenly gifts as well as the good of a country, is in my hands? How can I unite the promptings of my heart with the pursuit of art?

between the International and Russian Nihilists. General Lavaschoff, who was entrusted with the task of following up this connection in Paris and elsewhere, described Wagner as being altogether a very dangerous man, who made the worst possible use of his influence over King Ludwig" (Dr. Busch's "Bismarck").

After the charges brought against Wagner by the Press he wrote a refutation—and some time later, writing to Frau Wille, he speaks of the wonderful, almost *fantastic* liking of the young King for him, adding, "You may guess that those who set on me are mere tools; but this has no consequence. Calumny is playing its last despairing stake." In this forecast the musician was singularly at fault.

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This, however, is not my chief or only anxiety, which has to do with the King, for he lacks at every step a friend able to counsel him in the right direction. So far as the game of intrigue is in question it is simple enough, the object being to draw me into some indiscretion. But I walk easily enough out of that trap. I require all my energies and unceasing watchfulness to detach my young friend from those who surround him. His faith in me is beautiful, and so far he resists all efforts to undermine me with the most touching devotion." The "so far" was prophetic. The pity of it was that Wagner, seeing (for one can hardly imagine that he did not) that he could be *the necessary friend*, should not have taken the place of "a good counsellor." Either he had other aims and other occupations, or he was afraid of an unsuccessful issue. In other words, he was half-hearted, so he left the greater issues untouched, and contented himself with keeping alive the King's interest in all his (Wagner's) aims for artistic advancement, while persuading himself that in thus acting he was fulfilling his duty and following out at the same time his own purpose in life. He sums this up in a few words: "My work occupies all my thoughts," he writes to Roeckel. "The *Niebelungenlied* will soon be finished, and *Parsifal* is already sketched."

Early in his life Wagner was powerfully attracted by the picture presented of these ancient Germanic heroes. So far back as 1849 he sketched and partially wrote a tragedy called *Siegfried's Death*. He was not satisfied, and his next idea was to set this work

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to music. This again was abandoned. 1849 saw him occupied in writing a drama in three acts called *Wieland der Schmied*, which was founded upon one of the *Edda*. In this he introduced the forging of the sword, an idea he had borrowed from a poem written by Simrock in 1835, in which Dædalus is made to forge himself a pair of wings in order to take revenge on his enemies.

Wieland der Schmied found as little favour in its composer's eyes as did the other attempts; when he began to set it to music he recognised that he had introduced numerous allusions to Siegfried's and Brunhilde's former history which would necessitate, if the work was to be made truly dramatic, their appearance in the piece. In 1851 he decided to write a sort of prologue which would represent* the robbery of the Rhine-gold and the consequences of the theft, this to be followed by a tragedy in three acts which tells the history of Siegfried's parents Siegmund and Sieglind, king and queen of the Lower Rhine, as also the story of the Walküre Brunhilde.

"Wagner," says Mr. Chamberlain, "for the more

* The Rhine-gold had been entrusted to the care of three Rhine-daughters, who for ever were swimming round and about their treasure, in case it should be stolen. They were approached by Alberich, the dwarf, who attempted to make love to them. As they did not in any way reciprocate, he swore to renounce the tender passion for aye. He noticed a brilliant shining light on the water, and on asking what it was, was informed by the Rhine-daughters about their treasure and its powers. Alberich, having relinquished love, thereby was enabled to gain the treasure. He did so, tearing the Rhine-gold from its abode, and carrying it to his home at Nibelheim amid the piteous cries of the Rhine-maidens. This is the story as told by Wagner. It differs altogether from the ancient Sage.

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dramatic treatment musically has made Brunhilde the heroine and Siegfried the hero." If one may venture to criticise what from a musical point of view is a decided gain, this change in the Sage or *Niebelungen-lied*, like all alterations of text, gives a forced and unnatural atmosphere to what in the original is delightfully clear.

It is a curious speculation to try and fathom what is the magnet that draws to Covent Garden such large audiences when "the Cycle" is announced. Is it the story or the music? or is it fashion which has decreed that we must "do the Ring?" I fear it is this autocrat which is accountable for the weary faces one sees hopelessly trying to understand what it is all about, for the libretto provided for the enlightenment of the uninstructed, although said to be the work of Wagner, is a very inefficient guide through this bewildering study. Study it may well be called, for the *Niebelungenlied* is in fact a magnificent epic poem, ranking in degree of merit with the Iliad. The poem, which is called "Chriemhilde's Revenge," forms the groundwork of Wagner's "Cycle," while for the rest he has gone to the Edda or Götterwelt of Germany for inspiration. From these two sources he pieced together his wonderful composition.

In June, 1865, Wagner produced at the Opera House in Munich *Tristan and Ioslde*, the rehearsals of which were personally superintended by the composer. Writing to his friends at Mariafeldt he says: "For the first time in my life had my artistic inclinations free play: their pillow was smoothed by love. So should it ever be with the surroundings of art;

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they should be noble, great, free, and rich. I had the blessing of having that excellent pair of artists (Ludwig Schnorr von Carolsfeld and his wife). Their devotion to me and their desire to do all they could to ensure success was something amazing. Then my faithful guardian angel, ever beautiful, ever hovering about me, and blessing me. When I am pleased he is full of childish pleasure, when I succeed he is overjoyed at my success. He is always in an unobtrusive manner providing everything that I may require; with the same thoughtfulness keeping away everything that would hinder me. The work goes on as if by magic to perfect completion. The first representation (without the public) was for us. It was given out to be a rehearsal, but it was the fulfilment of the impossible. The feeling that I am in a dream never leaves me. I am in a maze of astonishment that I have lived to see this." And again he says: "I enjoyed a short moment of happiness; it was during the rehearsals of *Tristan* the feeling of being in a dream was ever with me; and yet even this great moment was embittered by the absence of those friends I love. All was nothing without their presence."

On the night of the fourth representation of *Tristan* he felt suddenly impressed with a sense of the nothingness and frivolity of the whole thing. This by no means uncommon phase of the mind, when it has been for a long time at high tension, threw a deep sadness over the artist. "I kept," he says, "constantly repeating to myself, 'This is the last representation.'" This presentiment, foreboding, or

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prophetic instinct, proved correct, for his splendid tenor left him that night joyous, full of pride and delight;* eight days later Wagner went to Dresden to assist at his funeral. "I am so sad," he wrote to his friend, "that my very soul is filled with gloom. I go about and speak to no one. The only thing that holds me still to life is the wonderful affection of the King. He cares for me as no one has ever done; I live for him and all my future creations shall be for him—for I myself have no more pleasure in life."

The following letter from Ludwig appeared in the *Echo Artistique.* The King wrote it to Wagner on June 12th, 1865, the day after the first representation of *Tristan:*

"To the Poet and Musician Richard Wagner, Munich.

"MY EXALTED AND SUBLIME FRIEND,

"I can hardly curb the impatience with which I long for to-morrow and for the second representation. You have written to Pfistermeister that you hope that my love for your work will not be weakened by the very inefficient performance of the part of Kurneval by Metterwurzer. What has put this thought into the mind of my beloved friend? I am enchanted; it has laid hold of me; I burn with longing for a repetition of the first delight. Who could

* Schnorr was one of the, some say *the*, greatest singer Germany ever could boast of, for, according to Wagner, "he was a real genius and as an actor ranked with Kean." The composer adds that fresh hope came into his life when he recognised the unspeakable importance that Schnorr might prove to his (Wagner's) artistic work.

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see it, who could hear it without blessing you? It is so splendid, so pure, so elevated, that the soul feels everlastingly refreshed. Hail to the creator! I kneel before him.

"My friend, will you have the kindness to convey to that excellent couple, Schnorr von Carolsfeld and his wife, the expression of the enjoyment their rendering gave me. It charmed me, and they have my grateful thanks. Please make me happy by writing soon. It is not true, my dear friend, that the power of creating will ever leave you. In the name of one who is filled with admiration for you, I beg of you not to abandon him who only has God to depend upon—you and God.

"Until death, and after death in that kingdom beyond,

"Your faithful
"LUDWIG.

"*12th June*, 1865."*

In reading this letter one has to remember the youth of the writer, the romance of his nature, which

* The letters which are extant between the King and Wagner are a very limited number and are mostly upon musical subjects. The correspondence, however, which does exist and has never been given to the world, is said to be of great interest. After the death of the King he Bavarian government entered into negotiations with Wagner's heirs and the royal letters were returned. They lie not in lavender-scented drawers but tied up with red tape and neatly docketed in the cupboards which hold the State papers.

Since writing the above a series of letters have appeared, said to be written by the King to Wagner. I have included two in this volume, said to be written to Wagner. They are not published by the Wagner family, or so far as I am aware with their permission, neither are they included in Mr. Chamberlain's biography.

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was excited by the love story of Tristan which lingered in his mind, together with his dreamy temperament. All this is an excuse for what otherwise might be called school-girl sentimentality. Fifteen years later, when Ludwig was no longer excusable on the grounds of youth or romance, he wrote to Kainz, the actor, a letter almost word for word with the effusion of his youth. For this there is no excuse to be made.

Wagner was decidedly imprudent, and rather hastened the catastrophe he wished to avoid by his great vanity. His constant allusions to "my royal friend" were offensive, but there was more than indiscretion in sending about the King's letters with a sort of formula which generally ran, "I send you a letter from my young King to me; please return at once and regard it as confidential." People smiled at this. They laughed outright when the maestro wrote of the young King as his beautiful guardian angel. Grown-up men don't use these expressions at any age but after fifty!

Events were, however, hastening on rapidly.

A few days after the triumphant representation of *Tristan and Isolde* Wagner, writing to Frau Wille, says: "What have I to tell you? I stand upon a dizzy height, but although elevated to this position, I suffer much. You understand what my forebodings are, and you are too anxious to be able to give me encouragement or comfort."

A few days later he writes to Roeckel (one of his best friends): "What I long for above all is rest, for I can bear it no longer, and a general sense of

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disgust overwhelms me. But what am I to do? I long to get away to some beautiful corner of Italy, to live as a stranger, as a *lazzaroni*, and to rest my shattered nerves. But how can I desert this young King, who clings to me with his whole heart, and leave him to his disgraceful surroundings? This is my position. What will become of me? What can I do? This is what I ask myself and no answer comes, no human being can tell me."

The voice of the people did supply this answer, but it was not a reply much to Wagner's taste. The summer of 1865 was not to pass in silence. In August, however, the storm had not broken forth. Wagner was apparently secure when he sent his royal patron a copy of the *Rheingold*,* to which the King acknowledged from Hohenschwangau, August, 1865.

"MY ONE AND ALL! MY DEAREST OF ALL
"FRIENDS,

"All your friends are going to work vigorously, while you, the inspired, the divine, remain alone, away from the world, dreaming and creating in the solitudes of the mountains kingdoms of delight.

* There is a letter addressed by Wagner to Herr von Wesendonck, one of the musician's oldest and best friends, which throws a light upon this copy of the *Rheingold*. After entering into the bankrupt state of his finances and the impossibility at the present time of repaying Wesendonck the money he had advanced for the *Niebelungenlied*, Wagner gives the remarkable statement, "It is not that I abandon the hope of some day repaying you your advances. *Naturally* this can be accomplished *only* through the generosity of my kingly friend, *but* if *I am* to think of the liquidation of even private debts by him I must wait with patience."

He then comes to the point after a few more assurances and innuendoes as to what he will do later for his dear friend. "Please understand me

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"I must act with prudence, but rely on me, we shall conquer. Dream happy dreams of your sublime conceptions, while I and your faithful friends will work for you, will shelter you from the insolent light of the day. Fear nothing, we are watching. Live peacefully in the world inhabited by Siegfried. Lead him to the highest rock—to the arms of his love.

"Hail to thee, O Sun—Hail to thee, O Light."

When he wrote the letter here quoted, the young King's protestations of friendship were no doubt

and be kind to me when I ask you to yield with a good grace to the King of Bavaria the original score of the *Rheingold* now in your keeping. The King shall and will hear of your rights over this work. I feel sure he will not leave you unrewarded; if *we* now defer that recompense it is in reliance on the kindness of an old friend who by this fresh proof of his noble sentiments will contribute to the welfare of the creator of those works," etc., etc.

Herr von Wesendonck very generously relinquished the score, and in return received from the King the following letter of thanks:

From King Ludwig to Herr von Wesendonck.

"MY DEAR HERR VON WESENDONCK,

"I hasten to express to you my warmest thanks for the kind relinquishment of Wagner's original score of the *Rheingold*. Rest assured that for my part I should never have advanced such a claim—the idea of procuring the precious score of the glorious work issued from Wagner himself. I know you gave friendly asylum to the artist erewhile in his struggles with want and indicible sorrows, for that I express to you, honoured sir, my sincerest thanks, since it is in part to your lively sympathy that we owe the immortal work created by Wagner in Switzerland; it was a veritable need to me to express this to you.*

"Repeating my thanks, I am with all esteem,

"Your much indebted

"LUDWIG.

"HOHENSCHWANGAU, 28*th August*, 1865."

* This letter will be found in Wagner's letters to his intimate friend, Herr von Wesendonck, which have been recently translated by Mr. Ellis. I leave my readers to make their own comments upon this very curious communication.

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sincere. Nevertheless, before a month had elapsed he submitted to the will of the people, which now began to find a voice wherewith to evince its displeasure. The voice of the people decided the fate of "Lolotte." It now made itself heard, and the young King obeyed, as his grandfather had done.

In October, 1865, the Annual Fair was held as usual in Munich. It was marked by disorderly riots in the streets; the troops had to be called out to check these disturbances. Neumeyer, an unpopular member of the Cabinet, was dismissed, but this concession did not lessen the dissatisfaction; it was not the dismissal of Neumeyer but the banishment of the King's musician that the mob desired.

The Liberal papers threw aside the mask and openly named, in the name of the nation, the King's principal adviser as the source from whom all the mischief had proceeded.

"We are aware," writes one of the principal organs of the Liberal section, "that the friendship of the King for the musician can no longer be considered as a youthful homage to genius. The composer has acquired such an influence that he can obtain from the King all he wants, be it money or power. The populace regard these irregularities with anxiety. To reassure the people it is therefore necessary to send away two or three persons who are exercising an unfortunate influence over the King."

Ludwig had been alarmed by the *emeute* in the street. He remembered his grandfather's experience, and had no wish at this time to give up his crown. Still, the alternative was dreadful—heart-rending.

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To separate from the friend of his soul, from his incomparable musician—it tore his very heart-strings. But again there was that cruel mob. They would perhaps force him to resign his crown. So in the end prudence prevailed over sentiment.

"It is most painful to me," he said to his Minister, Schrenck, "but I put the peace of the nation before my own inclinations. I wish to live in peace with my people."

So it was settled, but he had still the difficult task of communicating his decision to Wagner. He wrote:

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"With grief in my heart I have to ask you to submit to the wish I expressed to you yesterday through my secretary. Believe me, I have been forced to act as I have done. My affection for you is unchanged, it will last for ever, and I ask you in return to give me a proof of your friendship. I can assure you that I am worthy of it, and if we are true to one another I ask you who can separate us? I am certain you feel for me, for you alone can know how much I suffer. Have no doubts of my affection, but be assured I am forced to act in this manner. Let your confidence never waver in regard to

"Your faithful friend unto death,

"LUDWIG."

The next day, one of the chief organs in Munich, *Die Allgemeine Zeitung*, announced the exile of Richard Wagner. The same day the *Bavarian*

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Gazette made the following statement: "That his Majesty having consulted several important and impartial persons who were faithful adherents of the Crown, had decided to express to Mons. Wagner his desire that he would leave his Majesty's dominions for some months."

So far the agitators had triumphed, and, as a French writer remarks, "they showed in the moment of victory very little generosity towards the beaten side." It was openly stated that Ludwig at last revolted by the cupidity and ingratitude of his friend, had ordered him to leave his dominions. These unworthy calumnies irritated the King to such a point that he inserted in the *Bavarian Gazette* a note correcting an error made by the Press. "The musician has not been 'banished' as is asserted. The King only asked him would he like to travel for some months." But this denial was not credited. It was generally believed that the "bad genius" of the young King would "never come back," and in their joy at this deliverance the citizens of all classes presented an address of thanks to Ludwig. We can imagine how it was received.

The parting with Wagner was the second great grief of the King's short life. He felt the second loss even more than the first; and in saying this I have no desire to take away from his filial affection. Maximilian, however, could not be said to have ever invited his son's confidence, and where there is no confidence there cannot exist a true affection. For the first time in his life Ludwig found a friend to whom he could entrust the key of that inner chamber,

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his heart, without fear that his confidence would be made the subject of ridicule—for ridicule, as we have already seen, was the thing Ludwig dreaded more than all else. The only solace he had in this hour of trouble was writing constantly to his "friend," an almost daily interchange of letters taking place.

Wagner left Munich in an embittered state of mind. Although there was no talk of banishment, still he did not like even a temporary absence, as he naturally feared the influence of his enemies. He wrote to his intimate friends in a strain of suppressed excitement and bitterness of what he had gone through. To Frau Wille, he says: "Of what has passed in Munich I can say little; even you would, I think, see through the network of lies and intrigue. . . . I am very prudent. . . . The school of suffering he has gone through will have been a good preparation to teach the King how to govern. . . . I do not deny that his great affection for me took off his thoughts from other matters; he has few intimates and must make new friends. I am so sure of his love that I am sincere in wishing that this new departure may be of service. He has yet to learn what the world is. Will this knowledge be of use? Send me your congratulations and receive mine that all is over."

His true friend, Frau Wille, strikes the right key when she tells her readers that she found it difficult to answer this letter. She wanted to tell Wagner frankly that he was not acting as a proper guide when he taught the young King that art and poetry, divine gifts as they were, should be the highest aim of a monarch's existence. To her everlasting credit

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this excellent woman found courage to speak her opinion openly—that there were other duties more important, more pressing, for a ruler who had so many responsibilities towards his subjects. His duty was clear, he should fulfil the duties of his high estate. She adds naïvely that she does not know if Wagner ever received this letter; he never answered it and for three months she never heard from or of him.

In three months Wagner returned to Munich,* which he visited constantly for many years on the occasions when his operas were produced there, all of which were received with ovation, a distinction being evidently drawn between the man and his works. The reception his works met with raised in the King's mind the hope of a reconciliation. With this hope he connected the accomplishment of a favourite plan of his, that of building a Festival Playhouse expressly for the production of the *Niebelungen* series. The site chosen was the beautiful "Maximilian" quarter of the city, where the Maximilian Park had been laid out shortly before the late King's death.

From the palace gardens a new road was planned to lead to the Isar; this would be spanned by an elegant bridge, and from here a drive was to be made conducting to the theatre, which was to be built in the Renaissance style. The King was enchanted

* According to Wagner's latest biographer it was "the Master" who refused to settle again in Munich. In a letter to Fröbel, April, 1866, he says, "It cost me a terrible struggle to abide by my resolve, but so it will now remain."—C. H. Chamberlain's biography.

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with the model designed by Semper.* It ought to have charmed every citizen of Munich, for the building would have been a splendid addition to the adornment of the city, and the expense—£1,000,000—would have been covered in a short time by the success of the enterprise. The moment was, however, ill-chosen; there were rumours of war between Austria and Prussia, and the times seemed out of joint for such enterprises. A great deal of the opposition was, however, opposition to Wagner.

A fierce wrath entered into the minds of the phlegmatic Müncheners, who fought this new Wagnerian extravagance with tooth and nail. It must be said that a certain measure of common-sense was on their side—that is to say, the common-sense that sees no farther than its own ego and looks not into the future. The prudent folk scoffed at the notion of doing anything for posterity. "Music of the future, indeed? Rubbish! And as for a Festival Playhouse, haven't we a magnificent Opera House where the Grand Operas of Weber and Meyerbeer, and hosts of other really great artists, were performed to admiration! Festspielhaus, indeed! Down with it!" And so went down, apparently, Wagner's great scheme into Ewigkeit—but no! with art there is no "Ewigkeit." The small seed once planted dies not, but flourishes. Some few years had to pass—weary years of waiting—and then amidst the lovely scenery of the Bavarian Alps arose the realisation of Wagner's dream. The Festival Playhouse at Bayreuth stands

* The theatre was to be altogether for *Niebelungen* productions by Wagner.

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a living testimony of the crass stupidity of the Müncheners who banished from their midst the man who would have brought to their time-honoured city the presence, and, what they would have liked more, the gold of visitors, strangers from all parts of the world, who now crowd to Bayreuth to see and hear the wonderful works of the once despised prophet who was cast out and stoned, as was thought to death, by an ignorant and short-sighted mob.

In every dispute there are wheels within wheels. One cause of the feeling against the projected play-house was the site chosen by Wagner, which was the eminence which closes the Maximilian Strasse, near where the Maximilian Museum, then in process of erection, was situated. Public feeling was greatly excited at what was considered to be an impudent attempt on the part of Wagner to show his power by clearing away the late King's foundation to make room for his theatre.

The battle raged fiercely, the Munich Press wielded their sledge-hammers to denounce the musician and his friends.

"We shall hail the day," says the *Augsburger Zeitung*, "when Richard Wagner, together with all his friends, are really crushed, and they and he turn their backs upon the good and true city of Munich as well as on all Bavaria." "This," says Mr. Chamberlain, "was the calm, well-considered judgment of the most highly-thought-of newspapers in Bavaria." Once more the voice of popular clamour prevailed, the plan had to be given up. Although the clearing away of the old quarter, with its narrow streets and

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ill-smelling houses, would have had a sanitary advantage, and the opening of new squares and streets would have been a great addition to the beauty of Munich, to say nothing of the erection of a building so elegant in design as was Semper's projected theatre, yet these advantages could not be set against the decided opposition of the inhabitants of Munich. "The majority are generally in the right," says Schauffert, "and although I think one has seen many instances (Wagner's own success, for example) where this doctrine does not stand, still the citizens may have had right on their side. At all events, they carried the day. Munich lost its chance of embellishment, and the trial of a first disappointment fell upon the King." In youth we do not welcome disappointment, nor recognise in it "the voice of a friend"; when his faithful burghers of Munich knocked down Ludwig's house of cards they appeared to him in the light of enemies. His heart was full of bitterness. After all, the million of money which would have profited the city was squandered in building palaces in the mountain districts.

It was no wonder that Ludwig felt intensely disgusted at the persistent hindering and thwarting of the plans in which his sympathies were so warmly enlisted and which to his mind promoted the highest interests of art, as well as the embellishment and lasting good of his capital as an art city. It was small satisfaction to be assured that a Nemesis would come, as come it did, and to these complacent and contumacious Philistines.

To add to the bad feeling between him and his

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people, when the King, in the autumn of 1865 went in state to open the Chambers, his reception as he passed through the streets, although respectful, was marked by an absence of the usual loyal "*Hoch!*" and other demonstrations to which he was accustomed. This want of loyalty, as Ludwig considered this action, on the part of his subjects, displeased him extremely, and, taken with the two previous offences, caused him to dislike Munich as much as Louis XV. disliked Paris.

In June, 1868, Wagner paid one of his short visits to Munich. He came for the production of the *Meistersinger*. Frau Wille (who was on her way to her Swiss home) was present at the representation. The performance was all through splendid. Von Bülow conducted, and, although suffering from illness, with his usual perfection. The King sat in the royal box, the musician beside him—"So ought the poet accompany the King." After the first act Wagner was enthusiastically called for, but he did not appear upon the stage, for *he could not find the way there.* The performance went on, and at its conclusion the enthusiasm for the creator of this wonderful work was again demonstrated by clamour for the author. Then Wagner, obeying the wish of the King, by whose side he sat, rose and bowed from the royal box to the public. This gave a bad impression, the courtiers shivered at the breach of etiquette, and good Frau Wille was ill pleased. She writes: "The want of propriety in such a proceeding as this shocked and hurt me." On the other hand, the King had commanded, the poet obeyed. Nevertheless, even Wagner's

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friends felt that a mistake had been made somewhere, and that it would have been wiser if the composer *had found his way to the stage.* In this connection Heigel cites a story of Louis XIV., who once invited a certain marquis who was an ambassador to take a drive with him. When they were about to get into the carriage, Louis XIV. motioned to the marquis to precede him. Without a moment's hesitation the marquis obeyed. Ludwig, alluding to this incident, said the marquis had done right, it was for the monarch to command; therefore Richard Wagner was in the right. The way of Court life is nevertheless slippery footing, and there are many pitfalls. Perhaps had the marquis been in Wagner's position he would have acted somewhat differently. What impressed Frau Wille, who *was a born republican*, so unpleasantly would strike an audience composed of stiff loyalists and sticklers for the kingly dignity in a stronger light. The King, too, as it afterwards appeared, was ill pleased that his words had been taken to the letter. This was the first time that he showed what later became a habit, that of blaming those who acted upon his directions—it was, in fact, a realisation of the old saying, "too much familiarity." This has been more poetically expressed by Goethe, who says the whole secret of love or friendship lies in *the distance* between those who love. This was, however, only a slight disturbance of the friendly relations between the King and his musician, which remained (although much has been said to the contrary) unaltered up to the time of the composer's death.

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CHAPTER IV.

WAR AND LOVE.

THE year 1865 was to bring Ludwig other troubles besides the, to him, bitter trial of parting with his friend. The political situation of Europe was giving rise to grave anxiety. The Schleswig-Holstein difficulty, which had troubled the last days of Maximilian,* had grown in proportions, and required the most dexterous handling to avoid a European war. The union of Prussia and Austria was in itself of serious import. These, the strongest powers in Germany, were likely to impose their will upon the smaller states of the Bund; and, if any were bold enough to refuse, they too would run the same danger as did Denmark, to whom a peremptory demand was made to at once surrender the two duchies, Schleswig and Holstein (which formed part of the Federation), into the keeping of Austria and Prussia, who would hold them until the claim of the Duke of Augustenberg had been fully considered.

The King of Denmark appealed to England and France. Whether by mistake or not, Christian IX. considered the answer of both countries was favourable to him, and with this support boldly declared

* See page 30.

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war against Germany. The result proved disastrous; the Prussians poured their troops into Denmark, carried by storm the famous Dänemark, and, after a brilliant campaign, forced the King (who had received no help from his supposed allies) to sue for peace, which was purchased by the cession of the two duchies, which were placed in the guardianship of Prussia pending some further arrangement.

Ludwig, who had been an inactive spectator of these successes, was jubilant at the triumph of the allied army, which had caused the restoration of the alienated duchies to the Fatherland. He was full of pride, and, at the opening of the Chambers in 1865, spoke words full of joy at the national victory. This youthful enthusiasm made older politicians smile. They shook their heads over the changes which the young King made in the Cabinet. Schrenck, who had been Minister to his father, was not to Ludwig's liking.

He had fallen under the influence of the late King's chief adviser, Minister von Pfordten, whose ambition it was to create in the southern states of Germany an Hegemony with Bavaria as its head, similar to that which existed in the northern states under the flag of Prussia. Maximilian embraced the idea with joy, but being sick unto death he preferred to dream about the new alliance rather than to take steps to promote it. He died happy in the conviction that his successor, under the guidance of Von Pfordten, would be the head and bulwark of the new constitution. So far as Ludwig was in question he was as enthusiastic as his father had been, and was willing,

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nay, eager, to set the matter in motion. Unfortunately, the moment had passed. Men's minds were full of the Schleswig-Holstein question, which was a hard nut to crack. South Germany being in favour of the independence of the duchies the defeat Denmark had sustained was a matter of rejoicing, but the scene changed when there began to be some talk of handing over the ceded provinces to Prussia.

Von Pfordten was invited to meet the Prussian Minister at Gastein to consider the new developments of the Schleswig-Holstein difficulty. By Bismarck's desire Von Pfordten was to try and bring about an understanding between the Duke of Augustenberg and Prussia—a useless attempt. Bismarck's other proposal that Bavaria should remain neutral was negatived by Von Pfordten: he knew that he dared not depart from the general wish of the country that Bavaria should remain faithful to the Bund.

Sympathies are unfathomable, and fidelity is always beautiful. Nevertheless, one would like to know what did Bismarck offer for the neutrality of Bavaria, and what did the Bund give for Bavaria's fidelity. Bismarck said once in the Reichstag, "In all political treaties the *do ut des* lies always in the background, but for the sake of propriety it is never mentioned."

Another year went by. Augustenberg's claims had been set aside, and still Prussia held the two duchies, ignoring Austria's demand that Schleswig and Alsen, where Danish was the popular language, should be restored to Denmark, or at all events a plebiscite taken to ascertain the wishes of the people. By this time the temper of the German people had grown so

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fierce, that not only a war between Prussia and Austria was imminent, but it was to the credit of the Powers that they prevented a European war.

The general feeling in Munich was in favour of the Duke of Augustenberg, who was the legitimate heir of Christian of Glucksberg. Public meetings were held, societies formed—all in favour of the rightful possessor. The will of the nation was made evident, and the King, who was quite in agreement with his people, announced through his representative in the Chamber that he had resolved to support the claims of the Duke as against those of Prussia—a very unwise proceeding, which his older and less ardent advisers should have prevented. It was, in fact, an unfortunate début in the political career of the young King.

The result of his false step is ancient history. It was well known that Bavaria had lost the old prestige for fighting which had distinguished the Wittelsbach dynasty. There was also to be taken into account the neglect into which the army had fallen during the peaceful reigns of Ludwig I. and Maximilian. The first-named based his claim to the gratitude of his subjects, not on the number of battles he had fought, but on the number of fine streets and beautiful buildings he had given to Munich, while his successor, Maximilian, had adopted a policy in which war played no part. It resulted, therefore, that when the call to arms came there was a display of inefficiency on all sides—"Generals who did not know how to command and soldiers who were ignorant of the rudiments of military discipline."

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Neither of these important defects was likely to be ameliorated under the rule of Ludwig. "The young King," says a recent writer, "with his excitable, nervous temperament was as unsuited to the horrors of war as he was to bear the anxieties which follow on its constant recurrence."

When in 1866 war was finally declared between Austria and Prussia, and the smaller states had to take sides, Bavaria found herself engaged in the conflict as the ally of Austria, it was not to the credit of the King that at this moment of universal excitement he should have gone to visit Wagner at Triebschen near Lucerne. It is true the distance was not more than two days' journey; nevertheless, the expedition gave offence, and justly. One can only excuse such an injudicious act by the youth of the offender and the romance of his nature, which induced him to believe that war would be put an end to at the eleventh hour. But in any case, his departure at such a crisis was ill-judged, and gave his enemies the opportunity of persuading the people he cared more for his friend than he did for his country. No apparent sign, however, of unpopularity appeared in the reception given to the King when a few days later he opened the Chamber with a speech from the throne, full of his optimistic views that all would end well:

"I do not abandon the hope that the horrors of a civil war may be averted from Germany, and that peace may be restored to our beloved country by a peaceful settlement of the Schleswig-Holstein difficulty, and that, also, a reform may be introduced into

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the German Federation by means of a National Defence League, which may ensure to Fatherland a lasting peace."

The King's speech was not allowed to pass unchallenged. An Address was presented to the young monarch, which ended in these words:

"These are the threatening eventualities which the people of Bavaria are ready to accept, confident that in keeping their oath of fidelity to the German Bund they are acting honourably and as honest men should. They wish to draw your Majesty's attention to the fact that the expectations which they cherished at the commencement of your Majesty's reign remain as yet unfulfilled." After this preamble came complaints of the army tax, which, heavy as it was, remained unaltered, while at the same time the army was in a state of inefficiency. The Address concluded with an expression of confidence in the young King who, at this important moment, could count on the love and support of his loving people and on the fidelity and courage of his army, which, led by their King, would fulfil their duty to their country and manfully defend the rights of the nation.

Unfortunately "their King" did not respond to the invitation to lead his "army" to fight for their country. His military ardour went no further than inspecting the regiments at Bamberg before they left to join the Austrian troops. His farewell was: "I do not take leave of you, for my spirit will accompany you wherever you are—in other words, my thoughts will always be at the seat of war." The soldiers may well have smiled: this sort of warfare was at all events

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safe; yet the young King was not to blame. He was only a youth without any military training or much military enthusiasm. If he had possessed that quality, his story would have been very different, but to one man is given one gift, to another some other quality. Ludwig was not a soldier, but he was a constitutional king, and he knew that the will of the people should be obeyed in some things. The people were eager for war with Prussia, and therefore they had their way and afterwards did not like their beating. The King, however, was not responsible for the beating; that misfortune was due to the shortcomings of two dead men—Ludwig I. and Maximilian II., who had, while they cultivated art and made Munich beautiful, totally neglected to provide either an army or a general to defend the country. What would have happened if these undisciplined troops had had to fight either Russia or France? As it was, Bavaria came out of the mess with little hurt.

On May 27th, Prince Karl of Bavaria* took the command of the allied troops, with the exception of the Hanoverians and the Hessians. Prince Karl, who in the early part of the century had gained a certain reputation both for his good looks (*le plus beau Prince de Bavière*) and for his good generalship in the wars of Napoleon, was quite unable to make head against the want of discipline and training in

* He was the son of Max Joseph and grand-uncle to Ludwig II. He never recovered the mortification of the Prussian campaign. The loss of prestige that Bavaria had suffered, the disastrous result of the war, together with the attacks of the Press, humiliated the Prince, and darkened the remainder of his life. He resigned all his appointments and military honours and lived a retired life; he died in 1875.

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the troops now placed under his command. The Duke of Hesse, who was to join the Bavarians with eight battalions, was so intimidated by the advance of the Prussian army that he kept *his* troops to guard the approaches to the Main. In vain did Prince Karl entreat and threaten alternately. The Hessian troops marched off to defend Frankfurt, which was in no danger, and thus assured the success of the already victorious Prussians. The Elector of Saxony preferred to yield than to put a pistol to his head, and on June 19th, four days after the Prussians had entered his dominions, he was a prisoner.

King George of Hanover, who had declared that *as* a Christian, a monarch, and a Guelph he would resist Prussia, was hopelessly beaten and had to submit.

The rest of the story of Austria's humiliation is soon told. It ended with the defeat at Sadowa, which wound up the short but decisive campaign. And where was the young King of Bavaria while these events were happening? His thoughts were not with his soldiers in their hour of need, his head was too full of the music of *Tristan and Isolde*, and at the moment when the decisive battle of Sadowa was being fought, was enjoying the breezes of the Starnberg lake. "Battalions were decimated, the dead and dying sons of Bavaria strewed the field of battle by thousands, but the idealist King sauntered through the groves with his poetic friend the Count Thurn and Taxis."

There does not seem much harm in his doing so. Telegraphic communication, it must be remembered,

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was in its infancy, and he could be hardly expected to sit at home all day waiting like an old woman for news. One does not like, however, to hear of his enacting *Tristan* in the woods of Hohenschwangau dressed up in parti-coloured tights of apricot and canary colour while his troops were fighting for the Vaterland. It was in this costume that Von Pfordten found him when he came from Munich to tell the evil tidings: "The battle is lost, our troops are routed, Nürenberg, the second city of the kingdom, is taken, the enemy is advancing." What had happened was indeed of grave import. Vogel, the Prussian, had routed the Bavarian army at Kissingen, while Von Moltke overwhelmed Austria at Sadowa. At this moment Ludwig's crown tottered in the balance, and his kingship *might have* vanished as did that of the King of Hanover. It was not, however, Bismarck's policy to humble Bavaria.

By the battle of Sadowa Prussia had become the leading state in Germany, and Austria's power was destroyed. Bavaria, on the other hand, might and possibly would be useful; there was work for her to do. Bismarck, therefore, treated the young King as if he had been a naughty schoolboy. He had to make a small cession of territory, and to pay a war indemnity of only thirty millions—a mere trifle to keep up the rule of conquest. (Austria had, however, to pay double tithes for leading young Ludwig into the scrape.) There was also a slight matter of a treaty by which Bavaria bound herself to stand by Prussia in case any difficulties might arise with France. It was only an "if," but it led to great consequences as regarded the future of Prussia.

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Ludwig, who had been both humiliated and disgusted at the outcome of the war,* and who was not sufficiently versed in diplomacy to detect the iron hand under the silken glove, was deeply grateful for the help extended to him. He did not perceive that in signing the friendly treaty which Bismarck had sprung upon him he was, in fact, sinking into a vassal of kind Uncle William's. He had everything just the same as before the war, and Bavaria was untouched, for the little slice really did not count; therefore he agreed without any trouble to send away Von Pfordten, who was told to pack his trunk; and Prince Hohenlohe came all the way from Berlin with a beautiful new portmanteau filled with papers which Ludwig had to sign before he went to dress himself as *Lohengrin*. It was quite a family arrangement.

To show how deeply he felt the generous kindness which had been extended to him in his hour of need, Ludwig, on August 29th, wrote to the King of Prussia:

"After the peace between us has been concluded, and a firm and lasting friendship between our House and State has been mutually cemented, I feel that I cannot give a better expression to my feelings than by offering your most gracious Majesty a joint right

* At this time he often expressed a desire that some murderous weapon might be invented that would mow down whole regiments in a minute. When Russia proposed an international convention at Geneva to prevent the use of the explosive bullets invented by the Frenchman Pertinet, King Ludwig is stated to have said: "*Cui bono?* If battles are to be fought by machinery, let us all do our worst against each other until we are sick of carnage, and come back to the time when nations settled their differences by single combat."

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with myself in the proprietorship of the ancient castle of Hohenzollern. When from the towers of the castle which belonged to our common ancestors shall float the banners of Hohenzollern and Wittelsbach, this truly shall be as a symbol to show that Prussia and Bavaria are joint guardians over the future of Germany, to which the providence of your gracious Majesty has given new life."

The friendship with Prussia gave the utmost satisfaction to the people, and when Ludwig, by the advice of his Ministers, made in the winter a tour through the provinces, he received the most enthusiastic welcome. The youthful appearance of the King, his extreme beauty, and the sort of knightly chivalry of his mien and manner, captivated all who saw him. Stories without end were circulated of what he said and did. When the citizens of Nürenberg gave a ball in his honour the papers teemed with his praises: "We doubt if a sovereign ever found himself in such a mixed society as did our young monarch at the citizens' ball, yet he seemed thoroughly to enjoy himself. For four hours he danced unceasingly with partners of all ages and conditions, and conversed freely with all the gentlemen who were presented to him."

Touching stories were related of the sadness that came over him when he visited the scenes where the late bloody conflict had taken place. He laid wreaths upon the graves of the soldiers, and visited some who were living in Würzburg, and when he had been to Kissingen and Aschaffenberg, and saw the devastation still existing in the neighbourhood, his melan-

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choly became so great that he postponed his visit to the theatre, where he was to have gone in state, saying that his mind was not in touch with so frivolous an amusement.

His youthful eagerness to see all places of interest, and his knowledge of the different relics of past days, gratified the inhabitants of the towns he visited. With Nürenberg, called "The Jewel of Germany," he was specially delighted, and he made a longer stay in this ancient city than elsewhere, attracted quite as much by the workshops of modern art as by the antiquities of the "Golden Age." He visited the most important *ateliers* and manufactories, all the museums and art institutions, and showed himself an intelligent and ardent admirer of what was best in art. He was much pleased with the musical entertainments which were given in his honour. With Verdi's *Trovatore*, which was then quite a novelty, he was so charmed that he despatched a messenger to Munich for Prince Otto, that he, too, might enjoy the musical treat.

This was his first and last visit to Nürenberg, "the beautiful and venerable." "This," says Heigel sarcastically, "proved that he was a true German Prince, who is one in spirit with his people, and keeps them in his mind, although he never sees them!"

Ludwig returned to Munich much elated by the ovation he had received, little thinking that another face would have been put on his reception had his loyal subjects been aware of the conditions which Bismarck had imposed upon Bavaria.

The resignation (dismissal would have been the

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proper name) of Von Pfordten caused no suspicion, and it was only known to a few that the new Minister, Count Hohenlohe, was an echo of Bismarck. When, however, he introduced his scheme for uniting Bavaria to the Prussian Federation, there arose such a clamour against the new Minister, that the majority in the Second Chamber carried a vote of want of confidence in Hohenlohe, who was openly called a semi-Prussian, and calling upon him to retire. This outcry should have warned the King that he could not ride rough-shod over his faithful Bavarians. Ludwig, however, strong in his youthful optimism, took a high hand, refusing to sanction the retirement of a Minister who "suited *him* perfectly." The matter was not allowed to rest here. The Upper Chamber (resembling our House of Lords) presented the King with a remonstrance signed by thirty-two members as against twelve. Amongst the thirty-two were to be found six members of the Royal Family, uncles and cousins of Ludwig, as well as his brother Otto.

The King refused to receive the address, and to show his determination to support Hohenlohe, invited his twelve supporters to supper. The majority, nevertheless, by obstruction and clamour, carried the day. The Chambers had to be dissolved and re-elected, with the result that the Ministerialist party lost four votes. Ludwig, with rage and mortification in his heart, had to yield, and Hohenlohe was dismissed.

His place was taken by Count Bray, who was the nominal leader, the real power being centred in M. Lutz, formerly secretary to King Maximilian, a man in whom Ludwig had the utmost confidence.

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THE DUCHESS SOPHIE CHARLOTTE AND LUDWIG II. [*Page* 115.

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These political changes, and especially the side the King had taken as to Prince Hohenlohe, weakened his popularity with the nation. It was said that he was entering into alliances with those who were inimical to the interests of Bavaria, and had actually placed himself in the hands of Prussia, who so recently had humiliated the country. When the King appeared in public he was received coldly. No more enthusiasm, no more "Hochs," all was cold silence. The Press, however, spoke out with a loud enough voice, and their attacks threw the King into a rage. He would have wished that the writers of such disloyal words had only one head, that he might order it to be chopped off.

Soon came the startling news that the young King had chosen his bride, and in January, 1867, the betrothal was announced between Ludwig and Sophie Charlotte, the daughter of the Duke Maximilian of Bavaria (of the Zweibrücken-Birkenfeldeschen line); therefore, on this side nearly related, while from her mother being the daughter of the King Max Joseph, the bride was second cousin to the King. She was also sister to the Empress of Austria; not, perhaps, quite so beautiful, but very sweet and lovable, and two years younger than his Majesty. This joyful news took everyone by surprise. Soon it filtered out that the proposal had been made by the Queen Mother at the request of the King, who made no pretence of being an ardent lover. From childhood, the cousins had always been on very friendly terms. They were both devoted to music and art: they showed themselves everywhere together, danced the *Française* at

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the ball given by Count Hohenlohe, and appeared in state at the theatre. The old King, Ludwig I., in one of his sonnets compared them to Venus and Adonis; their youth and beauty raised quite a tumult of admiration. Letters and presents were exchanged. The date of the wedding was not fixed, and during the summer Ludwig made a short excursion to Paris to see the Exhibition. He went privately, calling himself Count XXX. The Empress was absent, but the Emperor invited the King to drive in the woods of Compiègne, where a review took place in his honour and that of the King of Portugal. A grand banquet was also given to the two Kings. Politics were not entered upon. The visit of nearly all the crowned heads, together with the financial success of the Exhibition for which the State had advanced twenty-five millions, consoled the Emperor for the discomfiture of his statesmanship in other matters, and so "he sat squinting under his heavy eyebrows at the 'romantic' Bavarian monarch and at the young, simple-looking Duke Leopold," who accompanied the King.*

The ancient castle of Pierrefonds, which was in process of restoration, pleased the King more than the coquettish Compiègne. Versailles, of which we shall hear enough by-and-by, did not on this occasion

* The King, who was one of the best of sight-seers, indefatigable and never flagging, must have been somewhat of a heavy handful to his suite, who had not, perhaps, the same enthusiasm for art. Ludwig spent whole days at the Exhibition, studying every part of the building, which English critics had nicknamed "lace cuffs without a shirt." The King gave likewise a multiplicity of orders, most of them intended as presents for his bride-elect.

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DUCHESS SOPHIE CHARLOTTE. [*Page* 117.

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attract him overmuch; his head was full of building a new castle on the Schwangau. Shortly before this visit to Paris he had made a short excursion to the Wartburg, that romantic but somewhat desolate castle in Thuringia not far from classical Weimar. The Wartburg, which is full of memories of Luther and of Tannhäuser, had another and a more romantic tradition, for here were held those trials of minstrelsy so delightfully reproduced in the *Meistersingers*. In 1867 Wagner was writing but had not completed this opera, and the King had a special delight in studying the hall where the minstrels assembled. Already he dreamt of building a Minstrels' Hall; but the demon which took possession of him in later years of constant new erections had not then got a hold of him.

The news of the death of King Otto of Greece brought him back to Munich, where already the most splendid preparations were being made for the marriage. Every workshop in Munich was busily employed making lovely ornaments as gifts for the young Queen, but midsummer had come, and no time was fixed for the wedding. The royal family were at Starnberg. There the courtship proceeded. The King took his *fiancée* out in his boat "the Tristan," in which they spent hours together on the lake.

The summer was now over, and the sere and yellow of autumn was tinging the green leaves of the trees and throwing early shadows on the mountain-tops. Ludwig who, like all highly strung natures, was easily impressed by atmospheric changes, felt his sad fit coming on. Still there was no alteration in the

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wedding programme.* The date now fixed, October 12th, remained unaltered, but the betrothed pair felt a sudden chill had come, they knew not how or when. The preparations went on; the medals with the likenesses of the King and Queen were engraved; the royal carriage, a work of art in the Louis XIV. style, painted all over with cupids. The ladies and gentlemen of the new Queen's suite were appointed—all was ready. The French Emperor and Empress passed through Munich about this time on their way to Salzburg, and were received at the railway station by the King, who accompanied them to Munich and presented his Sophie. This was the last act in the drama.

Suddenly, without any note of preparation beyond what was whispered in privileged circles, it was formally announced in the Court organ that the royal marriage would not take place. No reason was given, and no definite reason has ever been found; but one can imagine what food there was for gossip, what whisperings and talkings over tea-cups, what hazardous guesses, what ridiculous exaggerations. One of the reports at the time as to the cause of the break-off has been repeated by Schauffert, and seems probable: "As the King for many months after his betrothal made no proposition as to when the marriage was to take place, although the bridal carriage,† which had

* Heigel, "Ludwig II."

† That the gilt wedding carriage, with all its cupids and love devices, should not have an appropriate use, seemed to the people of Munich (who were the donors of this wonderful coach) the most affecting part of this short love episode. "What, a coach that has cost one million gulden! Such a coach! And no bride and bridegroom to sit upon the satin cushions." They held up their hands and wept, these honest Münacheners.

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cost a million gulden, was finished and all preparations made, and as the capricious turn of the King's mind was well known to his family, and was not unlikely to influence him even in this matter of his marriage, he was asked by the father of the bride, Duke Maximilian, either to have the marriage celebrated at once or to break off the engagement. The King, who saw in this an attempt to force his free will, refused to ratify the engagement."

The actual cause of the rupture of the marriage has never transpired, and the fact that the secret has been so well kept would lead to the conclusion there was none to keep. In other words, the break off arose from disinclination on both sides. Sophie Charlotte may possibly have felt some alarm at the strange caprices of her royal *fiancé;* his sending her letters and presents in the middle of the night and insisting on receiving not only an official receipt from the porter, but a long letter of thanks from the Princess. He would sulk for days if she neglected this or any of his wishes.

"The King's letters alone," remarks a French writer, "if they were written after the pattern of those to Wagner, would have been enough to scare any woman." And again his sudden unaccountable fits of fury and his equally unpleasant fits of gloom. It must be confessed the prospect was not alluring. On the other hand, we must remember all this was nothing new to Sophie Charlotte. She had known Ludwig as cousins do who live close to one another and are on friendly terms. Also the whole family of Duke Maximilian, the Empress of Austria included,

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lived with the Royal Family of Bavaria on terms of close kinship. No, Ludwig's mad caprices would not have hindered the marriage. Personally, I have always inclined to the theory that the marriage was prevented by some person whose interest it was to keep the King unmarried. There were only two such persons, Prince Otto and Richard Wagner. We may put the first on one side.

Otto had neither the brain to conceive nor the capacity to carry out any such idea. He was still the *king's vassal*, as in the days when he allowed himself to be bowstrung. With Wagner it was otherwise. His will *would* carry out what his mind *conceived*, but that he had the conception remains a secret which will be revealed perhaps some day when the letters which lie in the State archives are given to the world.

In conclusion, it is only fair to mention (although there is no positive substantiation of the story) that it *was whispered* at the time and has been stated by more than one writer, that shortly before the day fixed for the marriage* the King received from reliable sources the information that his affianced bride was deeply attached to another, and was forced by her parents to marry for the high position offered by Ludwig. Different additions have been made to this story which are no doubt untrue; but in the main points it may have some foundation in fact. What lends it a slight colouring of truth is that from this time dates the change that came over the King's

* Der einsame König and other *brochures*: Berlin, 1886.

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disposition. He seems to have said farewell to his youth and have become a sad and disappointed man. Those who knew him speak of the melancholy that always lay in the depths of his beautiful eyes. Another proof is that the break-off never seems to have been resented by Sophie Charlotte's family. To the hour of Ludwig's death the closest friendship existed between him and the Empress Elizabeth, and only the other day we read how his portrait occupied the place of honour in her private sitting-room.

Whatever way it happened makes little difference; the result in any case being most unfortunate as regarded the King. From the same cause he lost the affection and assistance of his mother, who never forgave this act of his.* This was all the more to be deplored as, just at this moment, he was singularly in want of friends. By his own fault he had deprived himself of, one may say, all those by whom he had been surrounded—at least for a time. This to a mind like his was soon transformed into cruel desertion; it was said that now for the first time he began to be afraid of himself. He caught himself now and again making faces at his own image in the glass. Sometimes he said, "At times I would not swear that I am not mad." Worse symptoms began to show themselves; he would fly into a fury for some slight cause. Often when his secretary came to him on

* The Queen Mother greatly resented the breaking off of the engagement, and the King, finding he was to be pestered as to another marriage, fell into a violent rage, and told his mother he had determined never to marry. This, and his continued friendship for Wagner, estranged the Queen, who rarely saw her son.

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important matters of state he would feel the most irrepressible desire to recite passages from Schiller; he suffered fearfully from headaches, which he described as having serpents tightening their clasp round his head. He did not feel tired of his life; that was to come later; but weary—always weary—and yet restless. He rode as if there were demons at his heels. When he drove he went like the wind, not only in the solitude of the mountains, but along the thoroughfares, reckless as to consequences.

He more than ever paid flying visits to Triebschen, where Wagner lived. Riding on horseback attended only by his groom, the King would dash over the Swiss frontier in the night-time, arriving in the early dawn at Wagner's house, where he constantly remained for days.

The Duchess Sophie married in September, 1868, Prince Ferdinand of Orleans, Duke of Alençon. This lady, it will be remembered, was one of the unfortunate persons who perished in the bazaar given in the Rue Jean Goujon, Paris, May, 1897. Her melancholy fate excited all the more sympathy that she exhibited wonderful courage and self-sacrifice. To those who came to her assistance she said, "Save this young girl who was under my care," and, falling on her knees, died nobly.

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IGNAZ VON DÖLLINGER, PROVOST OF THE UNIVERSITY, MUNICH.

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CHAPTER V.

THE KING AND THE CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA.

WE must pass over certain events of the years 1868-9, which include the division in the Church on the subject of the Pope's infallibility and the drifting away of the famous Dr. Döllinger. In all this the King took his part.

His friendship for Döllinger (who had been his tutor), the reverence that even those who differed from him in his dispute with the Vatican must always feel for the high gifts he possessed, together with a strong feeling of personal affection, drew the King to encourage Döllinger in the attitude he took up.

At the period the dogma of the Infallibility was pronounced by the Vatican, Döllinger was seventy years of age. He held some of the highest appointments in the Church and about the Court. There was little of the arrogance of the schismatic about him, and there is no doubt that, had he lived in this generation under the influence of the present occupant of the chair of St. Peter, who is master of the windings of the human heart, and ever inclined to lead by gentleness rather than by force, the light of the German University would have humbly submitted to

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the Church, and would have accepted the doctrine of the Infallibility. ba 115,

In 1870, the King made an excursion to see the beautiful Passion Play of Ober-Ammergau, which moved him to intense admiration for the piety of the simple villagers, who were quite unconscious that the dramatic intensity of their feelings gave to their representation a reality and a power which could not be surpassed by the finest actors of the century.

As a memorial of his visit, he ordered on his return a stone Calvary, which was to be put up in the neighbourhood of Ammergau. This colossal piece of work, for the figures were to be life-size, was entrusted to Halbig, the well-known sculptor. The transport of this gigantic memorial to Ober-Ammergau was a work of difficulty. In spite of the most elaborate packing, and an escort of workmen for fear of accidents, one of the figures, as the caravan was crossing the Etalberg, fell from the wagon and sustained an injury.

The King was this year making a great effort to conquer his tendencies towards solitude, and in winter gave many entertainments at the Residenz. Concerts, balls, dinners, succeeded one another; the citizens of Munich were intensely grateful, whether they were invited or left out. The King was holding a Court, and that was enough to content these honest souls. These peaceful days were followed by turmoil. It seems curious, now that everything concerning it lies so far back, to recall all the stir and commotion of the year of grace 1870. Nowadays we know far more about the inner workings and backstairs influ-

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ence at work than did those who lived at that time. Thus it happens that we are aware that Bavaria was a sort of turning-point in the game that was about to be played by Germany and France.

France had naturally counted on Austria and Bavaria as allies. The democratic papers shrieked defiance in imitation of the French. "As soon as a Prussian sets foot on Bavarian territory, 600,000 French and 400,000 Austrians will rise to expel the invaders." But this was very little to the purpose. There was no talk of invading Bavaria, the danger lay further away. Suddenly, on the 8th of July, the news reached Munich that war was declared between France and Prussia. Ludwig was absent in one of his mountain solitudes; the mania for solitude had just begun to seize upon him. He had, however, taken the precaution to give orders that in case of urgency he should at once be informed by messenger. Messengers were accordingly despatched in all haste, and the same evening the King returned to the Castle of Berg, where he received his Ministers. The next morning the order for the mobilisation of the army appeared. It caused the wildest enthusiasm; the people cheered the King, who came over and over again to the windows of the Castle. They cheered the Ministers, the Prussians, the Army. It was a scene of enthusiasm which would have risen to delirium if the King had presented himself to his people as Commander of the Bavarian Army. Ludwig, however, had not the martial ardour which leads men to fight. This was the second occasion he had the chance given to him, and again he missed the golden

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opportunity. Nevertheless, he showed considerable energy and a healthy state of mind.

On the news reaching the Prussian Court that Ludwig had ordered the mobilisation of the army, the King telegraphed to his nephew congratulations and thanks, "You have electrified the whole nation by your purely German act." Ludwig replied, "Our soldiers will fight side by side for the rights and the honour of Germany. May the event be favourable to Germany *and Bavaria.*" But the feeble protest contained in this effort at independence only made the older man smile.

The incompetency of the Bavarian army was well known to the Prussian generals, so the Prince could indulge in no illusions as to the military capacity of the men he had to command. Nor were their leaders much better. The petty princes, nicknamed by the Prussians "les flaneurs batailles," were so notoriously incapable that they were only given a fictitious command, all the real power being vested by the Treaty of 1866 in the Prussian commander; it cannot be gainsaid that Bavaria's alliance with Prussia was more political than military. The result of the war would have been the same with or without the help of Bavaria; but the future of Germany was decided by the alliance between the two nations, which resulted in the union of Germany—a union in which Bavaria lost her independence.

The incapacity of the Bavarian generals did not, however, make the necessity of submitting to the Prussian leadership less galling. Although Ludwig was quite aware of his own ignorance in military

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manœuvres, this only made his humiliation the more cruel. His pride suffered alike from the submission and from the necessity there was to submit.

On July 27th the Crown Prince of Prussia arrived in Munich. We know now that the young Prince was very reluctant to take the command of the South German army. "It is a most difficult task for me to fight the French with troops that do not like us Prussians, and have not been trained in our school."* So he writes in that curious diary which was published in 1888 and suppressed by order of Bismarck. He was received in Munich with acclamation. He drove through the crowded streets in an open carriage with Ludwig and Prince Otto, surrounded by a squadron of the Cuirassiers and followed by a brilliant staff. In the evening the Princes visited the Court Theatre, where a performance of Wallenstein's *Camp* was given. It was a most appropriate choice, but no one listened to the piece—all eyes were on the royal box. As the Prince entered, conducting the Queen Mother, the house echoed with the sound of the "Hochs!" which greeted the royal party, and the excitement rose to frenzy when Ludwig, looking splendid, led Prince Frederick to the front, while both clasped the other by the hand—a truly Teutonic greeting.

"At this moment King Ludwig touched the highest point in his life."†

* Secret diary of the Crown Prince.

† After the Prince had left Munich Ludwig wrote him a letter expressing a wish "that the independence of Bavaria should be respected." The handwriting of this letter was coarse and ugly, and the lines were not straight, but the tone was "soundly patriotic." Frederick, who was mentally as well as bodily strong, ridicules this "patriotic letter," and yet

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That same evening the Crown Prince left Munich, accompanied by Prince Otto* and Prince Luitpold. The King went with his royal guest and cousin to the station, where, under the waving blue and white standard of Bavaria and the black standard of Prussia, the words of farewell were said.

This brief resurrection of the King's mental powers was only a sudden flash of health, to be followed by the usual fits of weariness and melancholy. The King was, in fact, ill in body and mind. The outcome of this nervousness was an illness which prostrated the King for weeks. Again the demon of solitude seized upon him and drew him back with its powerful hands to his love of dreams and delusions. His physical condition rendered it impossible that he could take any active part in the war; nevertheless, this abstention fretted him inwardly; every new movement, every fresh victory of the allied army appeared to him in the light of a tacit reproach. Why was he

it would seem to us that there was nothing foolish in the King's desire; the chance of spoliation was by no means improbable. As a matter of fact, it was well known that after the war was over the King of Prussia insisted upon taking Anspach and Bayreuth from Bavaria for the reason that they had at one time been in the possession of his ancestors. Bismarck, however, prevented this act of robbery, and Ludwig, who was aware of his maternal uncle's intentions, was grateful to the Chancellor for saving him.

* Prince Otto did not remain long with the army. He was recalled on *important business*, the fact being that he was quite unfit for such scenes as are common in war. The Crown Prince describes him in his diary: "Prince Otto came to take leave before returning to Munich. Pale, and as wretched-looking as if he were in a fit of the shivers, he sat before me while I set forth the necessity of our having unity in military and diplomatic matters. But whether he understood or even heard me, I could not make out.—*November 30th.*"*

* Crown Prince's Diary.

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not like the other Princes at the seat of action? Every account of the courage and devotion displayed by the King of Prussia or the Crown Prince or by Luitpold, Prince of Bavaria, were so many fresh wounds to the wretched Ludwig in his mountain solitude, where he consumed himself in vain longings.

His condition fills one with pity; one wonders whether it would not have been better to have roused him to the supreme effort of commanding his army. This, however, might have led to disastrous issues, for already his mental malady was showing itself plainly. "The Crown Prince was shocked at the change two years had wrought."

As the good angel fought with the demon for the soul of Faust, so did a battle rage in the heart of the King with the jealous dislike which possessed his mind towards his Prussian relations. One day he sent the Prince the order of Max Joseph. On the surrender of Metz he congratulated the King, calling him William the Conqueror. The Bavarian Minister was sent to Versailles, but the instructions which he received from Hohenschwangau contradicted one another so strangely that he knew not what to do. At last, when the signing of the treaty was in question, the King made up his mind to go to Versailles; a house was assigned to him, his stables were to be in the little Trianon. Suddenly he countermanded all orders—he would not go.

On October 11th, Secretary Von Busch heard that it had been under consideration that a congress of German Princes should meet at Versailles. It was hoped that the King of Bavaria would come also.

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"In that case it will be well to place at his disposal one of the historic apartments in the palace, possibly the bedroom of Louis XIV. With his character he would be certainly delighted at such an arrangement, and would not be too exacting in the manner of comfort." But not even this bait tempted Ludwig; the old feeling of jealousy was at work. "The King is not coming to Versailles," says Busch; "in the first place because he can no longer ride with comfort, and in the next, because he does not like to play *second fiddle*."* It appeared that very few of the smaller German Princes were inclined to travel to Versailles. Like Ludwig, they knew very well what was wanting with them—that a question of importance was about to be raised, and that this question intimately concerned the German Bund, which it was proposed to place under one head, that head to be called Emperor, and that this Emperor be William King of Prussia. This scheme was altogether the conception of Bismarck, although in the Crown Prince's diary it is put forward as *his* idea. "On September 30th," writes the Crown Prince, "I addressed his Majesty on the Kaiser question, which is now being broached. He thinks there is no prospect of it. Against this I urged that the three Kings of Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Saxony compel us to express our supremacy."

This was in the month of November, and Ludwig, who was very receptive of atmospheric influence, had fallen into one of his "dark moods." His excuse

* Busch's "Bismarck."

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for not attending the conference at Versailles was that he had strained a sinew; but things were out of joint elsewhere, he was tired of everything—of European politics, of the trouble of governing, of himself—he wished to get away anywhere, away from the burden of state, away from the burden of himself. It was at this time that he expressed a desire to abdicate. At the bottom of all this depression lay the fact that Ludwig envied the Crown Prince. There was nothing very wonderful in this, for envy is a common passion enough, and, although it may be said that great minds never feel a pang of so mean a character, this may very well be doubted. Ludwig's, at all events, was not a great mind, although he had many of the qualities which make up greatness. It was his distrust and envy that made him reluctant to take action in the matter of the new dignity to be conferred upon the King of Prussia. So early as November Bismarck had sent Delbruck to Munich to confer with the King about the new idea, but the King was ill (he was always ill when he disliked to see people). In the end, however, he despatched his Ministers, Bray and Lutz, to Versailles, to confer with Bismarck. Their deliberations ended in acceptation of Bismarck's proposals, provided the new title adopted by the King of Prussia was instead of Emperor of Germany—German Emperor. Bismarck wrote a long letter, in which he laid before his Bavarian Majesty the grave necessity there was that the King of Prussia should be raised to the dignity of Emperor, and that the proposal to this effect "should be made by the King of Bavaria."

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Ludwig answered, not exactly refusing, but stating his embarrassment as to how to word such a proposal, and asking Bismarck to send him a sketch of a letter to be written to the king. This was accordingly done, but still Ludwig did not write.

This delay was supposed to be owing to the influence of Baron von Eisenhart, who had succeeded Major Sauer as the King's confidential adviser. Bismarck, finding the King still refractory, despatched a letter by Count Holstein which was to be presented privately. Holstein was chosen for this mission as being on intimate terms of friendship with Ludwig and occupying a high position in the royal household. The Count made the journey on horseback from Paris to Hohenschwangau and back in six days. When he arrived Ludwig was in bed suffering from a tumour on the gum; he would not be disturbed. Holstein, however, pressed so on the King's curiosity that he got an audience. The letter was well received, but there was neither paper nor ink to answer it. A groom found some coarse writing materials, and the King wrote the letter which made the German Empire. Bismarck was much pleased with the part Holstein had played, and as a reward gave him the Order of the Red Eagle.*

* The Red Eagle or Fowl is second in order of merit to the Black Eagle, which is only given to crowned heads, princes of the blood, etc To make sure of this being the fact, the writer referred the matter to the Austrian Embassy.

Busch says, "Bismarck praises Holstein's conduct on this occasion—'He managed remarkably well.' The Count, who was in fact little removed from a spy, *managed* to ingratiate himself with the King, who gave him his confidence until the moment when, like most of his friends, he discovered, rightly or wrongly, that Holstein was intriguing against him."

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The Crown Prince in his diary expresses his astonishment at the success of Bismarck's deep-laid scheme. "The King of Bavaria has actually copied out the letter and Holstein is bringing it back." One can imagine in what light this act of submission appeared to a strong, active, self-reliant mind. He adds, "That day Bismarck and I shook hands, for now Kaiser and Reich have been irrevocably re-established, and after the interregnum of sixty-five years the terrible Kaiserless time is over."

The Princes of Germany received King Ludwig's proposal for the restoration of the Imperial dignity with satisfaction. Bavaria, however, made an effort to assert itself. Prince Adalbert, who had all the Wittelsbach haughtiness, urged the King to put in his claim, and Prince Luitpold was put forward to suggest that the Imperial dignity should be held alternately by Bavaria and Prussia. This was, however, put altogether aside by Bismarck, who said the King of Bavaria lived in dreams, and was little better than a boy who didn't know his own mind.* Then came a dispute on the matter of collars, which, trifling as was the subject, went near to shipwreck the Bavarian alliance. Ludwig wished to retain the Bavarian collar, while the King of Prussia desired to replace it by the Prussian. In reality the matter in dispute was whether the Bavarian officers should continue to wear the badge of their rank upon their collars as hitherto, or on their shoulder-straps like the North

* And yet years after, when the tragedy of Ludwig's life had culminated in his death, Bismarck declared that in 1870 Ludwig was "our sole influential friend in Germany."

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German officers. At length the weighty matter was settled, Bavaria's co-operation being too important to be sacrificed to a mere detail.

On November 23rd, 1870, the treaty was signed. Busch gives a graphic account of the scene: "The chief (Bismarck) was in the salon with the three Bavarian plenipotentiaries. In about a quarter of an hour he opened the door, bent his head forward with the friendliest look, and came towards us with a glass in his hand. 'Well,' he said, his voice and look betraying his emotion, 'the Bavarian treaty is made and signed. German unity is secure, and the German Emperor too.' We were all silent."*

It was somewhat of an anti-climax when Busch asked leave to go and bring away the three pens used by the plenipotentiaries!

On March 15th, 1871, the Emperor William addressed to the troops some touching words of farewell:

"Soldiers of the German army, I take my leave to-day of France, where the united army has gained fresh honours and where so much German blood has been shed. An honourable peace has been concluded, and the return of the troops to our own country has already begun. I bid you farewell, and I thank you once more warmly and from my very heart for all you have done during this war in brave deeds and in bearing patiently all suffering. You are returning to your native land with the proud consciousness that you have shared in one of the greatest wars that has

* Busch's "Bismarck."

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taken place in the world's history, that our beloved Fatherland has been protected from any invading foe, and that the German kingdom has recovered what the enemy once took from her. May the army of the now united German nation always bear in mind that they must ever strive after unity, which alone can keep them on the pinnacle to which they have attained. With one common cause to defend, we may defy the world.

"WILHELM."

The return to Munich of the victorious army under the Crown Prince took place July 16th, 1871. From early dawn the streets were already full of eager, excited people; students, artists, members of the different musical societies, peasants from the country —everyone out, everyone jubilant.

According to the arranged programme the King at nine o'clock was to hold a review. There were, however, delays. The presenting of different orders and the receptions, etc., took up time, so that every spot and every gallery was filled with eager spectators by the time the procession came in sight. When at last the cry was raised "They are coming!" the sight was most impressive. The enormous throng of people was silent as the grave, the stillness being almost oppressive. The first to appear was the King surrounded by a brilliant staff; he rode at a sharp trot to the memorial of Ludwig I., where the victorious troops were to pass him in review. A roar coming from afar and increasing in intensity now heralded the approach of the Crown Prince, a splendid

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figure. There was a momentary halt while three young ladies of rank presented the hero of Wörth with a laurel crown and the first magistrate of the city read an address. Then the Prince continued his progress till he reached the Odeonplatz, where he placed himself at the right-hand side of the King.*

Perhaps the only one in that vast multitude who did not join in the general rejoicing was the King. To him it was a day of bitter mortification. He felt keenly as *his* troops passed before him that he had nothing in common with them; *he* had not led them to battle, he had not shared their dangers, nor suffered with them; he was not their comrade, he was not their commander of whom they were proud; he was only their King—*a roi fainéant*. The troops cheered both Princes alike, but the iron had entered into Ludwig's soul. He compared himself with the warrior beside him—an iron man from head to heel, a hero who had crowned the memory of his great deeds in 1866 by the still greater triumphs of 1870. And this man would be called Emperor! If one could have seen into the King's soul, it was filled with a jealous distrust of the Crown Prince, and this feeling having once entered his mind, remained there.†

* Anyone who remembers the splendid figure of the Emperor Frederick at the Queen's Jubilee of 1887 can understand the effect he produced when in the full tide of youth.

† This secret feeling of jealous distrust accounted, says one of his biographers, for many of his actions which were set down as freaks of folly or madness. At this particular time he imagined that his throne was threatened. Should there be another war, the independence of Bavaria was, he thought, at an end. And so the idea came to him to escape to another land far away and there make for himself a kingdom. It is said—with what amount of truth is uncertain—that he employed one

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The festivities for the peace lasted several days, during which time the King suffered. On the day of the great banquet in the Glass Palace Ludwig announced his intention of not being present, a resolution which struck consternation into the Ministerial body; for this military banquet, to which nine hundred persons were invited, was the crowning point of the peace rejoicings; it was also a decided discourtesy towards his honoured guest. In vain was every argument used to persuade the King to rescind his determination. Ludwig, like all persons affected with mental disease, was obstinate. To every persuasion he answered, "I need rest;" and rest he took, for not only did he not appear at the banquet, but in the early morning when most people were asleep his carriage came to the door and, accompanied by his aide-de-camp, he was driven like the wind to the Castle of Berg, one of his mountain retreats, nor did he ever offer any apology for this act of discourtesy to his royal cousin.

It was said at the time that the cause of this singular exhibition of temper was an offence taken by the King at the Crown Prince's manner of receiving from his Majesty the proposal to confer on him the colonelcy of a Bavarian regiment as an acknowledgment of his services. The Prince, who had not the best manner of doing things, said the matter should be referred to the Emperor, adding some joke about

of the record-keepers (his name is not given) to seek amongst the islands in the Archipelago for such a refuge as he wished. This idea it is supposed was discountenanced by his learned friend; at all events the island was never found.

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the uniform not being very suitable to his figure. Ludwig, who was very susceptible to anything approaching to ridicule, brooded over this remark, which he told several persons, until it assumed undue proportions in his mind.

Fortunately he was persuaded to give a warm welcome to the Emperor, who in the next few weeks passed through Munich on his way to Gastein. The King and his uncle had always been friendly; the same causes for rivalry did not exist as in the case of the Crown Prince. The visit passed off well, and the leave-takings were of the most cordial character.

The friendly relations between the two monarchs caused the greatest satisfaction in Munich and all through Bavaria. The King, too, seemed to have shaken off his depression by his contact with the hearty old King. He looked brighter and better; but this revival did not last long.

When on January 21st, 1872, the Emperor sent the King the chain of the Order of the Black Eagle, Werther, who had charge of the presentation, could not obtain an audience of his Majesty, although the Prussian ambassador pressed for one. Ludwig was at length persuaded to write and thank the Emperor for the letter and Order, "which he would be delighted to receive when less fatigued, but at the moment he was overworked and could not fix a day," etc., etc. This was undoubtedly not courteous, but some allowance must be made for Ludwig, who was smarting under a feeling of inferiority, and was too proud to sink to the level of the smaller German Princes, who were all bowing before Berlin. The

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annual visit of the Crown Prince to review the Bavarian troops was a fresh offence to the King; it revived his jealousy of Frederick, and his idea that his cousin would one day drive him out of his kingdom and perhaps appropriate it.

He showed his resentment at the Prince's visits in a petty manner, all sorts of pretexts being resorted to in order to make the inspection a matter of difficulty. The first idea was that he and the Princess, who was to accompany her husband, were to be lodged at Berchtesgaden. The use of the castle was, however, refused, for the reason that Prince Otto, who was then showing symptoms of his later malady, wished to reside there. Then followed endless "*pourparlers*." The King did not want his visitors and plainly showed it. He spoke of his dislike to "those Prussians" without any caution, and his words went from Vienna to Berlin.

It is quite certain that by a curious instinct, which is never wanting under such circumstances, the dislike which Ludwig felt for the Crown Prince was reflected in the other's mind; his former contemptuous toleration of one he considered a *roi fainéant* had gradually deepened into enmity, as when he talks in his diary of *compelling* the South Germans to acknowledge the Emperor. "Let us act firmly and imperiously," he said to Bismarck, who would listen to no violence or threats being made use of to Bavaria, all the more as such a course would throw the King into the arms of Austria.

Nothing, however, can excuse the King's want of dignity in refusing hospitality to the Prince and

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Princess. In the end, a lady, Fräulein von Waldenberg, offered her villa in Berchtesgaden to the royal visitor, who occupied it, while the Princess, with the permission of the King, had apartments in the castle, where rooms were also placed at the disposition of the Queen of Sweden.

The Crown Prince and the Princess were extremely popular both in Munich and in the country generally, which did not increase the King's liking for his Prussian relatives; and from this time he conceived the strange resolution, to which he adhered with his usual ill-considered obstinacy, of never meeting the Crown Prince when he came on his annual tour of inspection.

In August, 1875, the King took an unusual step in summoning fourteen thousand soldiers from different regiments to an inspection in Munich. Considering his known indifference to military matters, and that since his accession he had taken little or no interest in the army, everyone that was at all "in the know" guessed that this sudden attack of military ardour was due to the annual visit of the Crown Prince, which would take place in the autumn. Nevertheless, the King's proposal was received gratefully by the Müncheners, as it brought a thousand strangers into the city; and when Ludwig, one fine Sunday morning, appeared before his subjects mounted on his white horse, his fine figure and the splendour of his dark eyes worked the same effect as ever. So overpowering was the reception, that Ludwig was obliged to acknowledge it by a few words of greeting and thanks. This welcome should have convinced the

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King that he had a hold of the hearts of his people which no Crown Prince or any other Prince could take from him so long as he kept himself in touch with his subjects; it was in truth unpardonable of him to suspect either his cousin or the nation of having any secret plot against him. But he remained always persuaded that the heir to the Prussian throne wished to oust him, and this conviction he retained till his death.

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CHAPTER VI.

THE FESTIVAL PLAYHOUSE.

It would be an endless and ungrateful task to give my readers an account of the Ministerial crisis of 1872 which agitated all Bavaria, and through which I have conscientiously waded, feeling at the end that it was, after all, no wonder King Ludwig had the headache. There was a general panic on the Exchange which subsided when the obnoxious element in the Ministry returned to his post at Vienna.*

The constant change of his Ministers who could not fall in with his strange fancies was not likely to increase the King's popularity, while his dislike to live in Munich, and the manner in which he now began to set aside all the responsibilities of his high position, gave serious offence to his subjects and caused all manner of reports to be circulated concerning his intemperate habits.

Count Holstein considered the King's condition dangerous. Writing to Bismarck in 1871 he says: "He drinks before every audience and Court ceremony large quantities of the strongest wines, and then says the most extraordinary things. He wishes

* This was called the "Gasser" affair, Gasser being one of the obnoxious Cabinet.

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LUDWIG II., 1870. [*Page* 142]

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to abdicate and to leave the crown to his brother Otto, who has no wish for it. The Ultramontane party," continues Holstein, "are aware of all this, and have chosen their candidate for the Reichstag, who is also their candidate for the throne—Prince Luitpold—and they may succeed in getting him chosen in spite of Prince Otto's claims."* The man who wrote this was, or had been, the King's chosen friend; it was no wonder that he felt betrayed on all sides. Neither can much surprise be felt at his constancy towards the one friend who apparently (although no doubt self-interest was the keynote of the friendship) remained *true* to him. And here I must offer an excuse (if excuse be needed) for again introducing the name of Richard Wagner. Yet his work is so intimately bound up with the life of Ludwig, that it is almost impossible to disassociate the King from the musician. Little wonder can be felt at the charm exercised by the genius of Wagner over such a mind as Ludwig's; it was only natural a Bavarian diplomatist when questioned by some friends upon this subject made answer: "There are some men who have the power of bewitching. Wagner was the Gladstone of Music, as Gladstone is the Wagner of Politics. Wagner did not live long enough to lose the 'bewitching gift,' which Gladstone once possessed and lost."

It must also be remembered when we are considering this curious instance of "mind power" that Wagner's influence was in a certain sense due to his

* Prince Luitpold, the present regent, was brother to Maximilian II, and uncle to Ludwig and Otto.

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mysterious connection with that mythological kingdom which had from his boyhood taken such a powerful hold of the King's imagination. That he should have found a friend who was able to set before him living representations of the knights and maidens who had filled his waking thoughts and haunted his dreams by night seemed to Ludwig a special miracle.

One word more. Those who thought they had destroyed the influence Wagner exercised over the mind of the King, could not have done a better stroke towards increasing that influence than by forcing on the banishment of the composer, and by thus giving him the additional charm of persecution. That violent friendships oftentimes have violent endings is a fact proved by experience, the human heart being a very barometer in the matter of sudden changes of temperament. On the other hand, cabals, hatred, and persecution confirm instead of weakening such affections, especially in a mind like the King's, with whom a generous wish to protect and assist the victim of jealousy was a natural and noble instinct. In this way the fructification of Wagner's lifelong desire was brought about. In his exile he had not to gamble any more for loss or gain; he was upheld by the strong and loyal arm of his royal friend, who was unchanged in his determination of planting "the great Hereafter in the Now." During the many excursions which the King took across the Swiss frontier, riding on horseback and attended by a groom, he would remain for days with his friend, discussing plans for the building of a Bühnenfestspielhaus* for

* Festival playhouse.

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the representation of the great tetralogy which was well-nigh finished, and for which Wagner had chosen the city of Bayreuth, which is situated in the lovely scenery of the Bavarian Alps.

Bayreuth was known to the composer. He had visited it in its early youth, and the impression of its picturesque surroundings still lingered in his mind. In 1871 he returned there and found not only that his recollection of its romantic situation was correct, but that from the reception he met from the municipal administration his plan was likely to meet with cordial support.*

Soon a warm friendship existed between him and the leading people in Bayreuth, who not only admired his compositions, but respected his staunch adherence to what he considered the only true principles of art. Wagner announced to his royal friend and patron the joyful news that at last in the little Franconian city he had found a home and a shelter from the long and bitter persecution which had hitherto pursued him. It is pleasant to know that the last years of his life were spent in his beloved retreat, but the shelter of its umbrageous shades did not preserve him from the persecution of his enemies, which would have pursued him to the Antipodes.

When it became known that Wagner was about to build a Festival theatre in so remote a region as the Bavarian Alps, the idea was received with joy by his friends and with derision by his enemies; also a great portion of the German Press, who looked

* Bayreuth formerly possessed "Margraves." The last Margrave (of Anspach) married the well-known Lady Craven.

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upon this as the crowning act of his folly, loaded him with abuse.

His friends, however (and no man ever had more devoted), made every sacrifice to help him with money. The young pianist Karl Tausig worked with the most energetic zeal, and after Tausig's premature death Emil Heckel, proprietor of a music store in Mannheim, took the mantle of Tausig on his shoulders, and laboured with earnestness in the cause. Heckel founded in Mannheim in 1871 the first Wagner *Verein.*

King Ludwig was ever at hand to render generous assistance towards the accomplishment of his friend's long cherished desire, which at last from dreams came to realisation.

The foundation stone of the great undertaking was laid May 22nd, 1872. The stone was wrapped up in a piece of paper on which was written the following words: "Here I enclose a secret; here let it rest many hundred years as long as the stone preserves it; it will reveal itself to the world."

There is a slight touch of the charlatan in these would-be mystical words that one regrets. There is an old saying that good wine needs no bush. There was no need, surely, to herald the music of the future with such an unnecessary piece of clap-trap.

On the day the first stone of Bayreuth was laid, King Ludwig II. telegraphed to Wagner: "From the depths of my soul, my dear friend, I send my warmest and most sincere good wishes on this day so full of import to Germany. May success and prosperity attend the great undertaking of next year.

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THE FESTIVAL PLAYHOUSE, BAYREUTH.

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To-day I am more than ever united with you in spirit."

From Heckel's letters* we get an idea of the enormous difficulties which had to be surmounted by Wagner and his faithful bodyguard of friends. In 1873 a financial crisis arose all over Germany and Austria, which reacted in the most unfortunate manner upon the Wagnerian undertaking. Bankers who had promised credit were no longer able to give it, musical houses were afraid to open lists for subscribers—in fact, it seemed quite hopeless. Letters full of advice and fine sentiments were plentiful, but they held out no prospect of financial aid, and very few towns showed any active co-operation. Nor was this the worst. Wagner had always counted on the assistance of the King of Bavaria, and that if the worst came he would come forward as financial guarantee; but what was his disappointment to find that at this crisis, when financial help was of such vital importance, Ludwig for the first time refused all co-operation! On January 16th, 1874, Wagner wrote to Heckel: "A guarantee is all that is necessary to raise sufficient funds to complete the building. For that guarantee I applied to my ever generous benefactor the King of Bavaria, but for some cause unknown to me the King has absolutely refused to help me."

Heckel was determined to get to the bottom of the mystery which Wagner was either too proud or afraid to search into. It came out that the King's refusal

* Letters from Wagner to Emil Heckel. Lately an excellent translation of these letters has been made by Mr. Ellis.

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arose from a trifling matter. Someone had written a flattering ode in his Majesty's honour, entitled "Macte Imperator"; the composer had sent the ode to Wagner, asking him to set it to appropriate music. This Wagner, not being aware that the King took any interest in the matter, absolutely declined. The King, influenced by those about him, took offence at this refusal, which he chose to consider an insult to himself. The whole thing was a piece of Court intrigue, and was at last set right. Wagner writes in February in joyful terms to Heckel:

"DEAR GOOD HECKEL,

"Let's take fresh heart,
His Majesty plays his part;

the undertaking for which you have worked so hard is assured. I shall write more later.

"RICHARD WAGNER."

The King's signature to the guarantee was given February, 1874.*

On this and on other occasions when the deficit was met by the King, the funds were supplied as an advance on credit, the money being secured and covered by Wagner's rights or royalties on the Munich Opera House for the production of the *Niebelungen.*

Disappointment had been so often Wagner's fate that not until the building was well advanced did he put the last touches to his *Götterdämmerung.*

* Heckel's "Letters to Wagner."

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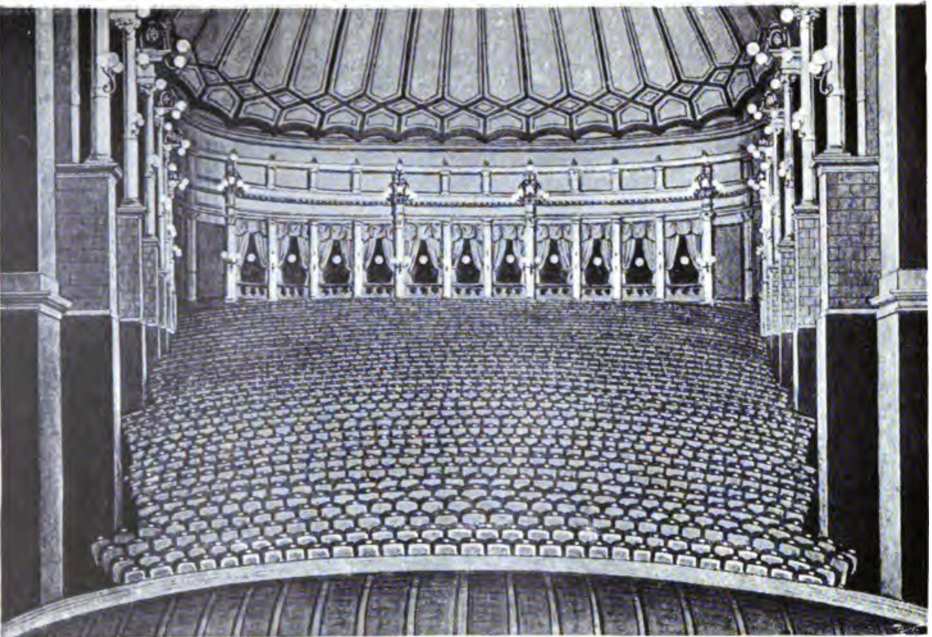

THE AUDITORIUM AT BAYREUTH.

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When the building was roofed rehearsals of the tetralogy began. This was in the summer of 1873. They were at first rehearsals to the piano with single singers only, but in August, 1875, complete rehearsals with orchestra followed. The work was continued unceasingly all through the winter and spring. In the summer came Herr Richter to take the *bâton* of conductor, the result being that such masterly perfection was attained that the last rehearsals resembled finished performances.

The first cycle given in the Bayreuth Festival Playhouse began August 13th, 1876, and ended August 30th. Three times on four successive days the *Ring des Nibelungen* was given in a manner never to be forgotten, before an enthusiastic audience which included the German Emperor and the King of Bavaria. There were likewise present the Grand Dukes Carl Alexander of Weimar* and Frederick of Baden, both warm admirers and friends of Wagner.

Ludwig was present at the last representation. "He greeted all the performers in a friendly manner," says Heckel, "but only spoke to Wagner. During the intervals he remained absorbed in the libretto."†

Success is sure to raise the hydra-headed serpent of envy from his lair. The German, French, and English Press fell with fury upon what they called the tiresome trilogy of the *Ring*. They confessed the audience was brilliant, but were not over-delighted. They prophesied a deficit in the money returns, as the expense of the performance alone, with-

* The late Grand-duke of Weimar.

† "Richard Wagner," by Franz Muncker.

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out counting that of the building was £20,000, and only one quarter of this sum could have been raised by the sale of the tickets. "The rest of the expense has been borne," says the German papers, "by the King of Bavaria, who by this time takes it quite as a matter of course that the poet-musician should dip constantly and with both hands into his purse."

One story is good until another and the true one is told. After twenty years we have in Mr. Chamberlain's "Life" the complete contradiction of these false statements. He acknowledges that the deficit did exist: "it was due to evil machinations of the Press, who succeeded in keeping away the public from the second and third cycles, and in bringing about a deficit."*

The accounts showed a deficit of 160,000 marks, a most disquieting return.

The amount of money received being quite insufficient to cover the expenses, Wagner's friends urged him to obtain from the King an extension of credit. But the composer, seeing the gratification his royal patron had received from the performance, would not disturb the happiness of the moment by the intrusion of money difficulties. He felt, moreover, that he had to thank Ludwig for the production of his great work, and this thought caused the composer to use every exertion to lessen rather than to increase the amount of his obligations towards his benefactor.†

Unable to pay the deficit by any other means,

* Chamberlain's "Biography of Richard Wagner."
† Heckel's "Letters."

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RICHARD WAGNER, 1882. [*Page* 151.

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Wagner was compelled to sell his *Niebelungenlied:* the work which he had completed after thirty years of toil and battle, the work composed for Bayreuth and for which Bayreuth had been built, was handed over to a theatrical agent just as it was, with all the scenery and costumes.*

Thus did the victory rest with the calumniators. But this was only a momentary eclipse; soon the sun shone out again brighter, more resplendent. Wagner's works are now to be seen and heard upon every stage in Germany. The Festival Playhouse at Bayreuth cannot contain the numbers who throng to the triennial cycles. There is no talk of deficits now.

For several years the old intimacy continued. Ludwig, it is true, no longer went on flying excursions to see his friend. Bayreuth was too far for expeditions on horseback, even had the King's health allowed of it; but the composer visited Munich both on his way to and from Italy; when, in August, 1879, *Siegfried* and the *Götterdämmerung* were produced in Munich. "My King," writes Wagner to Emil Heckel, "wrote me a full account of the performance."

In 1882, when the first performance of *Parsifal* took place at Bayreuth, the King ordered a private entrance to be made by which he could slip into the theatre unobserved; but in spite of this precaution to avoid recognition, at the last moment his courage failed and he did not go to Bayreuth.† Later on he

* Chamberlain's "Life of Wagner."

† The Crown Prince was amongst the visitors, and this had probably something to do with the King's absence.

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had a private representation given by the Bayreuth artistes in Munich.

The last occasion on which Richard Wagner visited Munich was in 1882. The King refused to see him; the clouds were then settling down over his poor disordered mind.

In April, 1873, a marriage took place between Prince Leopold of Bavaria and the Grand Duchess Gisela, daughter to the Emperor of Austria. The King took a great interest in this event, as the Grand Duchess was his favourite cousin, and for her he threw off those habits of seclusion that were gaining ground rapidly, and held high festival in Munich.

As a special mark of favour the royal couple made their entrance into the capital in the King's new carriage, which was a masterpiece of art. The crown which originally had decorated the top was now replaced by a wreath of silver myrtle.

As sometimes happens when too much attention has been paid to the artistic, the practical side left something to be desired, for, overweighted by the numerous adornments, this four-wheeled Leviathan swung on its axles so fearfully that the exalted occupants nearly lost their equilibrium and were seen to clutch at the straps as their only means of steadying themselves.

The King gave the bride a further proof of his affection: he endured—for the purpose of showing her due honour—the, to him, most distasteful task of presiding at a state banquet and court ball to be given in his royal palace. This was in truth no light sacrifice, for a state banquet meant *strict etiquette* as

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laid down by King Ludwig I., who gave an annual state banquet on New Year's Day which was copied from ancient traditions.*

On these occasions the dinner-table was raised on a platform to which the guests ascended by three steps. The service of magnificent gold plate was used, and in the centre stood the splendid centre-piece made for Maximilian II., representing scenes out of the *Niebelungen.* On the plate of each guest was an artistically painted *menu.* The sideboards groaned with all manner of rare and beautiful works of art, many of them centuries old: goblets and drinking-vessels of every description in lapis-lazuli, rhinoceros horn, set with opals, onyx, amethyst, and precious stones of different kinds. The display was magnificent. The walls of the banqueting-room were hung with Gobelins tapestry. At a given moment the *portes-battantes* flew open; then came a rustle of silk, a flashing of uniforms, a glitter of diamonds—the King in his uniform of Colonel of the Light Horse, the Princes and staff following; the Princesses in exquisite toilettes, followed by the suite—the ladies in *manteaux de cour,* the men in Court dress. The King, looking worn and far from brilliant, sat under a canopy, the Princess Gisela on the right hand, on his left Prince Leopold the bridegroom, next him Prince Otto, then all the Princes according to precedence. When all were seated, there was a pause. The King's chaplain came to the foot of the *estrade* and recited grace, to which two of the King's pages

* From Louise Kobell's "Four Kings."

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responded. Then the Court marshal helped the soup from the serving-table; the royal pages handed it to the King's *valet de chambre*, who in his turn handed it to the Chamberlain, who presented it to the King; the other royalties were served by the Court officials, who took the dishes from the King's valet. A *fanfare* of trumpets from the gallery; then the Court marshal, according to an ancient usage, tasted the wines before they were served to the King and his guests. After all these ceremonials the dinner began.

In 1874 the King, without giving any notice to his Ministers, set off, August 20th,* accompanied by his Master of the Horse, Count Holstein, and General Schamberger, to Paris. He travelled under the name of Count von Berg. He stopped with the German Ambassador, Prince Hohenlohe, by whom the members of the German Embassy were presented to him. He went to Versailles (the real object of his visit), where he spent days going over the castle and taking notes of everything, both in the interior and exterior. In his vivid imagination he peopled the rooms and the *bosquets* in the garden with the Kings and the Queen† who had such a hold upon his heart. He studied attentively every historical memorial in Paris, and was much gratified that the people respected his *incognito* and allowed him to go about unnoticed.

* When he made one of his private visits to Paris to get ideas for his different buildings, he never made any public announcement as to where he had gone; he wanted it to be supposed that he was on a pilgrimage, but no one believed this; he was not so very pious, "our Ludwig!"

† Louis XIV. and XV. and Marie Antoinette.

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An expedition made by the King in the following year was to Rheims: he was accompanied by his Master of the Horse, Count Holstein, and General of Division Schamberger, and there his Majesty celebrated his birthday. He visited the splendid cathedral where the coronation of the French kings took place; also in this ancient church Joan of Arc did homage to Charles VII. after he was crowned king over the country which she had restored to him. The first day of sight-seeing was a rare enjoyment to the King, who revelled in his *incognito*. The next morning when he set forth on another expedition, he found an immense crowd gathered at every point of interest round the Archbishop's palace and the church of St. Remy. The news had spread during the night and brought the mob, who all wanted to see the King. Ludwig, who detested being stared at, and who gave way to every impulse of his mind, ordered the carriage to return to the hotel, and left Rheims in half an hour.

The vacillations of the King's mind were beginning to be a serious trial to his Ministers, in proof of which a story is told by the pleasant writer of the "Four Kings of Bavaria." This lady's husband was Eisenhart, for a time one of the King's favourite advisers. The Eisenhart family had apartments in the Residenz Schloss, or Royal Palace, in Munich. On the occasion of the Students' Festival—always of great importance—the torchlight procession of collegians was to pass, as was customary, the royal residence, and the King was to show himself on the balcony as usual. The Eisenharts had invited friends to see

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the show, when, late in the evening and when all her guests had arrived, madame was informed that the King's footman wished to speak to her. (I continue the story in her own words.) "The footman said, 'His Majesty wishes that the Herr Minister Eisenhart should arrange that the torchlight procession does not go past the royal palace.' 'Not past here! but my husband is dining at the public banquet in the Odeon: shall I send for him?' 'That I cannot say. I will report to his Majesty.' I returned to my friends and tried not to show my inward disturbance, for I was fairly upset by the message. In a few minutes I was again called out. There stood the royal footman, breathless with the haste he had made. 'The King desires that the Herr Minister should at once be sent for. The procession must not go past the palace.' I at once sent for the messenger attached to the Ministerial office. He was not a genius and he was somewhat slow, but he was a very trustworthy man, and to him I confided the imminent necessity of fetching my husband with as much despatch as possible. Then again I returned to my guests who were settling themselves in their places. They thanked me for giving them such a view. 'Ah!' thought I, 'you won't see anything. Then one more observant than the others remarked: 'You seem very uneasy; what is the matter?' I answered that I was looking to see if my husband was coming. 'Oh, he has seen many torchlight processions. Ah! the students are getting into their places! There go the Bengal lights!' My soul went down into my shoes. The King would be in a rage. 'From

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my corner,' said a gay voice, 'we can see the whole ovation. Do you think the King will speak from the balcony?' 'Hardly,' I said hurriedly, for at this moment I saw my maid making signs that I was wanted. I went outside. There stood that terrible footman.

"'His Majesty has sent to know has the Herr Minister arranged everything?' 'I am in despair,' I said. 'The Herr Minister, my husband, has not yet come. I suppose the crowd—and the messenger has not come either.' 'Perhaps the Herr Minister has gone to tell the change of route to the arrangers of the procession.'

"This was a ray of light. I grasped it joyfully. 'No doubt,' I said, and tried to think it was so; but just as I got back to the balcony I saw the procession approaching. To the amazement of my friends I cried aloud: 'For God's sake don't let them come this way!' But on they came. The music burst out, the students marched with their standards and their wreaths in a long endless procession past the royal windows. I saw my husband dismissed and perhaps banished! But when later he returned from the banquet I found it was all right, for the King had again changed his mind."

1876 was the last occasion upon which the King held high festival in Munich. In the spring of that year he gave a splendid entertainment in the Hall of Charles the Great to the members of the royal family, the Princes of Anhalt-Dessau, the Archbishop of Munich, the principal officers of State and Ministers. After the dinner there was "the little

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circle," where once more the charm of his personality exerted its usual fascination. He had that royal instinct which is observable in the English royal family, of remembering not alone the individuality of the guests, but also the subject upon which they are at their best. His Majesty Edward VII. is remarkable for this gift, which, it may be said, springs from kindness of heart.

In 1880 Bavaria celebrated the seventh centenary of the House of Wittelsbach. On this jubilee festivity of his own ancestral family the King contented himself by an address in which he omitted the usual ending, "I feel that I am one with my people." Neither did he come to the rejoicings in Munich; he made the usual somewhat stale excuse of toothache or a bad headache. He suffered undoubtedly from both, but the constant repetition of the malady was coincident with his fits of gloom or temper. He made the same excuse when he declined to come to the celebration of the fifteenth centenary of the union of his own Palatinate with the Kingdom of Bavaria; but most people knew he had gone to keep Richard Wagner's birthday at his country seat. Again for some trivial reason the Chapter of the Knights of St. George was postponed!*

* The Order of the Knights of St. George was of ancient date. From the early ages of the Church these orders had been established as connecting links between the world and the cloister. The Knights of St. George, like the Knights Templars, had been for a period suppressed, but were re-established by the Elector Charles VII., and had since that date continued with much splendour. The highest Princes were proud to belong to it. Ludwig II., in 1867, presided for the first time at the Chapter of the Order. On that occasion the sermon was delivered by

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There was a general feeling of uneasiness. The King's enemies began to talk openly—his friends were silent.

Ignatius von Döllinger, in which discourse he drew attention to the far greater activity for good works displayed by the Knights of St. John. This roused the King, who at once set on foot new rules by which the Knights, in addition to their vow to defend the holy Catholic Church, undertook the practice of works of mercy in the manner of founding hospitals and other institutions. During the war of 1870-71 fifteen thousand six hundred and thirty-six gulden were spent in turning one of the royal residences into a hospital for the wounded, where all soldiers, without difference of race or creed, were nursed. Later, by the consent of the Grand Master and the exertions and co-operation of the Knights, a hospital of the Order was built. This was opened in 1874.

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CHAPTER VII.

THE PERSONALITY OF THE KING.

A FRENCH writer thus describes the personality of the King of Bavaria:

"Louis II. is beautiful. His beauty is of a romantic type; his dark eyes dreamy and full of enthusiasm, his fine forehead, his elegant address, his dignified presence, wins instantaneous admiration and sympathy. But if he possesses in a high degree all the charms, all the illusions, all the enthusiasm of youth, he likewise presents an example of the indecision and the love of change that belongs to his age. His subjects think him a fool; they are wrong, he is only foolish on one subject—Music."

There is nothing exaggerated in this description. It describes Ludwig as he was, with all his charm, with all his faults. Personality is a powerful factor in life, being for those in exalted stations of infinite importance, for it is an undoubted fact that such gifts carry more weight than virtue alone—that is, with the populace.

The King's majestic appearance, his beautiful countenance, his romantic air—"a Shelley on the throne"—and his extraordinary charm of manner,

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gave him an interest which attached the people to him more than the acts of a good king would have done. Up to the end the inhabitants of the mountain districts adored him. Over women, in spite of his coldness, he exercised an extraordinary influence, yet no woman, except, perhaps, the Empress of Austria and the Princess Gisela (her daughter), ever obtained much influence over him, nor, so far as can be ascertained, did he ever experience the passion of love for any woman. His admiration for the Empress of Austria was of the same sort as his admiration for Marie Antoinette, a dead not a living passion. Women without end fell in love with him, fascinated by his wonderful eyes, so sad and tender. They got a lock of hair cut from the horse he rode, put it in a locket and wore it next their heart, or kept some flowers upon which he had trod as a relic.

In the presence of women he was always embarrassed, and the boldest coquette was obliged to acknowledge herself beaten. Unlike some shy men who, as Marlow in *She Stoops to Conquer*, can be bold enough with a barmaid while shy with a princess, Ludwig treated all women, however lowly their rank might be, with the same courteous reserve. In spite of his coldness, or perhaps all the more on account of it, women in all ranks and stations of life fell in love with him. Romantic stories fill the pages of his many biographers, one of his female adorers, it was said, having saved the King's life at the expense of her own; but this, like many other pieces of gossip, cannot be received as in any way reliable.

Some slight ripples of scandal were circulated

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concerning his attentions to two of the *prime donne*, Josephine Vogel and Fräulein Schefszky. To the first, who was a splendid actress and executant of Wagner's exacting music, the King presented his favourite riding horse. As can be imagined, this attention was viewed as proof of his admiration for the woman, but very soon it became known that the gift was merely intended as a tribute to her performance of Brunhilde. Anyhow, the horse was a good *affiche* for the theatre. Whenever the *Götterdämmerung* was announced, the house was sure to be crowded, the crowd coming quite as much to see the King's horse take the famous leap over the burning flames as to hear the great *prima donna*. How the cheers and the yells of delight went up from the Müncheners who had banished the King's musician from the city of Munich!*

The efforts of Fräulein Schefszky were quite as infructuous to gain the King's regard, although he paid her more personal attention than he did to other women; this was due to her glorious voice, her tender sympathetic style affording him infinite delight. It was said that the King had heard her accidentally, and, being struck with the delicate *timbre* of her voice, he had raised her from her lowly position as chorus singer, and procured for her the post of *prima*

* This horse was the model for the bronze statue of Louis XIV. on his charger (after the original at Versailles), which was executed by the German artist Perron, who always declared he never had a more intelligent sitter, for he knew all about the matter in hand. On his second visit to the studio he neighed with pleasure when he arrived at the door, and on his entrance placed his hoof without any direction upon the artist's block, and kept it there with the greatest patience until the sculptor had done all he needed.

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WINTER GARDEN IN RESIDENZ SCHLOSS. [*Page* 163.

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donna of the Court Theatre. This may have encouraged the singer to imagine she was regarded with a tender interest, and she resolved to see how far her idea was correct.

It was the King's habit to spend a portion of the night rowing about on the pond which formed part of the Winter Garden at the top of the Residenz Schloss.

Fräulein Schefszky was occasionally asked to sing for his Majesty in the Winter Garden while he rowed on the lake. On one occasion he condescended to row her in his boat; the lady being more a Walküre than a fairy, her weight was too much for the little skiff, which capsized her into the water. It was said that this was a tentative measure of the singer's part to see whether the King could be roused to some demonstration of tenderness. The King, however, left the lady to the care of the boatman and hurriedly made his escape.

Another version of this adventure has been given, in which it is said that Madame Schefszky, seeing that his Majesty was much moved by her singing, ventured to pass her hand through his hair. Indignant at such a familiarity, which destroyed the dream in which he was indulging, the King rudely pushed her away. The push he gave threw her into the lake. Wagner, who was of the party, had to fish her out of the water with a boat-hook.*

In this way the *prima donna's* efforts were rendered

* The King when he identified himself, as he was fond of doing with the characters of *Tristan*, *Parsifal*, or *Lohengrin*, was wont to attire himself in the most magnificent manner. For *Lohengrin* he had a suit of

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abortive by the King's indifference. He was at no pains to conceal that it was as a singer he admired her, not as a woman; nevertheless, she had a certain influence which she lost by her own fault. It had become a custom that from time to time the singer should give the King handsome presents, which he received with the understanding that he would afterwards pay for them. This arrangement, which very often takes place between parents and children at Christmas, or when the young ones give gifts, which must be paid for out of the paternal or maternal purse, is all right between such close ties, but it strikes one as peculiar and unusual as between King and singer. Fräulein Schefszky, however, was evidently determined to get something for herself out of the transaction.

One Christmas she presented her royal patron with a costly carpet with which he was highly pleased, thanking her heartily and desiring repayment to be made at once. His secretary, however, astonished at the high price of the article, caused inquiries to be made, when it came out that Schefszky was making a large profit for herself out of the transaction. The King was so disgusted at the meanness and ingratitude of this deception, that he at once dismissed the

silver armour; his skiff was drawn by a swan which moved by clockwork. Sometimes when at the Castle of Berg he would sit upon the battlements and watch the tenor Nachauer glide in the skiff over the lake Starnberg singing *Lohengrin's* music. All these delights cost money, for the tenors and *prime donne* had to be paid handsomely for their time and journey. Nachauer on one occasion received the suit of silver armour, and the *prime donne* who came were loaded with jewellery in return for the pleasure they had afforded the King.

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KING LUDWIG AS LOHENGRIN. [*Page* 164.
(*Taken from life.*)

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singer from the Grand Opera, ordering, however, that the full salary should be paid to her for the time she had been engaged.

The firmness he exhibited on this occasion is by no means unusual with persons of a weak habit of mind and body who, on occasion, can, as it were, pull themselves together and display extraordinary strength of will.

It is a matter for speculation whether, had he lived, the King's impregnable fortress (his heart) might not have yielded to some well-organized siege. Perhaps some blue-eyed girl of sweet seventeen might have carried it by a *coup de main*, or, like his grandfather Ludwig I., he might in his old age have fallen into the toils of a siren like Lola Montez. Who can tell? Probably, had chance thrown in his path an unselfish, self-sacrificing woman, such a one as Ursula in the sweet old German legend set to music by Sir Arthur Sullivan, one who would have soothed his wayward temper and roused his fainting spirit, history might have had a different story to record of Ludwig of Bavaria.

That he had his type of woman was proved by his passionate admiration for the character of Elsa, upon which he would dilate with enthusiasm to his few intimates, for as a rule the reserve and dread of ridicule which had characterized his boyhood was present in his riper years. He guarded jealously the key to his inner sanctuary, to which only a chosen few were ever permitted to enter. Only three women were ever allowed his confidence—his cousin Elizabeth, Empress of Austria, whose beauty had first

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stirred the pulse of his boyish heart, her daughter the Archduchess Gisela, and his cousin Princess Theresa, daughter to Duke Luitpold—these made his small circle of women friends. Of late years an unfortunate coldness had sprung up between him and his mother, to whom, in his early life, he had been passionately attached. This coldness has been attributed to the Queen's disapprobation of the exaggerated regard the King entertained for Richard Wagner, to whose influence she, rightly or wrongly, attributed the mysterious breaking off of the marriage with Charlotte Sophie. Other causes besides this are mentioned in connection with the coolness between him and his mother, one of these being her change of religion.

In 1874 the Queen Mother, who during the thirty-two years which had passed since her marriage had remained in the Lutheran Church, now desired to join the Catholic communion. The length of time she had taken to consider the matter was proof of the sincerity of her conversion, as was also testified by the great holiness and charity of her life. In this light her change of religion was viewed by all parties except her son, the Catholic King of Catholic Bavaria. For some reason difficult to explain, Ludwig took deep offence at the Queen's act, and made it the occasion to further withdraw himself from her society.

In 1885 the King, who was then at Linderhof, was one evening occupied looking over an historical work dealing with Louis XIV., when suddenly he recalled that this was the sixtieth anniversary of his mother's birthday. It was late in the afternoon, but at once

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the open carriage with its four milk-white horses was ordered, and the King drove to Hohenschwangau, where the Queen Mother was then residing, and where he arrived at ten o'clock, just at the time the royal lady was retiring.

The King's personality was, when he chose, most attractive; his conversational powers were so remarkable, that men of all shades of politics were often drawn over to his views, an easy conquest which greatly delighted his Majesty. The writer of "The Four Kings of Bavaria," whose husband, Von Eisenhart, was for several years the Ministerial adviser to the Cabinet, gives a very graphic picture of Court life and society in Munich. Like all those who live in the atmosphere of a Court, she is decidedly impressed by the smallest trifle which has to do with the royal divinity; but, putting this little weakness aside, Madame von Eisenhart's recollections are pleasant reading. It was the privilege of the Ministerial adviser to have apartments in the royal residence or Schloss. As a natural consequence, the Minister's wife knew all the small tittle-tattle of the Residenz; and although she exercises a fair amount of discretion, she is very gossipy and amusing, as when she describes her meeting his Majesty in the passage which connected the Residenz with the Court Theatre, where in right of her husband's office she had her own box. This passage was generally guarded by gendarmes, who had orders to allow no strangers to pass, while the residents in the castle were careful to respect the King's desire for privacy, which amounted to a mania. One evening,

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however, the Minister's wife, in the happy security that the King had gone driving, was passing along the gallery which led to the theatre, when to her dismay she saw Ludwig standing in one of the window-niches, evidently waiting for the carriage. Poor Madame von Eisenhart was ready to drop with fright. She was trying to go back unnoticed when the King came towards her and said in the most friendly manner, "You must not lose a moment: the overture has already begun; make haste."

And so she got away, very pleased and thankful; but she had time to notice the wonderful dignity of his air and manner.

One can gather, however, that his Majesty was not always in so condescending a mood; he could be very thoughtless of other people's feelings, as when he refused to allow Von Eisenhart to change his place facing the window, although the poor man was almost blinded by the heat of the sun's rays. So, too, with his Master of the Horse, Hornig, who in face of wind and rain would have to dismount from his horse in order to readjust the King's cloak, which the wind might have blown a little to one side, or sometimes to peel an orange!

It has been said that he had such an exaggerated idea of his importance as amounted to a form of insanity known under the name of *megalomania*. The victim of this mental disease fancies that he possesses capabilities, merits, and bodily strength exceeding that of all other men. As a proof that Ludwig II. was insane in this manner, one of his biographers relates that when the King was once at an inn in the

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Tyrol he wrote his name in the visitors' book as "Yo el Rey." Ludwig took a lively interest in the affairs of Spain, and had great sympathy with the unfortunate heir to the throne. The Spanish King's proclamations, also his famous will, were signed Yo el Rey. Those three words were practically all the Spanish Ludwig knew, and it was in a spirit of fun that he took this liberty with a respectable inn which was not much frequented by persons of rank and where this harmless joke was likely to pass unnoticed. A burning light is always shed upon a throne, and simple incidents like the one quoted have worked up the story of the megalomania. If such proofs constitute madness, then there are many people fit for Colney Hatch!

When his good angel was in the ascendant Ludwig could show great kindness and generosity towards those about him. He loaded his friends with presents of all kinds; there was no way of spending money which gave him more satisfaction than bestowing gifts. Christmas, which in Germany is the festival of the year, was always kept by the King with great magnificence. Every one of his relations, friends, acquaintances, gentlemen and ladies of his household, received presents, some of them of extraordinary beauty and value.* For some weeks before the festival the billiard-table at Hohenschwangau (where Christmas was generally kept), one of enormous size, together with several smaller tables, were covered with a selection of articles of all kinds sent by the

* Louise von Kobell.

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Munich jewellers and fabricants of works of art. The room was a perfect bazaar. Jewels, silks, satins, and velvet; books, photographs, carvings in ivory and brass, vases and *flacons*, and charming trifles of all kinds were spread out.

Sometimes at this time of year he amused himself by personating the good magician we read of in fairy tales, but who is seldom to be met with in real life, and would astonish someone of small means by sending a gift of a ring or ornament which in their wildest dreams they had never thought they should possess. Neither were the poor forgotten. They often received double the sum that by custom was annually allotted for their use.

To some of the artists who executed his various orders the King sent valuable presents, and any little kindness or wish to please him was rewarded by a handsome remembrance, as when Schnorr the artist, who had painted some of the *Niebelungen* pictures to the King's satisfaction, was wakened in the middle of the night by the King's messenger bringing him a wreath of golden acorns.*

The patronage given by Ludwig to every branch of art caused a great revival in all the workshops both in Munich and in foreign countries. It was known that a good article was sure to find in him a purchaser, and his commissions were looked for with interest. At one time he ordered what would have been suitable to the thirteenth century, and again some splendid jewel or piece of cinquecento in the style of the luxurious seventeenth century. These orders were

* Heigel.

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well paid, and the workmen and trade generally became conversant with the traditions in which the King delighted.

"In spite of the simple, almost *bourgeois*, manner in which Ludwig had been brought up," writes a recent biographer, "he early evinced a craving for luxurious surroundings. This craving was not a noble desire to be possessed of objects of art, the contemplation of which would elevate the mind of the possessor; it was rather the more sordid feeling which often actuates the *nouveau riche*, or self-made man, that of being able to buy at a large sum and have for his own a work of art which those less rich than he is can only admire at a distance."*

The King was not niggardly; he paid those whom he employed in a right royal fashion. They recognised that, unlike many patrons of art, he never made any effort at undervaluing their services, and never employed any foreign artists if his own country could produce, or his subjects could execute, what he required. If this were not possible, then he imported what was necessary.

His judgment in all matters of art was not to be surpassed, and the interest he took, together with the knowledge he possessed, made his criticism most valuable. At the same time, he passed over nothing, and would go up the ladders to see if the cornices and friezes were painted to his liking.

As everything concerning the King was unlike other monarchs, so was his daily life a great contrast to that of most crowned heads, for he regulated his time

* Jacques Bainville.

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more by the moon than the sun. He slept or rested until mid-day. When his toilette was over, he received every day the chief of the Cabinet, and twice a week the Ministerial Secretary. With these functionaries he went in detail into financial and other business, in all of which he showed a strong will and a sharp insight in the matters laid before him.* He took his meals alone on the corner of a small, uncomfortable little table in his library. If he had to give audiences in the afternoon, he dined while the Secretary or Minister read the despatches. From five or six he drove out, then went to the theatre or spent the evening in the Winter Garden, looking over photographs, water-colours, or engravings. Illustrated books, especially those with architectural designs, were a great amusement.

"I remember," says Madame von Eisenhart, "the King's footman coming with a message, 'His Majesty would be obliged if the Herr Minister would send him the "Luder."' I could not imagine what was meant, but the riddle was easily solved; it was the 'Louvre,' a large book of splendidly engraved prints of the French Palace."

An official dinner, or state ball, was occasionally endured by the King, who only out of a sense of duty honoured these functions with his company. If any of the guests were not to his liking, he would order an immense floral decoration to be placed between him and the obnoxious person or persons, who probably never guessed that this obstruction to the view of royalty was intentional; also to avoid

* Kobell.

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conversation the orchestra would play loud by order of the King. All royal visits, even from those who were not antipathetic to the King, were distasteful to him as requiring state. He always tried to avoid such if possible, sometimes alleging cold or sore throat, to which he was very subject. Unfortunately, he made these excuses so often that he was not believed when really ill.

It is agreed on all sides that up to a certain stage of his malady (and after it became acute fitfully) the King transacted the affairs of the kingdom with the closest attention. "He never," says one of his former Ministers, "allowed anything to interrupt this important business of the Government." When he went to one of his mountain solitudes (this of course refers to his later years, when his illness had increased), the business of signing papers, etc., was carried on by couriers, who left Munich every morning with the despatches and returned in the evening. As the head of the Cabinet and the Secretaries generally accompanied the King, no inconvenience was felt in any of the different Government offices. Occasionally in the heat of the summer the State business was transacted in the open air. Table and chairs were placed upon the grass, which was covered with Turkey carpets; a gigantic nosegay adorned the table, for it was well known the King could not exist without flowers. Then the King would come dashing up in his open carriage, and the Cabinet Minister and Secretaries would appear with their portfolios.

The scene must have been curious, and if snapshots had been then known, we would have a better

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idea of it. The King, his Scotch cap on his head and dressed in travelling costume, sat at the table; behind him stood two tall footmen, in front of him the Cabinet Minister in a black coat, his crush hat under his arm. In a loud voice he read the despatches which the couriers had brought from the different Ministers. Now and then the shrill tones of a cuckoo clock or the barking of a dog broke in upon the reading.

When the King had decided upon some matters and had signed the papers presented to him, he said a friendly good-bye to the Minister, gave a sign to the footmen, and vanished as quickly as he had come. The Minister and the Secretaries vanished also, and the silence of the mountains remained unbroken.

The stage had for the King that magnetic attraction that it holds for some natures, drawing them irresistibly towards actors and acting. There are few who have not some tinge of this fascination, and those who do not care for "the play" are generally commonplace, uninteresting persons. The stage, in fact, "holds up the mirror to life," and herein lies its wonderful attraction.

Ludwig rarely missed an opportunity of being present when the piece was to his liking, and as the Court Theatre was under his direction, he could command any piece he wished. When, therefore, he announced in 1870 that henceforward there would be private representations, the expense of which he would bear and of which he would be the sole spectator, one may imagine the shaking of heads and the general outcry. The people of Munich, who bore

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Ludwig's eccentricities with infinite patience, grumbled dreadfully at these "private representations," but the King took no notice of their grumbling. "Le Roi le veut" was his motto, as it had been that of Louis XIV.; but the Grand Monarque lived in a different century from this. In his day Versailles was built by unfortunate gangs of peasants who worked by the sweat of their brow for nothing but some black bread and an ample allowance of lashes if they were lazy. The lovely object of Ludwig's admiration, Marie Antoinette, kept the miserable creatures all night beating the swamp because the frogs kept her awake by the noise they made. *Autre temps, autre mœurs!*

To return to the King's fancy for private representations, doubtless the first symptom of eccentricity which by degrees became a madness—that of hiding himself from the sight of everyone. Considering the matter by the light which is thrown by time upon most things, one can connect this idea of the private representations with the jealousy of the Crown Prince which ate into the heart of the King. In 1870, the very year when he formed this strange resolution of not letting his people see him, he had appeared side by side with his splendid cousin in the royal box. The Müncheners never saw this spectacle again.

It was a funny trait of human nature that those who made the most fuss about the new order of things were those who only went to the theatre once or twice in the year. The performers did not object in any way, for they got double pay on the nights

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when they had double work, for the King's play did not commence until after the public had seen theirs, each private representation costing more than £60; and this extravagance, added to its unpopularity with the people, induced the Ministers to remonstrate. The King, however, was an absolute sovereign, and snapped his fingers at all remonstrances.

The pieces for the private representations were written expressly, the subjects being chosen by the King, who gave the list to the Court dramatist, Carl von Heigel. Here we have another side-light into the King's wish for these private representations. The pieces had generally for their hero or heroine either Louis XIV., XV., Marie Antoinette, or some event in the reign of either.

On one occasion the King, who was full of kindly little attentions, having heard that the wife of his Secretary, Von Eisenhart, had translated a play *Salvoisy*,* and was anxious to get it on the stage, immediately asked to see the work, expressed his approbation, and gave orders that it should be put in the *répertoire* for private representation.

Notwithstanding many difficulties, the drama was produced in November, 1872. The authoress and her husband received an invitation to the private representation, to which no one could go unasked. They had free choice of places, the large theatre being quite empty. The performance commenced at fifteen minutes past eleven o'clock! "The house was brilliantly lighted, but a depressing stillness prevailed. Suddenly we heard a door open, the castors of a chair

* Scribe.

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rolling forwards, a bell rang, and the curtain went up. King Ludwig had come into the royal box."

The piece was well played. It dealt with an exciting episode during the Revolution which concerned the unhappy Marie Antoinette, and is one of the best of Scribe's many dramas.

Nevertheless the authoress says: "It seemed to me that the want of a public was felt—that strange, pulsating crowd, to see which is like an electric shock communicating itself from one to another and ensuring success."

When Wagner's operas were performed the cost was more than doubled, every member of the company, including the lowest call-boy, receiving a substantial fee. Occasionally there were performances of Schiller's plays, but in general the *répertoire* was furnished from plays written by the Court dramatist, Carl von Heigel, the subject being taken from some book the King had read or from some long-cherished idea, Louis XIV., Mesdames Pompadour, Dubarry, Maintenon, appearing constantly, as well as Marie Antoinette. Racine and other French writers and men of distinction also figured.

Once when the King had commanded a representation of *Don Carlos*, the eminent tragédienne, Charlotte Wolter, came for a few nights. She has left her account of what took place:

"The King's presence was not revealed to us in any way until the clink of an electric bell announced that he had entered the house, but we knew not where he sat, and we played under the strangest sensation to rows of empty stalls and boxes plunged in gloom."

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The piece was Sardou's *Narcissus.** It began at midnight. The company were all ready at half-past eleven. There was not a sound in the house; the scene-shifters moved noiselessly in felt slippers. As the curtain drew up, Madame Wolter was conscious of a nervous tremor.

"I shall never forget," she adds, "my sensations when I stepped upon the stage—I, who was accustomed to a house crammed from floor to ceiling, found myself facing empty space. In vain I tried to see through the gloom: I could hardly distinguish the outlines of the few spectators. Not a sound was to be heard. I went on bravely with my part, but I did not do myself justice, I missed that electric current which communicates itself from the public to the actor."

Carl von Heigel ridicules what he calls this "rodomontade," and says that in Berlin the actress was accustomed to play in almost total darkness; but that was during the rehearsals, and a rehearsal is quite another thing from a representation. Anyone, I think, must enter into the actress' feelings; the absence of a bright theatre filled with a sympathetic audience, together with the mysterious silence and want of applause, must have caused a most depressing effect upon the artistic temperament always easily raised or depressed.

Heigel is probably correct in stating that there was an amount of exaggeration in all the reports that were circulated about these private representations. In proof of this he cites a passage from Mark Twain's

* It was substituted for *Don Carlos*.

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"Tramp Abroad," in which appears a ludicrous account of the King's private theatre:

"The King of Bavaria," says the American humorist, "loves the opera, but likes to listen to the music undisturbed by other spectators. Therefore it occasionally happens that when the opera is over and the performers have washed the paint from their faces and have taken off their stage costumes, they are told to paint their faces and put on their stage dresses for the King's private benefit, who at midnight sits in his box, the only spectator in the empty theatre, while the singers and the orchestra repeat the opera from beginning to the end.

"In the enormous Opera House in Munich there is some sort of machinery which in case of fire can call an immense water power into play. This could, we are told, place the entire stage under water. On one occasion when the King was the sole audience a curious scene took place. In the piece a great storm is introduced; the theatre thunder rolled, the theatre wind blew, the noise of rain falling began. The King grew more and more excited; he was carried out of himself. He called from his box in a loud voice, 'Good, very good! Excellent! But I wish to have real rain! Turn on the water!' The manager ventured to remonstrate: he spoke of the ruin to the decorations, the silk and velvet hangings, etc., but the King would not listen. 'Never mind, never mind! I wish to have real rain: turn on the cocks!' So it was done. The water deluged the stage, it streamed over the painted flowers and the painted hedges and the summer-houses; the singers

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in their fine costumes were wet from head to foot, but they tried to ignore the situation, and, being born and bred actors, succeeded. They sang on bravely. The King was in the seventh heaven; he clapped his hands and cried, 'Bravo! More thunder! More lightning! Make it rain harder! Let all the pipes loose! More! More! I will hang anyone who dares to put up an umbrella!'"

"When the King," says Heigel, "heard this extract, which I translated for him and shortened considerably, he laughed quite as heartily as I had done; but as a matter of fact," continues the dramatist, "the citizens of Munich were almost as credulous as the American. During a shower one of my friends took refuge in a tavern; the topers were gossiping over the King's amusements, especially the private representations, the expenses of which reacted upon their taxes. 'And who writes these plays?' asked my friend (it is Heigel, the Court dramatist, who is telling the story), in the expectation that he would hear my name, and with the amiable intention of dissipating any unpleasant prejudice against me personally. 'The plays, do you mean?' answered his next neighbour; 'the King writes them himself!'"

So much for fame! The speaker was not far from the mark. The King at one time had gone very near writing one play, at all events. It was in his early youth and when, like most young men, his tendency was poetical. Victor Hugo, not Byron, was his model; he disliked the English poet. His play was a tragedy and republican. A King's son conspires with the people, whom he incites to rebellion, he de-

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thrones his father and declares a republic. Rather a remarkable plot for a Crown Prince! But he was too closely watched to allow this crude performance to see the light, and his opinions changed after he came to the throne.

The great interest the King took in the drama as a natural consequence induced a taste for all theatrical matters and inclined him to the society of musicians and actors. It would be idle to say that his choice of friends was always of the best. A character like his was apt to run into extremes and to credit those he admired and liked with qualities which they did not possess. So far as one is able to judge, Wagner returned the King's affection; but whether he acted the part of a *sincere* friend it is more than doubtful. None other of those the King favoured ever took the same place in his affections. He patronised, however, munificently, different members of the theatrical profession. This is not unusual, for royalty as a rule has been gracious towards the kings and queens of an hour. George IV. when he was Regent was quite at home in the green room; but, except when honoured by a command to play, it is not customary for actors to remain for weeks on a visit with crowned heads.

Ludwig entertained his professional friends at his different palaces for weeks at a time. Fräulein Schefszky was a favoured guest before her downfall, Von Bülow also was sometimes invited to play to his Majesty favourite bits of *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, etc. In the dark November or December days the celebrated tragédienne, Buljowski, was commanded to

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Hohenschwangau to recite some of Schiller's plays for the King, who often astonished the artiste by his surprising memory.* He could prompt when Buljowski forgot, and sometimes undertook to fill one of the parts without any book.

A more recent *protégé* was Joseph Kainz, a young actor, with a tenor voice of surprising quality. The King had heard him sing *Didier* in Victor Hugo's *Manon Lescaut*, and at once invited him to the palace. Kainz spent weeks with the King, who loaded him with handsome presents. Sometimes whole nights were passed in recitation, Ludwig taking his share. This incongruous friendship was much talked of; and, again, as in the case of Wagner, the cry was raised of political influence. Kainz, however, thought of nothing but advancing himself, neither had he the personal influence possessed by Wagner. Beyond his lovely voice he had little to recommend him. Such violent delights are likely to have violent endings, and the King, who was most capricious in his likings, took a sudden distaste to Kainz, who naturally had not sufficient experience in Court life to guide him over its many shoals and quicksands.

Heigel and others have given decided contradic-

* The King's memory was extraordinary. When he paid his first visit to Versailles, he astonished his guide by his knowledge of the palace itself and its contents; he and his conductor might well have changed places. He knew pages of Schiller, Racine, and Voltaire by heart. Buljowski won his liking by her performance of Marie Stuart, with whom he was as much in love as he was with Marie Antoinette. He ordered the actress' portrait to be painted as the Queen. Buljowski was very much disgusted when she found that the King remained at Linderhof, and never came to the sittings she gave the artist in the theatre.

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tions to several of the exaggerated reports that were circulated as to the private representations in which the Court dramatist was naturally interested, as they benefited him materially. He denies that the theatre was in the dark; on the contrary, it was brilliantly lit for certain representations;* and this is also testified by Professor Ernest Possart. The King occupied the box in the centre of the house, the ones in the tier beneath being given to his Cabinet Ministers and a few select friends who came by invitation. His Majesty, therefore, was visible only to the actors, and these, when not engaged with their parts, could see what impression their efforts made upon the King.

The same authority† repudiates the report that was circulated by the Münchener Press, that after every performance the director and "other persons" received magnificent presents. Amongst these fortunate individuals Heigel himself was named. "The diamonds that the King is said to have given me are invisible stones, they have no glitter; the country-house which a country newspaper announces has been lately presented to me is situated in the moon. I receive the usual honorarium of a poet laureate and Court dramatist; the amount would be considered a pittance by a popular writer." I don't think I need trouble my readers with the list of the plays arranged under the King's direction by Carl von Heigel for the private representations; they were mostly of French extraction. One, however, was taken from a novel called "Hohenschwangau," a

* Madame Eisenhart's *Salvoisy*, for instance.

† Carl von Heigel.

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tragic tale of wickedness, in which the hero is of the ancient race of Schwangau.* The composer of the drama describes the fate of this piece humorously.

"After the death of Ludwig, Baron Perfall† produced the tragedy, which, like all those written for the King, had never been given to the public. The first night it was hissed off the stage; the following morning it was torn to tatters by the Press, and on the next Sunday it was forbidden by the order of the Archbishop." The author asks, "Could a dramatist have in the short space of three days more ill luck?"

The last piece entrusted by the King to the Court dramatist was from Gutzkow's novel, "Fritz Ellradt." It tells the story of the most unfortunate of the Margraves of Bavaria, Frederick Christian, *reg.* 1763. Always of a strange turn of mind, Christian, after he became Regent, withdrew himself more and more from his subjects; he became a misanthrope, a madman. "The last scene of my adaptation," says Carl von Heigel, "ended with these words: 'A strange, irresistible fatality pursued and sent him unresisting to his doom.' These were," says Heigel, "the last lines I ever wrote for the King." The piece was not quite completed when a strange fatality pursued and sent Ludwig II. to his doom.

* Next to the French Court, Ludwig seems to have liked to have the legends of Hohenschwangau dramatised, all with tragical endings.

† The manager of the Munich Opera House.

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HOHENSCHWANGAU AND NEUSCHWANSTEIN, WITH LAKE AND MOUNTAINS. [*Page* 185.

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CHAPTER VIII.

"I WILL BUILD A FAIRY CASTLE."

IN all memoirs, articles, etc., which have from time to time appeared on the subject of Ludwig II., great stress is laid upon what is called "his mania for building." Everybody has a loose screw somewhere —with one it is horses, with another cards, with a third admiration for the fair sex. Now the King had none of these three manias, and no one, I suppose, will deny that a wish to leave to future generations noble examples of art is not more worthy of praise than to lavish sums of money and go into the Bankruptcy Court for horses or cards.

"Recalling," says the author of "The Fancies of a King,"* "what sums of money have been spent by monarchs, how taxes have been wrung from a starving people to pay for sinful extravagances, the follies of Louis II. compare favourably with that of other Princes."

There is no denying that the building of Herrenschiemsee was a royal folly, much on a par with the folly of Peter the Great in building St. Petersburg in the midst of a swamp. The debt Ludwig con-

* Mennell's "Phantasien eines Königs."

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tracted for this sumptuous edifice was £40,000, a sum which a few years of economy, had he lived, would have wiped off. There was more excuse for building Schwanstein.

The King knew by heart the golden chronicle of Schwangau. He knew that originally there had been four castles, or rather two castles and two watch-towers, on the mountain-top. The two castles (such as they were) lay close together, one protecting the other. The watch-towers, Schwanstein and Frauenstein, lay lower down between the two lakes. Schwanstein stood upon a high precipice, Frauenstein on another; they commanded a view of all comers. When the wealthy Paumgartens bought the property, they knocked down the two watch-towers, and on the site of Schwanstein built a splendid castle. This was in 1535, and it took nine years to complete the building. Then, as we know, the Paumgartens died out, and the castle fell into ruins, and finally Maximilian saw and fancied the mountain air would revive his stricken body, and so he rebuilt the ruin, and this is Hohenschwangau of to-day. But it is not the Hohenschwangau where the old race dwelt; it is the restored Castle of the Paumgartens, and Ludwig wanted to have a castle on the very spot where Konrad had spent his early youth and Hiltebold had sung victorious lays and had worn his armour covered with white swans. So workmen were set to work in 1869, and the foundations were laid.

To-day Neuschwanstein stands a splendid realisation of Ludwig's dream, a true German castle. "It could readily withstand an assault from any force

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save guns of the higher power." * Here Ludwig, who at the time had his head full of the *Niebelungenlied* and the *Meistersinger*, by a happy thought reproduced in the Hall of the Singers the Hall of the Wartburg. This splendid room, which is one hundred feet long, seventy-five wide, is in the day lighted from the north-west and south, and at night by five hundred and sixty-eight candles. The air of the room breathes an old-world vitality; we feel for the moment transported into the far-away past. The frescoes (by August Spiess) are a homage to the great troubadour Wolfram von Eschenbach. Here we see Parsifal's mother, Herzeloyde of Valois, the sweet Konduiramur,† Kundrie the Sorceress, the pious Trevrezent, Gawain, and Parsifal's son Lohengrin, besides numerous other personages connected with Wolfram's great work. There are also allegorical paintings —Strength and Justice, Truth and Wisdom, Fidelity, etc. A peculiarity of the decorative work at Neuschwanstein is that gold is used more as a colour than as a mere glitter. This, however, is often the case in old illuminations.

Whatever divergence of opinion there may be as to the necessity there was to have two castles in such close proximity to one another, all agree in praise of Neuschwanstein. "This castle far surpasses any building of modern times," says Mennell, "and is the Walhalla of artistic minds." And Fr. Lampert extols the wonderful correspondence between the work of

* Mennell's "Phantasien eines Königs."

† Parsifal's wife.

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man and that of nature, so that each presents an almost magician-like effect.

The point I would impress, however, is that, when all is said, the fact remains that nature has done more for Neuschwanstein than art. "With all the glories of the castle, it is the situation of it which most impresses. As the traveller stands in the loggia with its gilded roof, near the King's bedroom, and looks up the wild ravine to whose outmost crag the castle clings, and from which it soars, he cannot but feel how idly man toils after the perfection of beauty which nature lavishes. The never-fading impression which one carries away of the view from Neuschwanstein owes its distinction to this, that, to a degree greater than one finds elsewhere, it embraces every element which man admires in natural beauty. Before you is the most romantic of gorges, unsurpassed by any in the Alps. Over its face falls an ample, flashing cataract, several hundred feet high, with a bridge like a spider's web arching it at half its height. All about you are sublime mountain ranges, hoary with the snows of three-quarters of the year. Yet turn your face, and there before you, again, stretches out the vast Bavarian plain, green with its lush growth of verdure, as finely cultivated as a garden. Yonder is an old walled town on a hill, with a large château above. Beneath it foams the arrowy flight of a sparkling river. Do you ask for calmer waters to complete this picture? Then watch the sunlight on that little lake half hidden by a mountain spur, and coroneted by encircling cliffs. Or, here on a lesser hill below you is the beautiful old yellow Castle of

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Hohenschwangau,* famous in mediæval history, climbing out of a sea of foliage, where King Louis spent his boyhood. About its knees huddle the trim houses and gardens of a tiny village. In a word, the view embraces, on the one hand, all that man can do to conquer and embellish nature; and then, as one turns away, he finds himself, on the other hand, face to face with all that nature can do to uplift and thrill the heart of man. It is all a perfect reproduction of the poet's perfect picture."

The decoration of the rooms shows the direction of the King's mind. Room after room is full of reproductions by the best artists of the heroes and heroines of the Niebelungen Ring: † Brunhilde and Siegfried, also Parsifal, Lohengrin, the sorrowful story of Tristan and Isolde. Tannhäuser appears constantly, as is only fitting, as we are here in his country, or at least on the spot where he dwelt. We see him with the Wittelsbach Otto at his castle in Traunitz; again on the Venusborg; finally cursed by the Pope. It gives somewhat of a shock to find the portraits of Louis XIV. intruding itself into such a society of heroes; but Louis XIV. was to King Ludwig what Charles I.'s head was to Uncle Dick. He couldn't get away from the two bad kings of France, Louis XIV. and XV., and if ever a man was in love with

* The writer of this charming description, the Rev. Alexander Mackay Smith (*Harper's*) does not seem to be aware that Hohenschwangau is not an old castle; only the foundation remained when Maximilian II. bought it in 1829.

† The wall paintings of the old legends are taken from the Sagen Kriese and not reproduced from Wagner's operas—a proof of good taste that all artistic minds must commend.

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another man's wife, the King was with Marie Antoinette. There is no scandal in saying that he adored her. Her marble presentment stood next to his bed, so placed that his eyes might fall upon her face when he awoke. It was silly and childish, but Ludwig was not a sane man.

Linderhof is, so to speak, consecrated to Marie Antoinette. Originally a lodge deep in the very heart of the Bavarian Highlands, this little Trianon is situated not very far from Hohenschwangau. The interior of Linderhof is most sumptuous, everything being in the French style of the period of Louis XIV. and XV. The paintings on the walls represent events that took place at the French Court—marriages, dinners, balls, etc. They are after the French school of Watteau and Lancret. The furniture is all in the same style and of the most costly description, no money being spared. The mirror-room is one of the great attractions. The large plate-glass mirrors which reach from the floor to the ceiling reflect the beautiful objects collected in the room, which are both rare and costly. One day the King brought a strange visitor into this apartment, a young chamois, whose astonishment and fright at seeing her own reflection amused the King, who laughed delightedly at her jumps and springs. Suddenly there came a crash, and one of the large mirrors fell in a thousand pieces. The chamois, with feminine curiosity, had sprung upon her own image, with this result. The King laughed no more; he was annoyed, but could blame no one but himself.

The history of Linderhof is told in a few words,

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CASTLE OF LINDERHOF. [*Page* 190.

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for the reason that it has no traditions. There is no old-world romance attached to it, it holds no antiquarian interest. Its one grand possession was a large linden-tree with wide-spreading branches, in the shade of which thirty villagers could sit and discuss the village politics. Close by was a small hunting lodge, where Maximilian II., when he came to hunt, put up with his attendants. It suited his purpose, and the honest villagers imagined that it would suit the young king; but they soon found out their mistake. Ludwig II. was not a hunter, nor even a good rider, although on horseback he looked splendid. He loved the solitude of the woods; and in 1869, when the building mania had seized upon him, his thoughts turned to the cool, refreshing breezes of Linderhof. Orders were sent that he was coming. One of the Secretaries was despatched in all haste to prepare the lodge and make it pretty for the reception of his Majesty; new furniture was ordered, new blue silk hangings put up; everything was done in the hope of turning the King from any idea of rebuilding the lodge, this being a constant fear before the eyes of his Ministers. They had not studied the proverb, "A wilful man will have his way." Within a week of his arrival the plans for the little Trianon were put in hand, artists were despatched in all haste to make studies at Versailles and bring back models of everything used by Marie Antoinette. The lodge occupied by Maximilian was taken up bodily and put down somewhere else, and in its place arose a miniature palace in the middle of a large garden laid out with stiff symmetrical beds and terraces with a

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flight of high steps. It took nearly ten years to build this copy of the Trianon, but it is a vast improvement upon the original. Linderhof is a dream of luxury and splendour, "every inch of wall and ceiling glows with a beauty of colour and a harmony of arrangement which takes the visitor by surprise." It is almost oppressive to find so much splendour in an out-of-the-way forest. There is a want of keeping, an incongruity in the surroundings; it is like wearing a fine Court dress when there is no Court. The King called this new fancy Meicostettal, an anagram of "L'Etat c'est moi."

The ten reception-rooms at Linderhof are of all sizes and shapes. The ceilings are painted in the style of the seventeenth century, the floors parquet, the walls closely covered with paintings and pastels, the doors gilt. There is a bewildering profusion of furniture in rosewood, buhl, marquetrie; plates, busts, statues in bronze and marble; countless gilt cabinets with majolica or Dresden let in; Japanese and Chinese figures and bronzes; Meissonier and Sèvres vases, china flower-holders—every imaginable ornament which could have been in Marie Antoinette's sitting-room. Another apartment is crowded with silver and gold ornaments set with precious stones, furniture and curtains of velvet or silk, richly embroidered hangings or Gobelins tapestry copied (some are the original hangings) from the tapestry woven for Louis XIV. under the direction of André and Boucher; magnificent clocks, candelabras, brackets, and hanging lustres and lights all reflected by a hundred mirrors set in gold frames. This was the

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mirror-room, without which no Louis XIV. palace could be complete.

The prevailing colour in the ten reception-rooms in Linderhof is blue, the colour the King loved best. It was a peculiar blue and was called "the King's blue"; it closely resembled the tint with which most people are familiar in the well-known picture of the Assumption.

The reception-rooms at Linderhof take up the whole house. There is only one sleeping-room—the King's. There is no arrangement for guests. Ludwig had to be satisfied with his French kings and queens, of which he must have got a surfeit. In the King's bed-chamber there is of course the *ruelle*, dividing from the rest of the apartment by a gilt rail the state bed, which was large enough to hold half a dozen people!

One of the remarkable features of Linderhof, next to its extraordinary sumptuousness, is the grotto, an imitation of that wonderful freak of nature, the grotto at Capri. No sooner did any idea seize upon the King than it was at once carried into execution, this restlessness and impatience being a feature of characters which have no stability. Excavations were made, water-courses turned on, waterfalls constructed. The grotto was formed out of cement and brown linen, the walls were covered with a coating of antimony in order to receive the sparkling, glittering stones, coloured spars were introduced, and then electricity was brought into play. An electrician came from Munich and remained permanently, as it required not alone skill but great watchfulness, to

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prevent a catastrophe. There was an electric battery and a gas supply on the spot, and all this to give the King a short half-hour's pleasure.

The production of the change of colours was a task of infinite difficulty, and was only achieved after endless experiments. The prismatic colours—the red, green, and yellow—were comparatively easy; but the King had fixed his mind upon a peculiar shade of blue for the prevailing tint, a deep forget-me-not most difficult to attain, and nothing else would content his Majesty. Constant efforts were made before his desire could be gratified, but the result was never quite satisfactory, although in other respects, the King's grotto is a very fair imitation of nature's handiwork at Capri.

When someone remarked that the effect of the light and the changing colours was bad for the eyes, the King observed that it might be so for the operators, but that it did not injure his! He would never listen to anything disagreeable, and when people spoke of the enormous heat to which the workmen were exposed in procuring him pleasure, he would say, "I don't wish to know how it is made, I only care to see the effect."

Near to the grotto was the pavilion, fitted up luxuriously; and a little further on in the park there was Hunding's Hut, which was an exact representation of what appeared on the stage in the *Walküre*. A large tree planted in the interior of the cottage spread its branches through the roof; there was a rude couch covered with rugs: the furniture and drinking vessels were all of mediæval pattern, rudely

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THE CASTLE OF HERRENSCHIEMSEE. [*Page* 198.

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made. Ludwig, who showed a remarkable steadiness of purpose in the pursuit of these fancies of his, came regularly at certain periods of the year to spend the night in this uncomfortable dwelling. He arrived at nine o'clock in the evening, slept on the rude couch, the rugs for coverlets, and departed at six next morning. He paid sixteen visits during each year. The servants at the Hut were in mediæval costumes. At the Pavilion they wore Turkish dress.

High up on the mountain-top stands Schachten a Moorish Kiosk. Here the King occasionally passed some hours, or perhaps longer, dressed in Eastern costume, reposing upon cushions, drinking sherbet, and smoking a narghile.

"Some writers make mention of a hunting-box called Herzogstand, where, in the first years of his reign, the King spent many days quite *alone;* and, it is said, was seen by the peasants clad in skins and playing on a mountain reed. The gamekeeper, who lived in an adjacent lodge, was deputed to provide the necessaries of life for his royal master."

The great charm of Linderhof is its lovely garden, with a well in the centre surrounded by statues of gods and goddesses. The grass is cut close and is as smooth as a carpet of velvet. The perfume of the flowers, which are massed together, fills the air. The trees made a delicious shade, the shrubbery is a cool retreat; it is the very perfection of delicious laziness. Summer-houses and tents are dotted about; some of these have gilt lattice-work and make a shelter for some favourite god or goddess. Half a dozen broad terraces lead up to the hill, down the side of which

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leaps from crag to crag a rushing, tumbling cascade, its clear water refreshing to the eye. At every available spot statues of nymphs, cupids, gods and goddesses, interspersed with vases, enliven the scene, and on the very summit of the height stands a little temple dedicated to Juno.

The last terrace surrounds the linden-tree* from which the place takes its name. It is a giant; a staircase in the hollow of its trunk leads to a look-out or observatory. Here the King would spend hours; his leisure time was employed harmlessly, and differed from the pursuits to which his models Louis XIV. and XV. were addicted.

When all is done and said, the blue grotto, which was never blue enough to please the King, and the Hut of Hunding, and the Hermitage and all the other fiddle-faddles, are poor things enough, and if at all neglected would present a miserable spectacle. A grotto made of brown linen and stucco cannot stand like a grotto of nature's making. So with the kiosk, with its marble bath and its majolica vases and its three peacocks in bronze, who are as good as real peacocks and better, for when they beat their wings,

* The king in passing this tree always bowed to it. There was also a hedge on the roadside over which he made certain movements with his hand, as if blessing it. His great reverence was, however, paid to the statues of Louis XIV. and Marie Antoinette—"his guests who came and went as they liked," so he would speak of them. To one statue of the French Queen no servant dared raise his eyes, and the Court furrier stated that he had to kneel down before this presentment of Marie Antoinette, while the King considered it with his eyes cast up to heaven, moving backwards and forwards, getting quicker each time, finally taking a sorrowful farewell. He also always embraced a certain pillar before leaving Linderhof.

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THE GRAND STAIRCASE, CASTLE OF HERRENSCHIEMSEE. [*Page* 199

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which are made of pieces of glass stuck together, the movements show a hundred prismatic colours—very ingenious but not convincing.

One would imagine that, having indulged his love for the memory of Marie Antoinette by copying the Trianon, the King would not have cared for more of the French style; but his next undertaking, Herrenschiemsee, was on a far more gigantic scale than any of his previous efforts. In 1873 the great Forest of Chiemsee, bordered by the lake of the same name, which lies near to Herrenworth, had come into the market. The island of Herrenworth had been in the early centuries of the Church a Benedictine monastery well known for its learning and sanctity.* The monastery had been shut up and the monks driven away. Things did not go worse with the monks of Herrenworth than they did with monks in other parts of the world; but it did seem hard lines that when matters had settled down after the first fire and sword of a new religion was over, and when the Benedictines had got back to their island solitude, they were suppressed again by order of Max Joseph, who acted under the guidance of Monteglas an (early Bismarck). The island was swept clean of its old associations, and then let out to different proprietors, some of whom set up a brewery in the old monastery of Herrenworth. At last in 1868 some timber merchants of Würtemberg proposed to buy the whole island, intending to cut down the trees. From morning till night no sound was heard but the axe felling the fine timber.

* It was founded 776 by the monk *Dobna*.

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By what chance this came to the ears of the King I cannot say, but when it was made known to him (1873) he at once offered a larger price than the Würtemberg merchants, and the island of Herrenworth was his. It was not, however, until 1878 that Ludwig made any definite use of his new acquisition; then he went to see it. The grand silence in the solitude of the woods captivated his imagination. "Here shall I build me a home, wherein no man, nor woman either, can disturb my peace."

The usual course was adopted, plans were made, and no sooner did the King see the maggot which had been in his brain developed into a definite plan, than he began to make the indefinite definite. A whole train of workmen were despatched to Herrenworth, which is more than a day's journey from Munich, but that did not matter; nothing mattered when the King's fancies were in question. "Le Roi le veut," said this new Louis XIV., and his will was done.

As Linderhof had been dedicated to Marie Antoinette, Herrenschiemsee was to be a tribute to the Grand Monarque. It is a modern Versailles—only it is unfinished. The part that is complete is truly magnificent. If it had been the one work of the King's life it would have been a fitting memorial for any monarch to leave to the country; but as it was the third, the nation did not feel particularly grateful. Moreover, to build such a palace in a desolate region like Herrenworth, was an unpardonable stupidity. There was nothing to attract but the forest. Versailles had a meaning; it was a country residence near to the capital, its splendours could be

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GRAND SALON OR BALLROOM, CASTLE OF HERRENSCHIEMSEE. *Page 199.*

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made use of; but Herrenschiemsee with its magnificent apartments wherein the sound of voices was never heard, the grand staircases up which no one came—why was such a castle built to shed its brightness on a desert like Herrenworth? Why, indeed? The King was not a sane man, is the only answer to such a question. Now, as one wanders over the untenanted and magnificent pile, we feel haunted as it were by an unseen company which fills these empty rooms. This curious sensation is engendered by the lonely splendour of the surroundings; it is like the Palace of the White Cat, that delightful tale of childish days. Imagination peoples these empty rooms with the wicked courtiers and courtesans of the two French kings—the Montespan and the Pompadour, the Dubarry in all her insolence; "but what had this train of wickedness to say to Ludwig II., who blushed if anyone mentioned in his presence the name of a demi-monde belle? On this score no one can throw a stone at the King, and yet it will be hardly credited that next to Marie Antoinette Ludwig II. adored the Pompadour."* To him she was a goddess; he would have plays performed for him in which her character was introduced; he knew the plays were worthless, but that did not matter—the Pompadour was there! No one could venture to understand, I take it, the workings of such a diseased mind as was this poor King's.

At Herrenschiemsee the hall of mirrors beats the record of Ludwig's splendid extravagance in its gorgeous display of mirrors and gilding. In this

* Heigel.

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gallery there hang thirty-three golden lustres containing—guess how many candles?—*two thousand five hundred!* There is some curious machinery by which at a signal from the King these huge chandeliers could be simultaneously lowered to the floor, where they were lighted and then raised again, when the room was filled with a sudden and almost intolerable glare and heat from the number of lights, which seemed to multiply into more and more thousands from the reflection in the mirrors which lined the walls.* The King came every year from Munich on purpose to see this sight, which no one but himself and his aide-de-camp were allowed to witness.

In the *salle des gardes du Roi* paintings are let into the walls representing in the style of the French Court painters the entrance of Louis XIV. into Douai, the battle of Neerwinden, and the entrance of the conqueror into Arras. Then comes Oudenarde and portraits of Turenne, Condé, and the French monarch, who, to use a vulgar but expressive saying, "is all over the place." One grows to loathe the sight of his flowing periwig, still more the *banal* but wicked smile of that incarnation of badness, Louis XV. In the *salle des gardes* there are twenty-four halberds, but the halberdier is missing, as are also the four-and-twenty flasks of wine which by Louis XIV.'s orders were always on the table for the Guard. Likewise in the *œil-de-bœuf*, the familiar form which we associate with the historical *œil-de-bœuf* is not there, the long-legged Swiss who, as Mercier relates,

* A candle once lit, if only for a moment, was never allowed to be lighted again.

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THE STATE BEDROOM, CASTLE OF HERRENSCHIEMSEE. [*Page* 201.

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never left this room, and knew in the castle no other room but this; who ate and slept behind a screen, and whose whole stock of words consisted in "Passez Messieurs!" "Le Roi!" "Retirez-vous!" "On n'entre pas, Monseigneur!"

In Versailles the apartment next the *œil-de-bœuf* was the bed-chamber of Louis XIV. In the bed which it contains he died; it was what was called a *lit de repos*. There are some of these beds in Hampton Court, very much ornamented and suitable for state rooms. So is the state bed at Herrenschiemsee—a splendid affair, in which a dozen people could sleep comfortably. Both the bed and the room are one glitter of gilding. The quilt on Louis XIV.'s bed was embroidered by the young ladies of St. Cyr; the curtains and quilt of Ludwig's state bed took seven years to embroider by the Munich workwomen. We think involuntarily of Frederick the Great, William of Prussia, and the Duke of Wellington, all three great men, who slept and died upon camp bedsteads. But then the embroiderers and the gilders of Munich got two millions and more of gulden for their work. Trade feeds upon the luxury of such men as these two kings, Louis and Ludwig.

The royal bed-chamber at Herrenschiemsee is one mass of gilding—gold, indeed, abounds *ad nauseam* in the palace, which is, with all the efforts made to beautify it, *oppressively new*. A writer who lately visited it, and who has been at other royal palaces, says: "It is literally true that after seeing the magnificence of the apartments in Herrenschiemsee, the Czar's rooms in the Winter Palace are simply common-

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place, and Windsor Castle seems barren and shabby."

The sixteen state rooms in Herrenschiemsee are named after the rooms in Versailles, and the designations are descriptive of the different styles of the apartments. The paintings on the walls and ceilings are, with few exceptions, copies of the original paintings by Vanloo, Lemoine, Watteau, Boucher, and others of the French school. Ludwig's palace is far more splendid than was Versailles; all the stuffs used are richly embroidered with gold; all the table ornaments and eating-vessels richly gilt; gilt stucco-work ornaments the ceilings; gold glitters on the chimney-pieces and the doors. In all the friezes and ornamentation, and prominent amongst the gold, stands out the lily—emblem of the Bourbons; it is also worked into the parquet on the floor. Lebrun's style is not dominant at Herrenschiemsee, Meissonier and Germain have their innings; the furniture is all after the same period.

Outside, in the high steps and terraces, the influence of the same period is evident. One seems to be walking in one of the old-century gardens laid out by Lenotre; there are fountains which play, and large sheets of water; high hedges on each side of the canal which leads to the lake, on whose cool waters Ludwig delighted to gaze.

The clever writer of "Ludwig II. u. die Kunst," a book which all lovers of art should read, draws in connection with the King and his latest fancy, Herrenschiemsee, the following comparison: "When we survey this splendid palace in which Ludwig has

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THE DINING-ROOM, CASTLE OF HERRENSCHIEMSEE.

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brought before us a faithful copy of the Louis XIV. and XV. era, we are involuntarily reminded of the fate of Semele, her desire to see Jupiter in all his glory, and the realisation of her wish which brought about her death. The fulfilment of Ludwig II.'s long-cherished dream of a second Versailles did not cost him his life, but it deprived him of all comfort. With great difficulty was a wink of sleep to be had in the *lit de repos*, which was uncomfortably large and unpleasant in various ways. The dining-table was so laden with gilt supports that the King's legs could not find room, and his knees were for ever coming in contact with some sharp projection. The writing-table was almost useless from the quantity of china and heavy brass with which it was laden; the pen was so heavy it made his fingers ache. The gratification of his love of art caused the King to endure these annoyances cheerfully."

Perhaps it was in consequence of such discomforts that King Ludwig made a practice of spending only nine days in every year at Herrenschiemsee. He arrived punctually on September 29th, and remained till October 8th. It was hardly worth while to build such a castle for so short a residence, but then, Herrenschiemsee was for posterity, and Ludwig's flying visits were mere visits of inspection; for the castle, although it had been commenced seven years, was not nearly finished at the time of the King's death.

True to his love of nocturnal expeditions, Ludwig always arrived at Chiemsee at midnight. The station was near the banks of the lake; a beautiful gondola,

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which was never used for any other purpose, was waiting to convey him to the island. It was rowed by two sailors in a sort of Neapolitan costume. No one was allowed to cast a glance at the King except the servants, and they were dispensed with as much as possible. In this Ludwig followed the example set him by Louis XIV., who, at the Petit Trianon, never allowed servants to attend. At his *petits soupers* the floor was so constructed that at a signal the table ascended with everything arranged for the company, and descended again when they had finished, by which means all attendance was dispensed with.

It has been said that during the seven or eight years that the King was in the habit of visiting Herrenschiemsee, he entertained only on one occasion. The guest was the well-known Court furrier, Hesselschvert. This, however, is not the case, the King often entertaining large parties.

The following story was told to the writer by a Scotch gentleman who spent a week at Herrenschiemsee. He was taken there by a personal friend of the King's. They arrived in the evening; Mr. Mc—— was shown to his bedroom, and found lying on his bed a handsome Greek costume which he was told to put on. He descended to the reception-room in company with his friend, who was also in Greek dress, as were all the company assembled, the King wearing a magnificent costume. His Majesty received his guests in the most affable manner. The apartment where the evening repast was taken was sumptuous; there were no attendants, the table after each course descending through a trap-door and

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STATE BED WITH "RUELLE" AT HERRENSCHIEMSEE. [Page 205

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coming up again fully furnished. The softest music played all the time, the performers being invisible. After the repast was over the King, accompanied by his guests, adjourned to a kiosk on the lake. They crossed in canoes drawn by clockwork swans. Here they took coffee and smoked. Then the King suddenly said it was time to get ready for the hunt. Each guest was asked which he preferred—to hunt on horseback or in carriages. In an adjoining room dresses were provided to suit whichever method of hunting the gentlemen had chosen. It was about ten when the company started on this torchlight hunt through the forest glades. "Needless to say," remarked Mr. Mc——, "there was no deer." The hunters did not get back to the castle till six o'clock in the morning, when they at once went to the King's chapel and heard High Mass. Then they gladly retired to their rooms, where all was ready for the night, and went to bed, not being called until it was time to dress for dinner. This life went on for a week, when Mr. Mc—— was glad to leave; he was thoroughly exhausted.

When Ludwig was alone he indulged himself to the full in his eccentricities. No one dared to look at him; he would spend the night either on the lake or in the hall of mirrors, where the thirty-three chandeliers were all ablaze till long past midnight, the King enjoying the spectacle of seeing them periodically lowered to the floor and raised again to the ceiling. On the occasion of these visits he was generally seized with some idea for improving different portions of the building. In order to see

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how this or that would look, a wall had to be raised or lowered temporarily, or other changes made, all of which involved additional expense. But money did not enter into the King's scheme of life; it was the business of his Minister of Finance to find this sordid requisite; it was the King's right to spend *royally*.

Those who have visited Herrenschiemsee appear to carry away the same impression of satiety, so much splendour inducing depression. One who visited lately this magnificent solitude describes himself as feeling sad and weary as he considered "this vast monument to an unworthy monarch; a scandalous age and an artistic style which, hopeless of originality, had turned to the glitter of mirrors and the gleam of gilded cornices to conceal its poverty of thought."

There is an old proverb which sets forth the wise saying that one's appetite increases the more we feed it. This applies to all passions as well as greediness. Ludwig's appetite for covering the country with palaces was not satiated. Only the centre block was finished of gigantic Herrenschiemsee when a new fancy seized upon his mind to reconstruct the ancient castle of Falkenstein. This idea never came to fruition, which is, after all, to the lover of the Middle Ages, a matter of some regret. We may feel sure the King would have reproduced a mediæval castle, such as King Gunther or Siegfried lived in. It would have been delightfully picturesque, but if carried out in all exactitude, insanitary.

Amidst the multiplicity of royal castles in Bavaria,

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Hohenschwangau,* to my mind, is far the most interesting. Although the building is not distinctly ancient, portions of the Paumgarten Castle still remain and date back to 1558.† Not so very old, truly, for the sixteenth century is a very mushroom as compared to the venerable castles and churches of the Saxon and Norman architecture; still, Hohenschwangau stands upon a land of tradition: the Minnesänger, the Schwangauers, the Welfs and Wittelsbachs, fill the canvas; there are tales and ballads without end of the knights and the maidens who lived in the four castles on the mountain-top. In the Schwangauer room you can see all the Schwangauers; if you care to make a journey so far into Bavaria, it would repay the time you waste at Homburg or elsewhere. You would get acquainted with a great many interesting personages of whom, perhaps, you never heard. Their pictures are all on the walls. The story of Bertha and Pipius belongs to the Sagen Kreise; it would take too long to tell it here, but it is full of poetry and tenderness, and was painted for Maximilian II. by Moritz Schmid. The wife of Otto of Wittelsbach, Countess Agnes, is the theme of another group of story pictures, but they are not so striking as the ever-delightful ballad of Rinaldo and Armida which Tasso has given in such an exquisite poem. Rinaldo was a Guelph and a Crusader, and he is quite in his place at Hohenschwangau, and his whole story of temptation,

* Hohenschwangau does not belong to the castles built by Ludwig, still its introduction here is not out of place.

† See Chapter I.

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seduction, and rescue is handed down in a splendid series of pictures.

We cannot now go through the many interesting associations of Hohenschwangau; they give that charm which ever attaches to the far-away past, that holds for every thinking mind a fascination as compared to which the garish brightness and gilded splendours of such a mushroom palace as Herrenschiemsee sink into nothingness.

Before taking leave of the King's residences, we must not omit calling the reader's attention to the Residenz Schloss in Munich, of which an illustration is given. Had Ludwig lived longer there is little doubt he would have altered, or perhaps entirely rebuilt, this home of the Wittelsbach ancestors, for it cannot be denied the castle is not a particularly artistic edifice; it has been so often added to, and so many different architects have had their way in such additions, that it cannot be cited as an example of architecture. Nevertheless, some part of it, at all events, is instinct with the sacred solemnity of age; its dignity speaks through its venerable walls, it has its story to tell—a story which goes back to the old race of Wittelsbachs. In the early part of the fifteenth century Ludwig the Strong lived in the old Ludwigsburg, which was all that then represented a ducal residence. Duke Ludwig evinced his strength not alone against all invaders, but in his own family; for, having some suspicions of his wife's fidelity, he had her executed, first having himself thrown her lady-in-waiting, whom he considered her confidante, out of one of the windows. This amiable family man,

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having died in 1467, was succeeded by Duke Alberic, who, not being content with what had satisfied his father, greatly enlarged the castle, carrying it on to where the later building stands.* This was in 1476. Wilhelm V. in the sixteenth century built the wing, or addition, called after him. Maximilian I. made fresh additions. In 1601 the castle chapel was added; in 1607 another church where the citizens might worship. A museum was also founded; but these buildings, together with other annexes, were consumed in the fires which broke out at different times, and the entire wing was rebuilt by King Ludwig I., who on the ruins erected the building called now the *Festsaalbau*. The Bavarian sculptor Schwanthaler designed in 1832 the allegorical circles of Bavaria, which were produced in marble; also the lion which stands on the north entrance. The arcădian hall and the columns are by Palladio.

The interior, however, has suffered more than the exterior from the diversity of hands. The staircases, of which there are seven, are splendid; each has its individual record, and all testify to the antiquity of the edifice. On the east side of the castle are situated some of the best rooms—the Hall of Hercules, and the Emperor's room, which opens on the Green Gallery. These rooms were decorated on the occasion of the marriage of Albrecht VI. with Mechtilde of Leuchtenberg. Here, too, reposed Marie Antoinette on her journey to France (1770) to be married to the Dauphin,

* Where the ballrooms, theatre, etc., are situated. This wing extends as far as All Saints' Church.

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bringing with her a suite of two hundred and twenty-five persons (a nice little party to entertain)!

Near to the Emperor's room are the apartments embellished by Peter Candid's brush. These are sumptuously furnished and are called the best rooms.

Amongst the many interesting features of the Residenz is the portrait gallery, called the Ancestors' Gallery, which is close to the strong room where the crown jewels are kept. Here we can see all the Wittelsbachs, together with the line of Electors and Kings which sprang from them, continuing down to Maximilian II. The Green Gallery opens upon what is called the Grotto Court, a hall with a painted ceiling and open doors through which the sweet scent of the flowers in the gardens attached to the castle fill the room, and the green of the trees give a pleasant and refreshing sensation of summer, as also the sight of the deer. "Those pretty, graceful creatures, being quite tame, would come into the room to be petted and fed by the ladies, whose familiarity towards these animals was much envied by the gentlemen who witnessed their caresses."

With the Ancestors' Gallery the old style ends and the new begins. These modern additions are due to Ludwig I. and Maximilian II. The Hall of the Knights of St. George is the first of these. In this room the banquets of the knights are given, a splendid festival, for which occasion the strong room is opened and the gold and silver plate used. The so-called King's building is the work of Maximilian II. It contains the five *Niebelungen* apartments which are decorated with the splendid frescoes by Schnorr. The

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first storey, which was occupied by Ludwig I. and afterwards Maximilian II., leads to the theatre (which is in the Residenz) through an ante-room full of paintings and sculpture all of Greek art. The Hall of Service is decorated with pictures from the Odyssey. In the dining-hall the subjects are drawn from Æschylus, Aristophanes, Anacreon, etc. In the second storey the immense rooms are full of war-pieces, painted by the best German artists. The ballroom, which joins these rooms (which are all used when an entertainment is given by the King or Regent), is of immense size. The ceiling is painted, the sofas and rout-seats go the length of the walls; there are looking-glasses, and the floor is polished as glass. The hall wants light dance-music, toilettes, uniforms, diamonds, flowers, and pretty women to set it off. Seen in the cold atmosphere of silence and a handful of tourists, it leaves a depressing sensation. Beyond the ballroom is the Beauty Gallery, where hang numerous portraits of princesses and Court ladies, city burgesses, actresses, dancers—a beautiful collection, but somewhat invidious, if due regard is had to the title. On the left of the ballroom is the Emperor's saloon. Here again we have yards of painting—historical this time—all representing passages in the life and career of Frederick Barbarossa, Charles the Great, and Rudolph of Hapsburg.

The corner pavilion in the west wing was occupied by King Ludwig II., and to only a very select few was the privilege allowed of an entrance into this charmed region. One of these privileged persons was the wife of one of his Majesty's Ministers,

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Eisenhart, and the description I here quote is from the pen of this lady, Louise von Kobell.*

"I was sitting in my drawing-room working,† when a message was brought to me by one of the royal footmen. His Majesty invited me and the children to see his apartments and the Winter Garden. I sent for the children, who were at their lessons. They were full of delight, expectation, and curiosity. So was I. They took me by the hand, and we all descended to the King's apartments. We went through the rooms which contain the *Niebelungen* frescoes, down a few steps, into the ante-room where the footman received us and presented me in the name of the King with a bouquet of roses. He then conducted us into a large room which was called the Minister's room. In the middle the King's throne, or raised seat, was placed under a canopy with a huge bunch of feathers on top and velvet curtains lined with ermine. A richly embroidered cover was on the table. The arm-chairs had richly gilt backs, arms and cushions covered in rich brocade. On the chimneypiece a handsome pendule and candelabra, which were reflected in the mirror. Genii blowing trumpets formed the support of the marble slab; the ceiling was decorated with an allegorical design. With all this state, on the walls hung a coloured photograph of the Maid of Orleans before Charles VII. in the Cathedral at Rheims. Underneath both windows, which looked out on the Residenz Street,

* "Vier Königen von Bayern," Vol. ii.

† The Private Secretary belonging to the Ministry had apartments in the Residenz Schloss.

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there were two Japanese vases placed in high sockets. Above the King's raised seat hung Charles Piloty's fine picture of the Judgment of Solomon, and over the chimneypiece the Flying Dutchman. Above the folding doors two carved angels held medallions of Henry IV. and Louis XIV. The statues of Lohengrin and St. George and a large bust of Richard Wagner testified to the King's sympathies.

"In the King's bedroom the grand state bed stood upon an estrade; it was railed off from the room. Inside the railing was a bust of Louis XIV.; opposite this, upon a lovely casket, one of Marie Antoinette, so that the first sight the King saw on opening his eyes were the features of his honoured Queen. The wash-table was laden with every sort of toilette necessary in silver or gold. Between the table and the door stood a full-length glass; on the top was a crown supported by cupids. A painting by Schwoiser represented Louis XIV. receiving the Siamese ambassadors, and over the doors Fritz Bamberger had reproduced, in vivid colouring, scenes from the lake of Starnberg. The view from the window was over the tops of the chestnut-trees in the park. In the Yellow Library hung several water-colours representing different epochs in Bavarian history. There were books, mostly classic. The writing-table was of modern design; upon it there was a blue velvet blotting-book. Lohengrin was the custodian of the ink-bottle; round it were such a number of swans of all sizes and shapes that the King must have been puzzled to find a place where he could write comfortably. On one spot was a large swan with outstretched

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wings. *Objets d'art* were to be seen on different tables: a bust of Louis XIV. stood on a splendid casket; on an *étagère* the bust of Marie Antoinette in marble, besides all manner of pretty nicknacks in the corners. On the ceiling in this room swans are painted. All the furniture in the room, the carpets, the footstools, the chimney ornaments, are in the Louis Quatorze style, sometimes overladen with gilding. It is too splendid. A narrow passage leads into the apartment 'of the future Queen.' This the King makes use of when he goes to audiences.

"The servants' apartments are near the King's room. The kitchen is very far away, quite at the other end of the Residenz, in the new building near the theatre; the dishes have to be warmed in the lackey's room before they are brought to the King's table. From the Yellow Library one gets access to the Winter Garden. Here we have India like a fairy tale spread out before us, the lovely palms and the many coloured orchids, paroquets of all colours flying here and there, the lotus flowers covering the little lake with the golden boat.

"There was such an extraordinary charm in this garden that when I left it I felt as if I had been like Alice in Wonderland!"

"On my return I wrote," continues the writer, "to his Majesty to express my feelings of delight and gratitude, and received in return, to my great joy, a photograph of the Winter Garden and of the King's four rooms."*

* Extract from "Unter den Vier Ersten Königen von Bayern," von Louise von Kobell.

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CHAPTER IX.

THE SHADOW APPROACHES.

IT is hard to say to what source is due the mad taint so distinctly marked in the Royal House of Bavaria. A recent writer attributes it to the ancient race of Wittelsbach, while another ascribes it to the Zweibrücken branch of the royal family. That it was an heredity is unfortunately too plain to be contradicted, for we cannot get away from the fact that King Ludwig I. was undoubtedly an *eccentric*, that his daughter, Princess Marie, was more than *eccentric*, being, it was said, occasionally placed in confinement, and that the unfortunate Ludwig, as well as his brother Otto, were lunatics. That early in his life Ludwig's psychological or mental condition was influenced by this taint in the blood, would seem to be without doubt. The violent rages into which he was prone to fall on the slightest contradiction was a symptom which a wise physician, parent, or preceptor nowadays would have dealt with otherwise than by punishment. When Ludwig tried to bowstring his brother Otto he showed the first symptom of the overweening idea of his own importance, which later developed into a recognised form of brain disease called megalomania, when the patient

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imagines himself to be on a higher platform, mentally and bodily, than all the world beside. The first menace of this misfortune showed itself in the King's desire for complete solitude, where undisturbed he could contemplate his own greatness. But although this was an unwholesome tendency, it could possibly have been corrected had Ludwig's physique been of a healthier or, to use a medical term, a less "degenerate" character. After his disastrous end a post-mortem examination revealed a terrible proof of this degeneration in the skin, the skull, and the brain. The skull was smaller than it should have been, while the brain showed evidences of constant attacks of inflammation.

The first indication of the King's psychological condition showed itself in November, 1870. The melancholia with which Prince Otto had been for more than three years afflicted took an acute turn, the patient could be no longer allowed at large, and had to be placed under restraint away from his family. He was at first sent to the Castle of Nymphenberg. Two years later he had to be removed from thence to a more solitary place of confinement in the woods of Berchtesgaden. The King felt this blow acutely. The brothers had always been good friends; the amiable, lively character of the younger being exactly suited to the more thoughtful disposition of the elder. The King looked to the Prince to keep up the succession, and meant that by a brilliant marriage his brother should indemnify the nation for his own disinclination to enter into the bonds of matrimony. All this was now at an end. At the

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parting from his poor, afflicted brother the King's grief was heart-rending and touched all who witnessed it. Prince Otto was quite indifferent, and employed himself playing with some childish toy.

One of the consequences of this misfortune was that the King grew nervously apprehensive as to his own mental condition. He was morbidly anxious about his health, and from this time indulged in long fits of brooding, which are well known to be premonitory symptoms of melancholia, as these, unless treated with a firm hand, would lead to that mental condition which is called in pathology "the paralysis of the insane."

In these dark moods the unfortunate King had no peace, for in his sleep his mind worked and his distorted brain presented him with the most terrible images; he awoke shrieking. In such dreams or nightmares he saw towns in flames, men bleeding from the most terrible wounds, demoniac faces round his bed, and visions, too, which were like a foretaste of Hell. These were nothing but brain trouble, but what suffering for the distracted mind! No wonder he sought the cool night air as a refuge from such haunted dreams as these.

When this fit seized upon the unhappy King he would go away—not to any of his numerous seats, but to a distant village where he thought he was not known. Kuffstein was a favourite haunt, and there he would remain two or three nights. Sometimes Wagner joined him, then the dark mood vanished. Nobody else dared to address his Majesty. There was a man in the village who kept

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an inn of mean appearance but clean; here the King often stayed days, as also at a farmhouse at Schmecken. The farmer affected not to know who he was, and took good care no one should address him as "Your Majesty." If by chance any villager fell into conversation with the King, he would talk quite pleasantly so long as he felt sure his rank was not known, but as soon as any sign of recognition was made he would turn away in ill-humour and at once get ready to leave the place.

His dislike to show himself grew stronger the more he gave way to it. Up to 1876 he had given a certain number of entertainments during the season, but after this year he appeared at no Court balls or entertainments of any kind. As he supplied Duke Luitpold and other members of the royal family with ample funds to do the representation, there was no grumbling amongst the tradespeople of Munich.

Neither in the capital did the King show himself. Curiosity to see royalty is inherent in human nature, and as such curiosity is increased by any difficulty in the way, crowds of the inhabitants and strangers always assembled near the English garden where Ludwig generally took his afternoon drive during his short sojourns in Munich. The approaches and entrances to the drive were all carefully shut and guarded, but some fortunate people were allowed into the cake shops and apothecaries' shops in the hope of getting a glimpse of the King. This desire was seldom realised. The King's horses went at a sharp trot, while the King sat well back in the carriage, muffled in his cloak, all the windows being drawn up.

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That the pure air of the mountains was more fitted for a mind diseased as his was is incontrovertible. The palace in Munich is situated in the centre of the city, and all through the day and night an increasing clatter of wheels, a perpetual *va et vient*, is going on. Londoners who live in busy thoroughfares know the effect of this night and day turmoil, which even wears down a man in strong health with an excellent digestion and a good sleeper to boot. To a sickly mind, such as the King's, with the deadly fear ever before him of a dark shadow approaching, harassed with the burden of royalty and pursued by a haunting dread of assassination, residing even for a few days in Munich was torture. It was only of late years that Ludwig began to dread the assassin's knife, but once it had entered his mind he could not get away from it. It was always before his eyes, and every outburst of socialism threw him into an agony of fear. He kept always repeating to himself, "Amidst a group of a dozen people there may be a madman or a murderer." Most crowned heads are exposed to this danger, which is not present in the lives of less exalted personages. It does not bear thinking of, any more than worrying over a possible accident on railways or steamers. In the time when every country gentleman in the west of Ireland carried his life in his hands, the pleasure-loving people of Galway went to dances and dinners with revolvers in their carriages. So, too, with the Hungarians; but they are more superstitious than even the Irish, and believe in fatality.

Munich, moreover, is a royal city, and royalty is

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the breath of its nostrils. The more of royalty, the more money is spent and distributed: it was the interest of Munich to keep royalty going. The King was not altogether satisfactory, but he had never taxed the poor man's beer, and the head of the police assured his Majesty, who sent for him every second day, that there was not a shadow of ground for alarm; he was ready to stake his entire credit upon the loyalty of Munich.

The King listened but was not convinced; the haunting fear returned, it was with him day and night. He imagined that amongst the crowd who gathered round the gates of the castle to see him pass out on his daily drive he could detect the man who was waiting to fire the shot that would launch him into eternity. He gave orders that the crowd should not be allowed round the gate, but he could not keep them out of the streets or from hiding behind the trees in the park waiting for him to come.

The King had other anxieties in addition to his fear of assassination. The constant drains made on the exchequer by the munificence of his artistic patronage and the fabulous sums he disposed of in building were a matter of serious alarm to his Ministers, who had already borrowed on the King's credit seven and a half millions. They remonstrated strongly, and by so doing displeased the King, who determined on a change of Cabinet. By the laws of the constitution the monarch had the authority vested solely in his own person and could dismiss at will any Ministry or part of the Ministry. Ludwig, who was annoyed at the difficulties made about a new loan, took a

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spiteful mode of revenging himself by sending the Ministry packing. Madame von Eisenhart,* to whose pleasant book I am much indebted for side-lights, gives an account of the dismissal of her husband, who had at one time basked in the royal sunshine:

"On New Year's Day, 1876, everything was going on well; the King wrote with his own hand to thank Von Eisenhart for the good wishes he had offered and returned them heartily: he added these satisfactory words:

"'I wish to express my sense of the unremitting zeal and capacity which you have shown in my behalf during the past year, for which faithful service I am grateful and will not forget what you have done to serve me.

"'With all best wishes I remain, etc.

"'LUDWIG.

"'LINDERHOF, *January 1st*, 1876.'"

But this letter, as was often the case with the King, whose unhinged mind knew no guide but his caprices, was the forerunner of an unpleasant time for Von Eisenhart, who, when the King returned to Munich, instead of being treated as a friend, received nothing but snubs. Everything he did was wrong. Eisenhart had been long enough at Court to suspect that this blowing hot and cold meant an intrigue of some sort, and resolved not to wait to be dismissed but to send in a formal request to be allowed to retire.

* Louise von Kobell.

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The same evening came an answer in the King's handwriting returning the request, "as there was no reason why it should have been made."

The Eisenharts now felt all danger was at an end; but here they reckoned without their host. As usual, the King left Munich early in May for Berg. The Minister understood that, as was the rule, he was to be of the party. He packed the night before and was quite ready for the journey when Hofrath (Councillor) Düfflipp appeared, and told him that the King had given no orders for a carriage for the Minister and that he, Düfflipp, thought that looked like an impending change in the Cabinet. Von Eisenhart, accustomed to the sudden caprices of the King, saw at once how the land lay, and considered himself dismissed. He naturally felt hurt at the manner of the dismissal, which was in the last degree ungracious towards one who by the King's own account had served so faithfully. A few days after came a letter saying his Majesty had found it necessary to make changes, and that much as he regretted losing his present Minister, etc., etc. And so the matter ended, without reflecting much credit on the King.

At this time, 1876, he began to show symptoms of the restlessness that later increased to an alarming height. He wearied of everything. He stayed only a few days or a week, perhaps, at one place, then flew off to the Tyrol *incognito*, soon grew dispirited and tried somewhere else. It was like a fever in his blood, that desire for constant, everlasting change. He became fickle in his friendships; only to Wagner was he constant. Mention has already been made

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of his curious behaviour to his mother, to whom as a boy and during the first ten years of his reign he had been passionately attached. She was his adviser, his confidante, his everything; she had considerable influence over him, which she never abused in any way. The sudden withdrawal of the King's confidence was said to have arisen from the disapproval the Queen showed to his friendship with Richard Wagner. This feeling had its root, no doubt, in jealousy at finding herself superseded in her son's confidence, but it never rose to any height until the breaking off of the King's marriage, when the Queen Mother gave vent to the feelings which had long been in her mind. This first quarrel was accentuated by the Queen's change of religion. It is hard to understand why Ludwig objected to his mother joining the Church to which he belonged by right of a long unbroken communion between the House of Wittelsbach and the Church of Rome. Ludwig II. was undoubtedly bitten with Döllinger's rebellion against the doctrine of Infallibility. He had submitted outwardly; apparently he was in communion with the See of St. Peter's, but he was not a son of the Church; hence he resented his mother's act as a sort of silent condemnation of his lack of Catholic spirit.

In 1871 the King met with an accident. About this time he had begun those noctural outings which during the latter years of his reign formed his chief pleasure. Accompanied by his Master of the Horse or aide-de-camp, he would gallop through the forests or along the mountain roads, going like the wind. On the last occasion he ever rode, his horse, which was

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a very spirited animal, threw him: he was so badly hurt he could never ride again.

When riding was over for Ludwig, he took to driving, and as it was impossible for him to do anything like ordinary mortals, he indulged this fancy till it became a sort of mad revel. He drove at breakneck speed, generally at night, either in an open carriage or in a sleigh with four and sometimes six swift horses. "The sudden appearance of the royal sleigh at night in some unexpected quarter seems like a scene out of a fairy tale. As it approaches it looks like a golden swan with wings displayed. Within one may see the pale-faced King reclining upon richly embroidered blue velvet cushions. The interior of the sleigh is lit up by a soft but brilliant electric light, which illuminates everything around to a considerable distance. It dashes by the wondering spectator, who has hardly time to notice the *agrafe* of brilliants which adorns the artist's hat worn by the King, or the uniform of the young aide-de-camp by his side."*

There is something dramatic in this account of the King's mad drives, which were considered by his physicians to be exceedingly bad for him. Ludwig refused absolutely to give up this joy of his existence. The enjoyment on more than one occasion placed him in actual danger of losing his life. Once in a fearful fall of snow the outrider could not distinguish the road from the precipice, and in a paroxysm of fright lest some misfortune might happen to the King, the blame for which would fall upon his

* Mennell's "Phantasien."

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shoulders, he in his distress of mind threw away the lantern he was carrying and cried out, "Let us go blindfold to our fate!" It was due to the firmness and courage of the Master of the Horse, Hornig, that the man was brought to his senses.

The King, nothing daunted by this experience, continued his nocturnal drives either in his carriage or sleigh. "Night after night, in darkness or fog, or in clear moonlight, over hills and dales, over sticks and stones, over precipitous mountains and wild, lonely stretches, through gloomy forests, where the little brook trickled and the waterfall tumbled noisily, like to a whirlwind rushed the sleigh through the villages and hamlets. The villagers heard from afar the noise of the horses' hoofs, the clatter of the wheels, and stole to their doors and peeped cautiously out. 'The King!' they whispered to one another, and then they saw by the light of the torches a shimmer of gold, the outline of a crown, and the apparition of an angel. The fantastic imagination of Ludwig II. had laid hold of his subjects."*

It seems to me that the German biographers of the unfortunate Ludwig lay far too much stress upon this harmless amusement of the King's. Driving, especially at night, may be against the ordinary rules, but I fail to see any sign of madness in it. I can imagine—and I am sure there are many who would agree with me—nothing more delightful than this rushing through the still and solitary mountain scenery in all the grandeur of the night. Ludwig was a true lover of nature in all its phases: he loved

* Kobell.

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its solemnity, its silence, its magnificence, its fresh breezes, its delightful simplicity, its eternal, everlasting youth; and yet with all this enjoyment of nature he had a sort of craving for theatrical effect: as when he was at Lucerne he could not be content with the view that enraptured Byron, Goethe, Gibbon, Shelley, and hosts of other lovers of nature, but chartered a steamer for himself and engaged shepherds on the mountains to sound their horns, which he fancied lent romance to a scene that needs no setting but its own.

The King's character was complex, it was a mass of contradictions. Although he surrounded himself with favourites who each of them in turn disappointed him, yet he had no love of being adulated or flattered. If it were done it should be spontaneous. He believed the incense which Wagner in the first moments of sincere gratitude bestowed upon him: he was certain, rightly or wrongly, that it came straight from the heart of the man whose whole nature went out to his young generous deliverer. But this was different from the servile, fawning adulation of courtiers who fawned that they might gain some end of their own. He had the greatest sympathy with republicanism—went a pilgrimage to see the picture of Wilhelm Tell—yet his ideal King was Louis XIV., the prince of autocrats, who clapped anyone into the Bastille who dared to have an opinion of his own. Ludwig would have dearly liked to have done the same, and it was a cherished plan of his to build a castle where he could "bastille" his faithful Müncheners. He would not allow himself to be addressed as "Your gracious Majesty," but as "Majesty," as being more in accord-

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ance with absolute monarchy, which was his conception of government. When he first ascended the throne he always wrote, "*I, the King, wish* such and such a thing; I order it." Sometimes he signed his letters *Amen.* His profound admiration of Louis XIV. and his *l'état c'est moi* was the leading idea of his mind and governed many of his actions; his imitation of the *Grand Monarque* was almost servile. In his walk, the way he held himself, his language and habits, he tried to copy his grand ideal. The Castle of Herrenschiemsee is a sad example of his desire to emulate the extravagance of his glorious model. This slavish adoption of the foreign monarch's manners and tastes was not patriotic, but Dr. Franz Karl* considered that patriotism was not Ludwig's strong point, and in proof of this cites his not taking command of the troops in 1870, and the small interest he showed on the return of the victorious army, not even going to see the wounded. The specialist on mental disease thinks no one could do this who was sane. This seems a ridiculous presumption, for it was well known that Ludwig knew nothing about the tactics of war and would have shipwrecked the allied armies had he commanded the Bavarian contingent, and jealousy of the Crown Prince accounted for his conduct to the victorious soldiers.

It has been told before in these pages that the King had little or no idea of the value of money. This was due to his early training. Maximilian had brought up his sons as if they had had no royal

* Specialist on brain disease.

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prospects. Ludwig, when he came to his kingdom, found it extremely pleasant to spend money on all his fancies, and thought it was the duty of his Ministers to find that money. Economy was necessary for the poor, but it was the divine right of kings to be extravagant, and he held to this and exercised his prerogative for the first sixteen years of his reign, during which period he dissipated the immense fortune left by Ludwig I. and increased by Maximilian's wise administration. This large amount of money had to be supplemented by loans made on the King's credit to the amount of seven millions, which were spent like the savings of his grandfather and father, not in "dissipation," but in lavish generosity to his friends, dependents, and those in need, for Ludwig was charitable almost to a folly. It was only right that the King should be generous in such a cause, but there was something to complain of when a soldier who sounded the bugle during the King's dinner received for this short performance a thousand marks—£50! But then it must be said the man was one of the regiment commanded by the King.

The same scale of magnificence was carried on in the King's surroundings; his carriages, horses, sleighs, were of the very best. So, too, with the presents he made of costly jewels. But the great drain of money was the building mania which, as everyone knows, is always crying out for more, more. All the gold in Aladdin's cave would hardly have been enough to pay for what the King wished to do. As it was, when the money raised by the loans was exhausted, he told his Ministers to raise more. Only the centre

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wing of Herrenschiemsee was finished, and there were two more to complete the square, besides which the plans for Falkenstein were ready, and there was nothing to stop the erection of this new palace—nothing but the money, so let it be got with all despatch.

Matters were looking serious. In spite of all the efforts of the Ministry (and no King was ever blessed with a more hard-working and prudent Cabinet), there was a dead-lock; nobody would advance the King any more money to play about with, and so the Ministry had to tell his Majesty the unpalatable truth. Ludwig got angry and abused his faithful servants zoundly. What was the world coming to when the divine right of Kings to spend as much money as they chose was cavilled at? The money must be got. And then he fell to bewailing over the want of loyalty shown by his subjects. Was there no David Bernard among them? The Ministers did not know that David Bernard was a rich banker who defrayed the whole expense of one of the *Grand Monarque's* wars in gratitude for having been allowed to walk in the private garden beside Louis XIV. in view of the whole Court.

As there were no Bernards to be found in Bavaria, Ludwig ordered his Ministers to apply to the various Courts of Europe, who all refused to lend money without proper security. It is stated that Bismarck advised the King to appeal to the country, adding that under the same circumstances he would give the same reply to his own sovereign. Ludwig did not take his advice, and so it came to pass that

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Herrenschiemsee was not finished and the medieval palace of Falkenstein was not built.

One must feel sorry for the humiliation and disappointment of the King. After all, the sum of money he had asked for was comparatively small. £40,000 could have been repaid by a few years' economy.

The disappointment had a bad effect upon his excitable temperament. He began now to give way to furious ebullitions of temper, and would not brook the slightest contradiction of his will, or any delay in the gratification of his wishes. It is easy to read through the lines as to this phase, which was due to the wound his pride had received and which he felt had lowered him. This, by a natural consequence, made him more exacting in his demands and more resolute in imposing his will upon those about him. What he ordered *should* be done; if he sent a message to the Princess Gisela, it must be delivered the very moment it arrived, even though the Princess was asleep.

The death of Richard Wagner in 1883 threw the King into a paroxysm of grief, which was all the more poignant from his having refused to see the composer when he passed through Munich in 1882, the King being then in one of his fits of melancholia. The thought that the grave has closed over those we love and made it impossible to explain away our unkind words or make right unkind acts is one of the greatest of sufferings, especially to sensitive natures.*

* In 1883 a great change came over the King—probably in a measure due to the loss he had sustained. From this time music, which had been

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The King's state of mind for several weeks was distressing to witness, but his grief did not unsettle his reason as some have pretended. On the contrary, during the next year (1884) he seems to have pulled himself together. He showed himself more frequently, gave audiences to his Ministers, and applied himself with something of his old zest to State affairs. He discussed the advisability of extending to Bavaria the Anti-Socialist Legislation which Bismarck was inaugurating in Prussia. "The King's own instincts were against any sort of repression, but he feared the Socialists, and he admired Bismarck as a weak mind ever does one with strong decisive character. He looked upon him as the restorer of German hegemony on the Continent, and ended by formulating his opinion that Bavaria had better act on the Chancellor's demand."

This return to his former keen interest in politics was, without doubt, a hopeful sign that the mental crisis was passing over; and here, as has been pointed out by several of his biographers, arises the question which will never be answered on this side of the grave: had the unhappy King those about him who were *really* anxious to keep his mind actively interested and so prevent him drifting back "into that plethora of selfish indulgence which would of itself generate madness"? On the other hand,

one of the greatest passions of his life, was never allowed in any of his palaces; it reminded him too painfully of the beloved friend he had lost. All the pianos upon which Wagner had played were covered in black crape. In all probability this extravagance of grief, had the King's illness not become acute, would have been reversed.

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attendance on a case of the kind requires unceasing watchfulness, that watchfulness which is supplied only by affection. The King had, one may feel sure, a certain amount of attention from those about him, but the tender, loving watchfulness which an affectionate mother, a loving wife or sister can alone give, was wanting; and so the temporary gleam of reason was once more clouded—the cloud deepening into perpetual darkness.

Towards the end of this year (1884) the King's mind became seriously affected. From this time were manifested eccentricities which were considered signs of a decline of reason. The inclination he had always shown to shun his fellow-man became more pronounced. He allowed only four people to his intimate friendship. The Empress of Austria and the Princess Gisela were in the first rank, and in two of his suite he had still confidence. He took to consulting spiritualists for the purpose of conversing with his departed friends. Rappings went on constantly, and Marie Antoinette and Louis XIV. occasionally joined in the conversation. If anything went wrong, or anyone of his suite expressed disbelief in the apparitions or didn't hear the rappings, the King flew into a rage, and if they were in a lower rank they were punished for contradicting his Majesty.*

* From the evidence of Hornig, Heffelschwerdt, Welker, and Meier, it was made clear that the malady developed dangerous symptoms long before the final tragedy. He gave way to paroxysms of temper; he would tear his hair and beard and make horrid grimaces before the glass. The household suffered much at his hands. At one time thirty persons were beaten and otherwise ill-treated. One man, it was said, died in consequence of the blows he had received—Meier had to wear a black mask

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With a view to ascertaining how far the King was capable of governing, Dr. Franz Karl, a specialist in mental diseases, was sent in 1884 to see the King, who was suffering from toothache. In this audience, or examination, for that was its *real* aim, the King talked incessantly for four hours. (Here we are reminded of King George III., who, in his mental illness, never stopped talking day and night, to the infinite distress of his faithful wife, Queen Charlotte.) During this long interview Ludwig, true to his autocratical instinct, never asked the unfortunate specialist to sit down. Dr. Karl, when later on he was under examination* before the Commission appointed to examine into the causes of the King's tragic end, describes the interview and the range of subjects over which Ludwig took his visitor: "the sufferings he was undergoing from toothache and headache; minute inquiries after every member of my family; intimate details of the flight of the Empress Eugenie from Paris in 1870; his (Ludwig's) opinion of different historical characters, Louis XIV. included; minute investigations into the health of every crowned head in Europe, also their manner of living, etc.; general remarks upon temperature and its effects, especially

for a whole year because he had looked the King in the face—this man who was faithful to his master, related that on one occasion his Majesty examined him for hours on the appearance of a man whom the King fancied he had seen, but which was wholly imaginary. He added that periodically the King became violent, beat his attendants, and spat in their faces. He lost all feeling of temperature, and in winter, during the severest weather, would imagine it was summer, and dine in the open air or spend the evening on the water.

* Report of Franz Karl, Specialist.

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upon the climate of England; his (Ludwig's) opinions upon the poets and writers of the day; searching inquiries as to diseases of the eye in connection with his anxiety concerning his own eyes."

One can see in all this the painful anxiety of the unfortunate King to try and conceal his mental condition, for with the quick perception that goes hand in hand with madness, the poor unhappy monarch guessed the object his visitor had in view. As one may suppose, he did not for a moment take in the experienced specialist. "At that very time," said Dr. Karl (later), "the malady had made considerable progress. There were several serious symptoms; the King could not longer endure the sight of anyone except his immediate attendants, and yet so wonderfully was he able to keep guard over himself and subdue all nervousness, that he bore with the utmost gentleness the painful examination I made of his teeth, from which he was then suffering. His conversation all through was consecutive and often showed a surprising amount of reflection; his thoughts, too, were well expressed, and he exhibited a self-control that under the circumstances was truly surprising."

There is something painful and at the same time affecting in this account of the King's effort to defend himself against what he thought was an attempt upon his liberty. No action, however, was at this time taken in the matter. This interview, however, alarmed the King, who, like all persons mentally affected, was suspicious. He did not know in whom to trust, he thought everyone was watching him with a view to

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report his actions to the doctor. His state of mind was truly piteous. Meantime his affairs were getting into hopeless confusion. The Ministers were in despair, the King was almost bankrupt, but still continued to spend money, to procure which he degraded his kingly dignity by asking loans from his relations and friends, and this habit of borrowing without repayment was not pleasing to his courtiers. Those who had profited from his princely generosity in former days now forsook him in his hour of need: they fled like rats from a sinking ship. The desertion of those he had thought his friends, upon whom he had lavished kindness, pained the King much, especially the former Master of the Horse, Count Holstein,* who had been the recipient of innumerable favours, but who in 1885 openly joined those whom the King looked upon as his enemies. Ludwig might have exclaimed like King Lear:

> "I have full cause for weeping, but this heart
> Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws
> Or e'er I'll weep. O fool, I shall go mad!"

* The German biographies, newspapers, etc., blame Count Holstein for his abandonment of the King, whose most intimate friend he had been.

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CHAPTER X.

THE LAST SCENES OF THE TRAGEDY.

IN 1886 the situation had grown strained to its utmost limit. The King remained in one of his mountain solitudes, refusing absolutely to see his Ministers, whose position was becoming every day more difficult. At any moment it might become dangerous, for if they resisted his will or tried to put some restraint upon his wild fancies, it was possible that his Majesty might order them to be put to death. The people and the soldiers would have obeyed any order signed by him. On the other hand, no one can imagine anything more pitiful than was the condition of the King—forsaken by almost all his former friends, alone with his ever haunting dread of assassination and imprisonment, brooding over his disappointments that Herrenschiemsee remained unfinished and that Falkenstein was not begun: life seemed to hold nothing more for him.

Heffelschwerdt was sent to Regensburg to procure a loan of twenty millions, and Heffelschwerdt was also to apply to the Emperor of Austria. Adjutant Durckheim went to Stockholm, and another Adjutant to Brazil on the same quest; also the Shah

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of Persia and the Sultan were applied to for help. It was said the Rothschilds offered an immense loan if the Bavarian neutrality was secured in case of another Franco-German war. There is no direct proof that such an offer was made; the Ministers never allowed the King the chance of accepting, as probably they concealed this with many other proposals. Meanwhile the treasury was empty. The Ministers Lutz, Schneider, and Klug placed the condition of affairs before the Chambers, the desire of the King to procure money at any price to complete his castles being considered by the doctors a proof of insanity.

Amongst the official documents there is a remarkable letter to Heffelschwerdt; it is dated May, 1886.

"Set to work and get it done . . . speak to Ziegler. Tell him the present Ministry must go; but if he manages well and sets them packing, I will keep *him*, and he may propose his own colleagues . . . So quick about it. Tell him, in addition to the arrears, he must raise a few millions, only the Chambers must not know for what purpose; and you must get the rest. Tell him that building is the only joy of my life, and that since all my work has been stopped I am miserable. All day long I think of nothing but *Abdicating* or committing Suicide. The situation is intolerable—it must end. My castles must be finished, then I shall have new life. Lay all this before Ziegler; it is an unworthy manner of treating me, for I could appropriate the Civil List—it is my right, and then I could go on with the bedroom at Linderhof,

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St. Hubert's Pavilion, and the building of Herrenworth and Falkenstein. The happiness of my life depends upon these. Tell Ziegler he must conquer all difficulties and triumph—and this *at once:* that is the point. That *you* are not well is too bad. Get a doctor.

"LUDWIG."

At last matters came to a crisis. The Government was at a standstill—the King would neither receive his Ministers nor sign any papers. It was said that he wished to send his grooms upon diplomatic missions to foreign powers, and at one time the same authority states that the only communication he would hold with his Ministry was carried on through his hairdresser. Later he wished to be altogether alone, and shut himself up in his bed-chamber, commanding his body-servants to stand outside his door to receive his commands. They were to signify their comprehension of the latter by scratching on the door panel.

A family council assembled in Munich, in which it was decided that an attempt should be made to ascertain from personal observation by specialists in mental diseases how far the King was really affected. These gentlemen got admission to the royal presence by pretending to be lawyers who had the carriage of a proposed loan by which the monarch might be enabled to continue the building of Herrenschiemsee. The poor King rose at once to the chance of rescue. A day was fixed for the supposed lawyers to come with their bogus proposals. On their return to

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THE LAST PORTRAIT OF LUDWIG II., 1886. [*Page* 238.

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Munich they gave their unanimous report—the King was suffering under serious mental derangement.

The opinion of the physicians led to practical results. Another council was held, when it was unanimously agreed that the time had arrived when the King should be deposed, as his continuing to reign was in the last degree injurious to the country.

It must always be conceded that in this painful process of dethroning Ludwig, good sense and a certain amount of kindness was exhibited. The Ministers had postponed the measure at immense risk to themselves as long as possible, and the Royal Family had shown much forbearance under peculiarly trying circumstances. Personal coercion was only resorted to as a last and necessary means of restraint, and at this council it was decided that the King should be confined under medical supervision at the Castle of Linderhof.*

* COPY OF THE DOCTORS' REPORT.

1. We are unanimous in considering that His Majesty is suffering from mental disturbance, and the form by which he is attacked is one well-known to those who have made a study of the disease. It is called "paranoia," otherwise insanity.

2. That this form of the illness is likely to increase and make fresh developments year by year, so that it is impossible to state what turn it may ultimately take.

3. Through this malady the mind of His Majesty is completely darkened, His Royal Highness is rendered incapable of exercising the functions of government and this incapability is incurable.

Munich, June 8th, 1886.

(*Signed*) DR. VON GUDDEN, Royal Physician.
DR. HAGEN, Royal Councillor.
DR. GRASHEN, Professor of the University.
DR. HUBRICH, Royal Director.

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On June 10th a proclamation was issued informing the nation that the King had been declared unfit to govern and that the appointment of a Regent had been decided. The Chambers were summoned to pronounce the deposition of the King.

The tragic story of what followed upon this step has been written before now. It reads like a page out of the history of the Middle Ages: the terrible struggle made by the King to defend himself, the fidelity of the peasantry who dwelt in the mountainous regions and amongst whom the King had spent so much of his life; they loved their flighty but generous monarch, and were in the first instance incensed that any restraint should be put upon his actions or upon the pleasures in which he took delight. They thought in their simplicity that a King had every right to indulge his fancies, were they ever so peculiar. There may have been a substratum of self in their devotion, but pure affection without a grain of self is rare amongst the sons of Adam. The King's fancies brought to the people who dwelt on the hillsides money, which—like most persons mentally affected—he scattered with an indifference to its value which passed for generosity and which gained him popularity. His midnight drives, his separate theatre, and his extravagant love for building, were nothing to the inhabitants of the Gau.

Even in Munich the proclamation was received by the people with dissatisfaction.

It was nothing new to hear that the King's mind was affected. Everyone was aware long before the sentence was pronounced that, if not actually mad, he

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was not like other people. There was no direct expression "our King is mad," it was more a sort of whisper than an actual certainty. His subjects were quite comfortable under his rule, was he ever so odd; they saw him at intervals like a shadow rushing by to the English garden, and his absence at Court ceremonials was accepted. Stories were circulated of his extraordinary treatment of his servants, of the splendour of his palaces, of the private representations: but all this caused no discontent; the country did not suffer from over-taxation, the public business was not neglected.

No one can for a moment doubt that the authorities, both in the interest of the King himself and for the well-being of the nation, were fully justified in removing the unfortunate occupant of the throne of Bavaria from a position he was mentally unfit to fill. Nevertheless, one's heart goes out to the unfortunate Ludwig in this his hour of need. Granting all that has been said as to the necessity of the step and the benefit to the kingdom that would follow, there must always remain an uncertainty as to whether he was *actually* insane until after he was removed from Neuschwanstein. All through his life his brain had been so excitable as to almost touch the borderland that divides the sane and the insane. When Ludwig tried to bowstring Prince Otto, when he broke away from his bride elect, when he drove about at night dressed all in white like Lohengrin—in all these cases he was touching the borderland. Those who were in constant communication with the King did not consider him actually mad, and therefore hoped that he might be

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saved from the fate that was impending; and of these was the King's adjutant, Von Durckheim, who made an attempt to call in the help of Bismarck.

One of the King's recent biographers quotes from an *interview* given by Prince Bismarck to Menninger, an editor:

"'I took great pleasure in my intercourse with King Ludwig II.,' said the Prince. 'We corresponded about important political matters until the last year of his life. He communicated his views in a manner which was agreeable to me personally, and at the same time full of cleverness as regarded the subjects which were under discussion. I have never mixed myself up in the affairs of Bavaria. I have nothing to do with a change in the Ministry or a ministerial crisis. When the miserable catastrophe of 1886 was approaching, I received a communication from Field-Adjutant Durckheim, through the Tyrolese telegraph office, acquainting me with what was passing there, and, so to speak, calling upon me to come to the King's help. I telegraphed back: "His Majesty should proceed at once to Munich and show himself to his people; he should appear at the meeting of the Chambers, and look after his own interests." I reckoned in this way—either the King is sane and then he will follow my advice, or he is really mad, in which case he will not conquer his dislike to show himself. The King did not go to Munich; he came to no decision, and so drifted to his fate.'"

Bismarck's clear perception had gone to the root of the unfortunate King's troubles. The Chancellor knew the Bavarians and remembered what the citizens

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of Munich had said when Maximilian I. made his entry into the city: "You are *our Maxl* because you have come to us." Had the Chancellor's advice been followed, the people of Munich would have stood by their "Ludwig." We now* return to what was passing in that city.

It was arranged that four gentlemen were to be appointed to go to Hohenschwangau and announce to the King the decision that had been come to. This in itself was somewhat of a singular method of procedure. One doesn't generally inform the insane man that he is insane. This, however, being agreed upon, the Commission was appointed. It consisted of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Von Crailsheim, the King's former Master of the Horse, Count von Holstein, Count Torring, and Baron Washington. To these were added Doctor von Gudden, a specialist of great experience in mental diseases, his assistant-surgeon, Dr. Franz Müller, and four keepers.

Doctor Rumpler and Field-Marshal von Malsen accompanied the party. To these gentlemen was given the trying duty of informing the Queen Mother, who had gone to spend the summer at Elbigenalp, of what was about to take place.

* It is impossible without being behind the scenes to arrive at a correct judgment in such a case as this, where so much must naturally depend upon hearsay—trifles being exaggerated and meanings given to what in themselves were harmless circumstances. As the whole story unfolds itself before the reader, his astonishment grows at the friendless position in which the King seems to have stood in this great crisis of his life. Is it possible that no friendly influence could have been exerted, no kind, soothing nurse or old friend who could have calmed the agitation of his distracted mind? The Queen Mother could not have been that nurse or friend, for it is well known the insane take a dislike to those who are nearest and dearest.

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On June 9th the party started for Hohenschwangau, taking with them the proclamation which was to announce to the population of the mountains that their loved monarch was deposed.

Meantime the King had still warm friends about him who did not consider him mad. One of these was Adjutant Durckheim,* who had received Prince Bismarck's telegram but could not induce the King to act upon it; he preferred to entrench himself in Neuschwanstein and there await the messengers. The Adjutant and those about Ludwig urged every possible reason; the King would not budge from his resolve—his obstinacy was at all times remarkable. His smile was full of meaning; he had some deep-laid plan in his poor addled head. All day long there was great activity at Neuschwanstein.

The Commissioners, with their ghastly train of mad doctors and keepers, arrived at Oberdorf,† where they got ready for the disagreeable work upon which they had been sent. The proclamation announcing the deposition of the King was, after some altercation with the Mayor, affixed to the Town Hall, but in a few minutes was torn down. Seeing the excitement prevailing, it was thought advisable to postpone fixing another.

According to the plan agreed upon at the Council in Munich, one of the members of the Commission was to read to the King a letter from his uncle, in which he informed him of the resolution arrived at

* Adjutant Durckheim was stationed at Berg.

† Oberdorf, the principal village of Hohenschwangau; the Commissioners stopped at the castle.

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CASTLE OF NEUSCHWANSTEIN AS TO-DAY. [*Page* 244.

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by the State, and went at length into the necessity which there was for the step. When this document had been read, the doctors were to take charge of the patient and conduct him to Linderhof, which had been chosen as the place of residence most likely to please him. The whole of these arrangements were upset by the action of the King, who may be said to have precipitated his own fate, and yet it must strike everyone that the plan was, to say the least, an unusual method of proceeding. One hardly takes an insane man into one's confidence as to his mental condition; for this would argue that the patient is able to understand his state. George III. knew perfectly when his fits of insanity were coming on, but he was of a much stronger type than Ludwig, which was proved by his quick recovery from his temporary attacks of dementia.

News was at once brought to the King of the arrival of his enemies at Oberdorf. In one account it is said that he was seated in "the Hall of the Minstrels," trying over some music which had lately been dedicated to him, when his valet announced that Count Holstein and his companions had arrived, and were staying at Hohenschwangau. The King, when he heard the name of his former friend and confidant, seemed to have received a shock; but he soon rallied, and, appearing to enjoy the excitement, sent messengers in all directions to call together the faithful peasantry, upon whose loyalty he could still rely. "It is for the protection of your King," were the words of his appeal for help. Within an hour the whole Gau, or neighbourhood, was in an uproar, the

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village of Schwangau* was thronged with peasants hurrying in all haste to defend their sovereign, who had lived amongst them as a friend and benefactor. Many came armed. The adjacent town of Füssen, which, although only a mile distant is in Austrian territory, sent its fire brigade; this, however well-intentioned, lent a touch of comedy to the situation.

At three o'clock next morning the Commissioners started for Neuschwanstein, where they arrived at about four o'clock. "It was a melancholy drive, the rain and the wind beat into our faces, the fog hung thick over the woods, the dawn came slowly. Schwanstein, with its gigantic wings and turrets rising up in this vast solitude, made an extraordinary impression upon us, but in spite of its beauty and romantic situation this mass of turrets and peaks seemed the outcome of a diseased brain. At the gate we were met by gendarmes, who roughly and determinedly refused to admit us."

"The refusal of the gendarmes," continues Dr. Müller, who accompanied the Commission as assistant to Dr. Gudden, "although it was given in the most unpleasant manner, impressed us as the outcome of a sense of duty which would not be shaken by the splendour of the diplomatic and Court uniforms or the authority vested in the high officials who sought an interview with the King. The more influence was brought to bear upon these custodians, the more they held to their countersign.† No admittance without an order from the King.

* According to Heigel, Lampert, etc.

† The King showed an extraordinary amount of energy; he telegraphed to his equerry Count Durckheim at Berg to return at once. He also

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GREAT HALL OF SINGERS, CASTLE OF NEUSCHWANSTEIN. [*Page* 245.

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"A lady arrived on the scene who demanded with loud cries to be admitted. 'I will protect my King! I will save my King! Oh, Herr von Gudden, Herr von Gudden, I will save my King!' This lady proved to be one of the doctor's patients who was subject to fits of dementia. She continued to shriek for admittance, and as she could not be pacified and as her attendants would not remove her, the gendarmes locked her up."

In this unexpected state of affairs the Commissioners and their companions had nothing for it but to return with all haste to Hohenschwangau. In the meantime the report had spread like wild-fire that the King was going to be taken away as a prisoner. The peasantry continued pouring into the town from the mountain heights. As the Commissioners returned to the castle they were met by an immense mob of firemen, wood-cutters, and peasants, all hurrying to protect their "Ludwig."

The fidelity of the people touched the hearts of the Commissioners. These poor simple folk did not care for the opinion of the doctors. To them Ludwig was their King, whether he was mad or sane. He lived in their midst, they knew him and saw him as in the night-time he drove through the forests; they heard tales of his folly: how he spent money upon building castles, and there were whispers of how tyrannical he was; but then he was their King, and if he did do harm that was no reason why he should

ordered by telegraph the immediate march of a battalion of rifles from Kempten to Neuschwanstein; he wired to the German and Austrian Emperors and to Bismarck for help. All these telegrams were intercepted.

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be locked up as a madman. The Commissioners' admiration changed to consternation when in an hour a troop of gendarmes appeared with an order from the King to arrest Counts Holstein and Torring and to conduct them to Neuschwanstein. The arrest had hardly been made when a second detachment of troops appeared to take prisoners Baron Washington and the doctors. Under the escort of the gendarmes and the firemen, the High Commission was led through lines of excited peasants. All along the road groups congregated at different places, the entrance to the castle and the courtyard was full to overflowing; order was kept by the Burgomaster of the town.

The Commissioners were at first confined in the Keep, but later removed "by order of the King" to the Guardroom. That this order underwent alteration in its transmission is pretty certain. Ludwig, who all through the day had been revelling in the idea that now he had his enemies under his thumb and in whose clouded mind dates and personages had got strangely mixed,* had evidently gone back a couple of centuries and imagined he had the Bastille at his back. The real order of the King was, "Let the traitors be thrown into the deepest dungeon, loaded with chains, and leave them to die of starvation."† But those who received this command knew well that it was one of the fanciful imaginations of

* There was no doubt that the lives of these gentlemen were in danger, and a dread prevailed that the King would order their immediate execution.

† The dungeon at Neuschwanstein was only a cellar without any furniture.

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the King's disordered brain. The officer who had the carrying out of this sentence very naturally declined to take the responsibility of putting it into force. The Cæsars, when they took ghastly revenge on their enemies, glutted themselves with seeing the tortures inflicted upon their prisoners. Not so Ludwig, who never troubled himself more about the matter.

The whole episode borders on the farcical, only for the deep tragedy that underlies the comedy.

The Commissioners had meantime remained in the Guardroom, where they were quite safe. They stayed there for some hours, while the Burgomaster got the crowds dispersed and the good mountaineers returned to their homes. After some further delay, the prisoners were allowed to leave the Guardroom —the comedy was over.

The Commission bore no malice to the good villagers who had tried to save their King. "These crowds of eager, excited people," says Dr. Müller, "were a touching spectacle. It was the outcome of their fidelity to the monarch."

Professor Lampert, a very practical writer, saw nothing in the affair "but a drinking bout given by the King to the fire brigade," so differently does romance tinge the accidents of life.

At six o'clock the same evening the Commissioners were back in Munich, where the deposition of the King had been proclaimed. It caused a stir through the city which extended to the foreigners, either residents or only travellers. The sorrow was universal; nevertheless, the measure met with the appro-

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bation of all thinking minds; everyone felt that nothing had been done against either law or justice, and this conviction kept all passions in check. There were no riots, no disturbance.

After some deliberation the plans were all changed. The appointment of guardians for the lunatic was postponed, and the King was to be placed at once under restraint. He was to be confined in Berg instead of Linderhof.

The next day, Friday, a fresh expedition set out for Schwanstein, the Commissión remaining in Munich. The party now consisted of the Drs. Gudden, Müller, Professor Grashey, Horn, captain of the gendarmes at Schwanstein, and Leefeld, Master of the Horse. They took five keepers, adding one to the original number. The party arrived at Schwanstein about midnight.

"We were met," says Dr. Müller, "by the King's valet Meier, who had been in his Majesty's service many years; a most faithful creature. He implored the doctors to go at once to the King, who was in terrible excitement and wanted to throw himself from the top of the towers. He knew that some attempt was to be made to capture him, and was resolved not to be taken alive. He had constantly asked for the key of the tower, but Meier had told him it had been mislaid, and that the servants were looking for it. A long delay followed. The carriage, which Leefeld had ordered, was to come at four o'clock, but the first thing necessary to do was to save the King from self-destruction. Dr. Gudden quickly settled the plan of action. Passing through a corridor," continues Dr.

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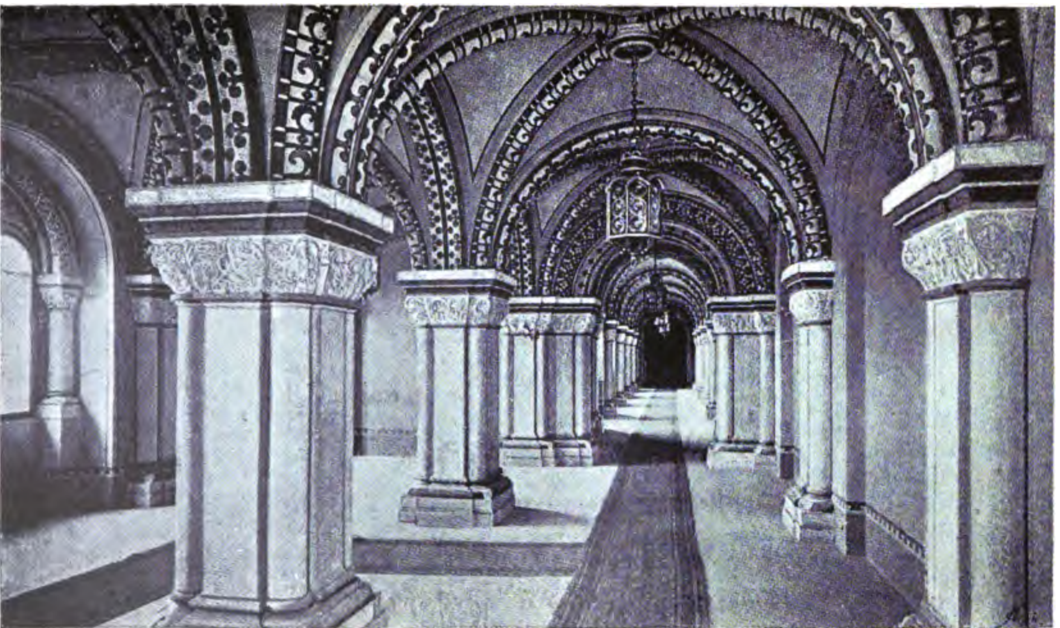

CORRIDOR LEADING TO THE KING'S APARTMENTS, NEUSCHWANSTEIN. [*Page* 251.

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Müller, "we came to a winding staircase leading up to the tower; in the middle of the staircase there was a turn, which brought us to another corridor; this led straight to the King's room: here we made a halt. Two of the keepers ascended to the tower and kept guard there. The others, with Dr. Gudden, myself, and the gendarmes, retired out of sight, so that the King should see no one. Upon this the whole plan was based. Meier was then sent to tell the King, who was in his room, that the key of the tower was found."

Dr. Müller, who was waiting with the others in the passage, continues the relation of what happened: "Suddenly we heard a firm tread, and a man of imposing height stood at the entrance of the corridor and conversed in short, decisive sentences with a servant, who exhibited an almost slavish deference. The keepers came from their places above and below. At the same moment we went towards the room the King had left and cut off his return. With great promptitude two of the keepers had seized the King by the arms. Dr. Gudden came forward and said: 'Majesty, this is the saddest task that has ever fallen to my lot; your Majesty's case has been studied by four specialists on madness, and from the report made by them your Majesty's uncle, Prince Luitpold, has been entrusted with the Regency. I shall have the honour of conducting your Majesty to the Castle of Berg.* We shall start this very night. Will your

* Berg was ohosen as being more secure than Linderhof, where there was little doubt an attempt would have been made to rescue the King. It is stated as a fact that a hundred and twenty armed peasants waited for two

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Majesty permit me to order the carriage at four o'clock?'"

I am not conversant with the ways and manners of mad doctors, but I do think good Dr. Gudden—and I believe he was a good man as well as a clever doctor—had as little *savoir faire* as ever fell to the lot of any member of the medical profession. It must strike anyone who reads the above that there was a brutal directness in the way the doctor managed in a few sentences to rub it into the unfortunate King. "Your Majesty's case has been considered by four doctors; you are mad." Did anyone ever hear the like? The whole manner of it was enough to drive the crazy man more crazy.

The King must have felt like a rat caught in a trap. Poor, unhappy Ludwig, so fallen from his high estate! Where were now his fairy palaces and his fawning courtiers? He was alone with the doctors who had considered his case and pronounced him mad. He bore the cruel sentence in silence, only uttering a long-drawn, most pathetic "Ah!" Then after a pause he said excitedly, "Yes, what is it you want? Yes, what does it all mean?" He repeated this over and over. The keepers took the King by his arms and led him through a sitting-room and an ante-chamber into his bedroom. The sitting-room smelt of arrack. When he reached his bedroom the keepers quickly went to the windows and remained there on guard.

The King stood alone. He seemed dazed. He

days in ambush on the road to Linderhof with the intention of taking him from the hands of his captors and conveying him to Switzerland for safety.

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tottered as if about to fall, and spoke in a husky, indistinct voice. After a little he recovered. Later he conversed with Dr. Gudden, who reminded him he had seen him in 1874, when his Majesty had honoured him with an audience.

"Yes, yes," said the King, "I recollect." Then he made many inquiries as to the condition of Prince Otto and the treatment. He made the greatest effort to control himself, and suddenly put the question:

"How can you declare that I am insane when you have never examined me and know nothing of my condition?"

"Your Majesty, that is not necessary; there is sufficient proof to show that it is absolutely requisite to take some measures to cure you."

"And how long will the cure take?"

"Your Majesty, the Constitution lays down, 'If the King through any cause is prevented from governing for a longer period than one year, then a Regency must be appointed; also a year is the shortest period allowed.'"

"Well, it could be made shorter, couldn't it, Dr. Gudden? You could get rid of me, like the Sultan, for it is very easy to put a man out of the way."

"Your Majesty, my honour forbids me to reply."

Then the King turned to Dr. Müller, who describes this sad interview, and asked him about Prince Otto. At the moment Dr Müller's report as to the Prince's condition was lying unopened on the writing-table. Then came the keepers to make the necessary arrangements for the King's removal. All their questions were answered with great impatience by the

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poor patient. "Why don't you leave my room? I wish to be alone. It is extremely disagreeable! Do leave me!" And the keepers would answer, "The Herr doctor has ordered it."

When the carriages were announced the King went quietly without making any opposition. In the courtyard he spoke for some time with his own valet Meier, who afterwards told Dr. Müller the purport of the conversation, which was to desire the valet to procure for him some *cyankali*,* and when Meier hesitated the King ordered him to obey. After some further delay the procession of carriages started. In the first carriage Dr. Müller travelled with the valet and two keepers,† then came the King's carriage with four horses, which, as the handles had been removed, could not be opened from the inside. The King sat alone in this carriage; on the box was the head keeper, and close to the window rode a groom, who had strict orders to keep a constant watch, and on the first suspicious movement to give a signal. In the third carriage was Dr. Gudden with the captain of the gendarmes and two keepers. Everyone was told to be ready, if the groom gave the signal, to alight and to surround the carriage in which the King travelled.

As this "royal procession" drove at a rapid pace through the mountains, the cottagers, who heard the sound of the wheels as they went by in the early dawn, looked out and stared at the strange procession. The

* Potassium, a strong poison.

† Meier did not go so far as Berg.

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THE KING'S BEDROOM IN THE CASTLE OF BERG, AFTER HIS DEPOSITION.
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SPOT IN THE PARK OF BERG WHERE THE KING RUSHED INTO THE LAKE. + MARKS THE SPOT WHERE HE DROWNED HIMSELF.
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solitary figure sitting upright, with his frightened eyes gazing into nothingness, was not surely their Ludwig, whose sleigh with the gilt crown and the four white steeds and the electric light and the gleaming ornament had been wont to illumine the night!

The weird procession of the mad doctors and the keepers surrounding the carriage was the last that they ever saw of their mad King.

Berg, where the King was confined, is situated on the lake of Starnberg. The view is extensive, the mountain breezes delightfully refreshing, yet there is a shadow of melancholy over the lake. The castle is a plain, substantial residence, very inferior to Ludwig's fairy palaces. No doubt, had life been granted to him, the King would have undertaken its regeneration. He was wont to go often to Berg, principally to meet his Ministers, who resided there during the summer season, its distance from the other palaces and from Munich being comparatively short; but the Court did not remain at Berg.

The distance from Hohenschwangau to Berg is only twenty miles. The party arrived on Saturday mid-day. After taking some refreshment, the King complained of fatigue and went to bed. He had been given his usual apartments, in which all the necessary alterations for the safe keeping of a lunatic had been made by Professor Grashey. Ludwig slept for some hours. The keepers who watched in his room reported that in the beginning he slept quietly, but that after a time he grew restless and talked in his sleep. About two o'clock in the morning he

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wanted to get up and dress, but was persuaded to remain till six.

When he was dressing he asked for his valet Meier and for his hairdresser Hoppe, and when he was told that neither had accompanied him, he seemed much distressed. As the keeper Mauder was able to satisfy his Majesty as a valet, he grew more content.

Sunday was the Feast of Pentecost. In the forenoon the King went for a walk accompanied by Dr. Gudden. At dinner Gudden related to his colleague and to Baron Washington how well the walk had succeeded, how the King had been as tractable as a child, only that it was difficult to get him off one subject. He added that he meant to take him another walk after dinner, and that he would go with him alone. "I begged of him," says Dr. Müller, "not to do such a thing. 'You will make it very difficult for me to manage him,' I went on, 'for I shall certainly not allow him any such freedom.'"*

Dr. Gudden then sent the much-talked-of telegram to Munich, "All is going on wonderfully well."

In the afternoon the King sent for Dr. Müller, who spent nearly an hour conversing with the royal patient. "The King," says Dr. Müller, "was standing when I entered; he examined me from head to foot, but he could not bear me to look at him. During our conversation he grew more and more restless, and walked about in a nervous manner. The conversation itself was nothing but a game of hide-and-seek between a patient and his doctor. I could

* Dr. Müller was to remain in charge when Dr. Gudden left next day.

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see clearly the King's object was to ascertain if he could get over me to give him poison or in any other way to help him. This was his principal idea, but it must be said he concealed it carefully enough and enveloped it in a mass of questions and desultory talk such as 'Where have you studied?' and 'For the last year you have been my brother's medical attendant: how is he?'

"'During the last year there has been no particular change in his condition.'

"'Isn't it the case that you have orders to send the same report about me as you used to send to me about the Prince?'

"'I have received no such order.'

"'You will write sometimes that I am very bad—very bad indeed, and everyone will be delighted to hear that I am so bad.'

"'I am convinced, Majesty, that everyone will rejoice when they hear the King is better.'

"'Yes, yes—but isn't it very easy to give a man something in his soup—something that will prevent his ever waking?'

"I made no answer to this question.

"'What is a good sleeping draught?'

"'There are several—opium, morphia, chloral, baths, washing, gymnastic exercises.'

* * * * *

"'Will you remain always here?'

"'I will change places every month with a colleague.'

"'Who is he?'

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"'He is not yet appointed.'

"'Ah! he will know some means by which I can be put out of the way.'

"'Your Majesty, I can answer for my colleague as for myself, the duty of a doctor is to cure not to kill.'

"'Yes, I have confidence in you—but the others?'

"So the conversation went on, always a repetition of futile questions, then the one constant thought breaking out again. I remembered how Von Gudden in talking of his walk with the King had said he was always returning to the same subject. But suddenly the King nodded his head—I was dismissed. I went to my room, where I found Dr. Gudden, who was waiting to hear from the King the time he wished to go for a walk, when Mauder, one of the keepers, came with the message that Gudden was to go to the King's room. I gave the order that keeper Schneller should follow the doctor and the King at a distance. This order was counteracted by a direct command from Gudden."

That Dr. Müller did give the order is corroborated by the evidence of Mauder:

"On June 13th I served his Majesty's dinner between half-past five and six o'clock. After dinner the King gave me directions to go to Dr. von Gudden to remind him of the 'promised walk.' These were his Majesty's own words. I found the medical advisers to his Majesty, Dr. von Gudden and Dr. Müller, together, and delivered his Majesty's message in the presence of both. Dr. von Gudden at once made ready to go out, while I fetched from the next room the overcoat and umbrella of his Majesty. As

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I was leaving Dr. Müller asked me which of the keepers was to accompany Dr. von Gudden." Schneller, whose turn it was, being summoned, Mauder dressed the King. Mauder's examination goes on: "When Dr. von Gudden appeared, the King went down the steps of the castle, followed by me and the medical adviser, Dr. von Gudden." Mauder, by the King's order, gave him his umbrella and retired; he adds: "I was four or five steps behind the King, who was walking quickly, when Dr. von Gudden turned back and said, 'There is no need for any keeper.' Von Gudden did not stop a moment, but hurried after the King. The order given by the Doctor was delivered in a low voice, and as the King was walking so rapidly, in my opinion he did not hear it. His Majesty at least never looked round or gave any sign that he had noticed what had passed. I returned then to the castle and reported to Dr. Müller, whom I found in his room, what Dr. von Gudden had said to me. Dr. Müller replied, 'All right,' and made no further observation. I considered the words of the medical adviser as an order, and it never entered my head that he had not intended it to be obeyed. I went to look for keeper Schneller, who was standing at the door waiting for orders. I told him of Dr. von Gudden's order, upon which he went upstairs. I then considered myself off duty."

Those who have occupied themselves with biographies of Ludwig II. are of opinion that Dr. von Gudden had been quite taken in by the King's power of dissimulation. It seems almost incredible that a doctor who for years had been studying the

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phases of mental disease with all its devious turns and twists, could have been unaware of the extraordinary cunning which is part of madness, or could have been *really* taken in by the apparent gentleness displayed by the King. He must have known as a specialist of reputation what every nurse in a mad hospital is quite aware of, that there is no reckoning with the humours of the insane, those sudden changes from gentleness to fury which renders unceasing watchfulness so imperative. No satisfactory explanation of Von Gudden's conduct can ever be arrived at on this side of the grave; it must ever rank amongst those mysterious obscurations of intellect which have their root in some higher dispensation into which we cannot penetrate. One theory amongst many has been put forward, that Von Gudden had, like some clever men, the utmost faith in his own courage and bodily strength, and this feeling of superiority actuated him when he gave the fatal order. He may have said to himself, "If the worst comes to the worst—why not?"

The rest of the tragic story had better be told in the words of Dr. Müller, an eye-witness of what happened on that terrible night:

"After the King and Von Gudden had gone on their walk, I remained in my own room writing until 7.30; then I went down to the aide-de-camp's quarters to await Gudden's return, which I expected every moment. I talked to Baron Washington about Gudden's giving the King so much freedom, which I could not allow, and that it was very disagreeable for me. About eight o'clock the rain began to fall more

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heavily. As there was no appearance of Gudden I went back to the castle and sent first one gendarme and then two to look for the pedestrians in the park. I remained at the gate of the castle on the look-out, and, with the assistance of Baron Washington and Huber the steward, organized a search party through the whole park. The entire household, keepers, servants, and gendarmes, were engaged, searching until 9.30. Huber and I then went to look, and we took especial notice of all the heights and rocks in the park, but our search was as fruitless as that of the others. One patrol after the other returned with the same story—nothing had been discovered.

"At nine o'clock I had given up all hope, and expressed my belief to Baron Washington. 'They are both dead,' I said. Then followed hours of indescribable agony and excitement. Shortly after ten o'clock we telegraphed to Munich 'The King and Gudden both missing: went out walking not returned; the park has been searched.' About 10.30 there arose suddenly a wild commotion: one of the servants of the castle brought in the King's hat with the diamond *agrafe*. He had found it on the bank by the lake; it was wet through. After a few minutes came another bringing Gudden's hat and both the King's coats, which had likewise been found near the lake; they were both wet through, but Gudden's umbrella, which was also found, was quite dry.

"I ran with Huber down to the lake, woke up the fisherman, got out a boat, and at eleven o'clock rowed

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up the lake in the direction of Leoni. We were not long rowing when Huber suddenly cried out and sprang into the water, which reached to his chest; he clasped in his arms a body which was floating down the stream. It was the King in his shirt-sleeves. A few steps behind came a second corpse—Gudden. I drew him into the boat and we rowed to the shore. There the keepers came to help us, and we lifted the bodies out of the boat. Both were, as I said at the time, without pulse or breath; the stiffness of death had already set in. The King's watch, which hung out of his waistcoat pocket, had stopped at six o'clock; between the crystal and the dial the water had got in. Gudden's watch had stopped at eight o'clock. When we had undressed the bodies, we made the usual attempts to restore animation. I tried the artificial breathing, and in the pauses had the chest and shoulders rubbed. Some grooms, who were looking on, called out to Baron Washington that some signs of life had been seen, and out of this arose the telegram, 'Both live; Dr. Müller is trying artificial breathing.' I have never been able to explain how this false report arose. Possibly in one of the experiments there might have been some contraction of the pupil, or the eyebrow was slightly raised. I cannot explain what it was, but I know that from the first it was quite clear to me there was no hope; both had been dead some hours, and I made the attempts to restore animation merely to avoid any unpleasantness hereafter. Naturally all attempts were without result.

"When it struck twelve I desisted and explained

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ANOTHER VIEW OF STARNBERG LAKE.—A FLAG MARKS THE SPOT WHERE LUDWIG II. AND DR. GUDDEN WERE DROWNED.

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that all efforts were useless. I made a formal declaration of the death of the King and of his physician. We then rowed back to the little harbour where we had taken the boat; bearers were sent for and the bodies were carried to the castle, where they were laid out in two rooms on the first storey. There they awaited the arrival of the Starnberg officials.

"On their arrival at two o'clock in the morning, the examination was gone into. While the King's body showed no marks of violence, Gudden's face was covered—on the nose and forehead especially—with scratches. Over the right eye was a large blue mark or bruise, as if given by a blow of the fist; also the nail of the middle finger on the right hand was torn off. The face of the dead King wore a gloomy, domineering, almost tyrannical expression; Gudden's features had the kindly smile which in life had made him so many friends."

Fifteen years have passed since this most terrible tragedy was enacted by the still waters of the Starnberg lake. It stirred all Europe. A cry of pity and sorrow went up for the poor distracted King, who saw no escape but this from the terrible enemy who had him in its toils. No wonder that the slight glimmer of reason that still remained was overborne by the mad current in his blood.

A mystery must always attach to the manner of the King's death, or suicide as it must be called. It has been largely discussed and different theories or suppositions have been made. One writer describes the scene with the utmost accuracy according to his theory, for of course everything is problematical:

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"The King was seized with a sudden paroxysm of madness and rushed down the lake side into the water. Dr. Gudden ran after him, following him into the lake, but Ludwig would not be saved; he was quite as strong as his rescuer, and in the deathly struggle was the victor, holding his enemy under the water till he was dead."*

This story reads like the truth; the hypothesis has been well thought out and may be true, but again who can vouch for its actuality? The eternal silence of the grave has closed over the two actors in that terrible scene which on that June evening was enacted.

The inquiry or inquest held at Berg elicited nothing. The death of the King and his medical adviser was duly certified and an open verdict duly declared.

The King's body was brought to Munich and lay in state in the chapel of the royal castle under a rich blue silk pall (Ludwig's favourite colour) and smothered with fresh-cut flowers of the most exquisite fragrance. These testimonies of affection, which seem so worthless when the heart which would have beat in response to any token of love is cold in death, were supplemented by the cry of grief that went up all throngh the country. No one now remembered the follies and weakness of the dead King; that condonation which is given to those who can no longer offend was extended to the full to one whose faults it was now proved were due to his misfortune, while his virtues were all his own. He was once more

* The King must have been very much in advance, for how otherwise had he time to remove both *his coats*, and why if he intended suicide did he take them off? He would have sunk quicker with them.

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"our Ludwig," the beautiful, the gifted, the generous patron of art.

That neither the Ministers nor the medical attendants of the dead King could be exonerated from blame as to taking reasonable precautions for the safety of his person was only too evident; but no one could doubt that the authorities, both in the interests of the King himself and for the well-being of the kingdom, were fully justified in removing Ludwig from the throne. The manner in which it was done must ever be a matter of regret. In the last fifteen years an immense advance has been made in the treatment of the insane, and no mad doctors would now act as Dr. von Gudden did. It could hardly be called judicious treatment to formally announce to an insane man that he had been pronounced mad, and to carry him, surrounded by keepers, to solitary confinement!

When the Chambers met to consider what verdict should be passed upon the dead King's last act, a very stormy sitting ensued; but in the end what was there to say but that the King was mad and, that being so, it mattered little whether his education or his solitary life or aught else had precipitated the inevitable. Probably had he been a peasant instead of a monarch the result would have been the same.

Some writers have sought to draw a comparison between Ludwig and the Roman Emperors.

"Nero was a gentle, amiable youth of seventeen when he ascended the throne of the Cæsars. His temperament was poetic, he was passionately fond of music. These qualities appealed strongly to the

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imagination and excited the admiration and enthusiasm of the Roman people, who thought they recognised in him an heir to the imperial purple who would do honour to his teacher and counsellor Seneca. He ascended the throne at *seventeen* and died a suicide at *thirty-one*, having gratified during the last two years of his reign every conceivable form of wickedness and extravagance. His expenditure for gorgeous *theatrical* spectacles and architectural extravagance, of which his famous golden house (*aurea domus*) was a specimen, exhausted the resources of Italy. It would be impossible to find a more striking example of the demoralising and deranging effect of absolute and irresponsible power upon a more than usually brilliant but highly imaginative and immature intellect."

The comparison made between the dementia of Ludwig and that of the Cæsars is not fully borne out. What a difference, for example, between the solitude into which the emperors withdrew and the retirement of Ludwig! Capri, whither Tiberius retired, was not the Capri of to-day. Castles and temples, pleasure-houses and gardens, were scattered freely upon mountain-tops and in the valley; sacrifices were part of all rejoicings, slavery was rampant, and cruelty was a virtue. Swarms of courtiers in purple and fine linen, countless slaves, jesters, and gladiators crowded the scene, and the lovely island, one of Nature's most exquisite creations, resounded from end to end with rioting, drunkenness, and the sound of love-songs.

After all, it was little wonder that, never resisted, never criticised, with no external dangers to face, no

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obligations to fulfil to wife or family, with a fortune which to a youth seemed endless, and with a deep taint in his blood, it was not, I repeat, surprising that Ludwig II. should have developed certain predispositions and developed them after the manner of the Roman Emperors. If Munich had been burning, it is more than probable he would have enjoyed the grandeur of the spectacle and would have sent for Wagner to write an opera on the subject. Some of the cruelty which distinguished Nero showed itself in Ludwig before his death. It was a part of his madness; he would punish those who offended him with a severity which he had never before exhibited. One valet who had displeased him in some trifling service was obliged to wear a black mask whenever he appeared before his royal master. His cherished idea of erecting a Bastille was principally that he might kidnap and incarcerate for life the Crown Prince of Prussia, who was the object of his jealous dislike. At one time he ordered his servants to prostrate themselves in Chinese fashion when entering his presence. Some of them were forced to wear a seal upon their foreheads with the royal arms.

"Yet with all his weakness," says an English writer, "the King was almost a man of genius. He had the keenest appreciation of the beautiful in every art; he had, in fact, every good gift, every capability for being a unique figure amongst the kings of the century."

It cannot be denied that the country profited by the new order of things. Peace and prosperity has reigned since Duke Luitpold has been at the helm.

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Still, one likes to know that amongst the mountain population where the King spent so much of his life he is still remembered. The peasants talk of him with the old fondness, and of a winter's night tell their children of the share they took in his brief attempt at resistance. In the more lonely parts of the mountains it is said that at night the bells of the King's sleigh are heard in the distance, the clatter of the horses as they rush by rouses the peasants from sleep; they peep out and see the gilt sleigh with the crown on the top and the phantom King with his diamond *agrafe* in his cap. Then they cross themselves and say a prayer that the weary soul may rest in peace. Amen.

THE END.

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The *Literary World* says:—"The story is a vigorous, wholesome, and pleasing piece of work that is well worth reading."

The *Leeds Mercury* says.—"Attractive and enjoyable."

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New 6s. Novel.

Crown 8vo, Art Linen, Gilt Top.

Judy a Jilt. By MRS. CONNEY, Author of "A Lady House-breaker," "Pegg's Perversity," "Gold for Dross," "A Line of Her Own," etc. 2nd Edition.

The *Daily Telegraph* says:—"Written in Mrs. Conney's happiest manner. 'Judy a Jilt' is a telling story, throughout which cloud and sunshine alternate in highly effective contrast."

The *Literary World* says:—"With all her faults, Judy has a guilelessness that attracts us, and she has to contend against odds that we feel are too heavy for her. It is a very racy story of military life."

The *Glasgow Record* says:—"We have given but a poor description of Mrs. Conney's striking novel. Of her fine character studies we have said little; they are many, and, in most instances, true to life—in some, unfortunately, too true. There is the major—gentleman, soldier, and blackleg; the colonel—brave, kind, and silly; Teddy—petted and selfish; Baily—rich and unprincipled; and a host of minor characters, each drawn with considerable skill."

The *Life* says:—"A sad story, but relieved by some touches of kindness and sympathy. As a study of feminine character it is very good. The leading persons are well drawn. It is in fact a very readable book."

The *Saturday Review* says:—"Brightly written, and has a heroine who deserves better things than her very doleful end. Otherwise, the story is very good."

The *Athenæum* says:—"By the title alone we should range it with the fiction of the sixties. It was a decade rich in unconsidered trifles in the literary line. Judy created havoc in the hearts of all the men about her, and scorn and suspicion in the breasts of mothers with plain daughters. Of course, as the story is by Mrs. Conney, there are horses; but it is by the agency of the sea that the little heroine meets her death."

The *Bradford Observer* says:—"Judy is certainly a jilt, and that unfortunately is the chief impression her short stormy life leaves behind on even these who knew her best. But her biographer shews us much more—the innate nobility and generosity of a nature spoilt largely by untoward circumstances and bad training, but displaying, nevertheless, at some critical turns of her fate, a greater power of self-control and self-sacrifice than many a so-called better woman would command. We share the fate of her other victims, and love poor Judy in spite of her contempt for Mrs. Grundy."

The *New Age* says:—"The story is well put together and eminently readable."

The *East Anglian Daily Times* says:—"Mrs. Conney handles her materials well, and writes with much ability and vivacity; in point of technique the story is thoroughly readable."

The *Birmingham Daily Gazette* says:—"The characters are all sketched with a free hand. The book is altogether well-written, and of a pleasantly readable and interesting nature."

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New 6s. Novel.

Vol. I. Crown 8vo, Art Linen, Gilt Top.

The Power of the Dog.

By ROWLAND GREY, Author of "In Sunny Switzerland," "By Virtue of His Office," "Lindenblumen," "Chris."

The *Daily Chronicle* says:—"We congratulate Mr. Grey on his story, and we hope he will not be offended when we say that we congratulate him even more upon his title. It is strikingly original, and admirably calculated to lure the reviewer into reading the book out of its turn."

The *Daily Mail* says:—"The novel has scored one of the palpable hits of the season."

The *Birmingham Gazette* says:—"The climax which gives the title to the story is startling and novel. We must not reveal it, we can only send the reader to the book itself, and ask his close attention to an excellent piece of fiction."

Public Opinion says:—"Well and soberly written, with a feeling for artistic balance, and a sense of perspective in literary method generally absent in the English novel. We have read this interesting story throughout with pleasure, and shall be surprised if it meet not with the warm public approval it deserves. The story is touching and simple. The style throughout is excellent, and the setting exceedingly skilful and refined."

The *Sun* says:—"One of the most charming stories recently published is Mr. Rowland Grey's new novel, 'The Power of the Dog.' The book is full of the mysterious workings of the human heart, finely true yet delicate withal."

The *Eastern Daily Press* says:—"The chief characters—a clever passionate woman and her rich, kind, but crippled husband, and an ambitious artist and his hard-working and trusting wife—are skilfully drawn, the dialogue is good, and there are some happy little bits of descriptive writing."

The *Christian World* says:—"The story altogether is a strong and original one."

The *Guardian* says:—"A good deal of the story is pretty and fresh; there are some really charming girls who inhabit the rectory, and who are ruled by a sufficiently foolish stepmother; and the good little wife of the erratic artist, whose story is the main motive of the book, is pleasant."

The *Speaker* says:—"'The Power of the Dog' is an admirably-written, wholesome, and interesting tale."

The *Newcastle Daily Leader* says:—"'The Power of the Dog' is well worth reading. It is written in a bright, pleasant, breezy manner, which is quite refreshing."

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Colour Sergeant No. 1 Company. By Mrs. Leith Adams, Author of "Bonnie Kate," "Louis Draycott," "The Peyton Romance," "Geoffrey Stirling," "Madelon Lemoine," "A Garrison Romance," etc. Second Edition.

The *World* says:—"Unaffectedly humorous, in a simple, genuine fashion. The story contains a number of well-drawn characters. Various regimental types are paraded with the greatest success. Then there are two most captivating children. Little Missie, daintiest, quaintest of delightful dolls, likely to eclipse the fame of that other child of the regiment, 'Bootle's Baby' and the wizened little atomy, Patsey, an Irish tiny Tim—with a difference. Most certainly a book to be recommended."

The *Saturday Review* says:—"In this story Mrs. Leith Adams deals with materials which she has treated with distinguished success. The scenes of barrack life in Ireland during the Fenian scare are good, and it would be difficult to conceive anything of the kind that is better."

The *New Age* says:—"Mrs. Adams has given us in this book a thoroughly healthy, and at the same time, a thoroughly interesting story. It is admirably told and of distinct literary merit."

The *Aberdeen Daily Free Press* says:—"The reading of Mrs. Adams' newest novel has been an unalloyed pleasure from beginning to end, and has greatly strengthened our opinion that the gifted authoress stands in the very front rank of British novelists. An excellently worked-out plot, a judicious mixture of pathos and humour, a polished style, and a well-chosen *locale* combine to make the 'Colour Sergeant' a most readable book. The Sergeant's lady-love is one of the most womanly portraits to be found in a novel, and all the other personages are one and all masterly described. Mrs. Adams' word-pictures of Irish scenery are among the choicest bits of the book. There is not a dull page—nay, not a line—in the story that even the most callous reader will find it in his heart to skip."

The *Morning Post* says:—"Mrs. Leith Adams' interesting novel, 'Colour Sergeant No. 1 Company' should long remain popular on account of its graphic and moving pictures of the Irish peasantry, and also of the Fenian movement, which furnishes many incidents of the plot."

The *Court Journal* says:—"Mrs. Leith Adams invariably writes with so womanly and sympathetic a pen that it is always a pleasure to read her stories, and her admirers will find one more work to their taste in her latest novel—'Colour Sergeant No. 1 Company.'"

The *Manchester Guardian* says:—"Eminently readable, and shows considerable power of telling a story, simply and well."

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